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CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

NOVEMBER, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET
for
NOVEMBER
1938

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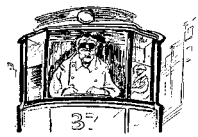
TOONERVILLE TYRANT

SOME MEN, BORN TO TYRANNY, WILL VENT THEIR SPLEEN HOWEVER PETTY IT MAY BE



HE HAD the lean long face of a cruel monarch, and although his palace was but a half-pint street-car and his domain a thin strip of tracks fifteen blocks long, he ruled with an iron hand. Sitting thin and straight at the helm of his little trolley, he somehow reminded you of something stately; a knight on a charging horse. The illusion was lost as the car got up speed, because the damn thing used to actually, rock up and down so that we got sort of sea-sick; but no one dared mention the fact within hearing distance of the royal ears—not if they wanted to ride again.

His bouncing Toonerville Trolley connected the two main car lines, and we were right in the middle. If his royal nibs was stopping for his favorite dish—a shot of ice cream, we walked the five or six blocks; if the dinky was in sight, we rode and transferred for the same nickel.

The handing out of transfers was quite a solemn occasion. He would thumb each one twice, like a bank teller, to be sure that we only got one, and he would yell like hell if we folded it or tore the damn thing. If he had the faintest suspicion that you weren't going to use it, he would flatly refuse to give you one. There was a crippled fellow who lived within a few blocks of the school and therefore didn't transfer. He would either give or sell, depending upon the market, his transfer to one of the kids who had walked to the main line. When his highness found this out, he really became purple with rage. Not only would he not issue a transfer to the crippled boy, but he looked upon him as an arch-criminal, a traitor to the kingdom.

And he had ways of punishing his subjects, he would come to a slow stop a half a block away, making you run for the car, or he would give you your change in pennies. On cold days he wouldn't open the door till we had lined up in a double line, so we would come in quickly and not keep the door open too long. We would be standing there, stamping our feet with the cold, and the tyrant would carefully inspect us, like a general looking over his troops, and shake his head if one line was longer than the other. When he was finally satisfied, he would bang the door open and shout:

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"Lively now. Can't let the car cool. Step lively!" If we didn't line up, we could stand there till we froze.

If you threatened to report him, he would coolly hand you a complaint card, and the arrogant smile on his face told you that you were at least the scum of the earth. And yet no one ever reported the old man, and the company seemed to have forgotten him—he was never troubled by inspectors. It was a one man line and he worked a twelve hour shift, from ten to ten. However, when there was something doing at the school, he would keep the trolley running till eleven or twelve, so that he could get an extra dollar or two for the company.

He never laughed, and his hard face only cracked a smile when he was getting even with us. Once, when the car was rocking and squeaking more than usual, we started stepping from side to side, causing the car to rock more than ever and damn near turn over. For the next few days we waited patiently for our punishment, but nothing happened. But on the first good rainy day we got it. Everybody took the car when it rained, and about twenty of us dashed out to the car tracks as the dinky came galloping up. He went right past us, his big bony thumb to his regal nose, leaving us cursing and wet.

All dynasties end, and the bus company nipped his in the bud. A sleek yellow and green streamlined bus, with a snappy uniformed young driver, replaced both the king and his castle-on-wheels. For a while, he rode back and forth on the bus—all day long, curtly criticizing the driver, nagging him, loudly pointing out whatever errors the young man made; I suppose vainly trying to fight the bus that had dethroned him. It was costing him over four bucks a day for fare. After a few weeks he disappeared. His money must have given out, or maybe he gave up the fight. Then, at times, we would see him walking along his former route, a scowling thin old man, wrapped up in his heavy conductor's coat, the buttons polished a bright yellow.

The bus company started to charge two cents extra for a transfer, and their business went to hell and soon they took the bus to more profitable sections of the city. This made him feel better. At various times during the day and night, we would come upon him, quietly stalking up and down his territory, very shabby and thin—a comic yet tragic figure—an exiled king who at last returns to his devastated lands.

The other day I happened to pass by the old street; it was a raw cold day. The WPA was tearing up the tracks and repaving the street. Sitting on an upturned milk crate, watching them, was the old tyrant, his ragged coat with the ever bright buttons hardly any protection against the cold. His face looked horribly old and sickly, but a stern, arrogant sneer of disapproval was still on his thin lips.

—Len Zinberg

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FAST TIME ON THE RIVER

THAT DAY THE ROBERT E. LEE *HUMBLED THE* NATCHEZ—*NOW THERE WAS A RACE*

ROUSTER Sam on the deck of the *Betsy Anne* thumbs his nose at Mose on the deck of the *Chris Greene*.

"Taint gonna be long now, Black Boy!" he shouts. "You jes' watch us! Us gwine up dis here river so fas' dat you gwinter look like you's slidin' back de yuther way!"

"Is dat so?" Mose retorts from the deck of the *Chris*. "Say lissen here, man. You jes wait till de *Chris* gits de bit in her teeth. You's licked now! Jes ez well pay me dat fo' bits right dis minit!"

"Ef you doan shut dat big face, I gwine to take a chunk er coal and mess up a lot er dem front teef er *yourn*." Threateningly Sam stoops and lifts a lump of Kanawha bituminous that has escaped from the coal bin. It is about the size of a couple of bricks. Mose, seeing it, ducks and yells out:

"Doan throw dat thing at me! Fling hit down!" But he is too late. Sam throws the coal with terrific force against the wide guard of the *Chris Greene*. It shatters to bits and falls harmlessly in the river while the *Chris's* rousters sing derisive laughter. Then, the hacksaw voice of the Mate summons all the crew and rousters momentarily to the forecastle . . .

The time was July, 1928. The place, the Ohio River in front of Cincinnati. The occasion, the most unique sporting event of the year—a steamboat race. Shades of John Cannon and the *Robert E. Lee!* It was like turning back the pages of American history to 1870. To me, there was something anachronistic about the whole business—steamboats racing on the river and airplanes up there in the sky, circling about to watch the contest soon to begin! There they lay, out in midstream—the rival sternwheelers, *Chris Greene* and the *Betsy Anne*, their names lettered bravely on their sides, their twin chimneys belching smoke, their dripping paddle wheels flashing in the sun, the pilots in their little glass houses; the captains each at his post beside the big brass bell on the hurricane roof. The whole harbor was alive with noise and excitement. Sixteen assorted steamboats tied up by the shore, or moving past, made the afternoon loud with their chime whistles. And crowds shouted down

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from the bridges spanning the river.

Suddenly the noise eased up. But only for a moment. A gun boomed. The paddle wheels whirled about and the tossed foam rose high in the air. The crowd shouted itself hoarse. The Negroes danced with excitement, calling banter back and forth from boat to boat, as the contestants leaped forward neck and neck.

Back at the rail, leaning over the *Chris's* deck as she got under way, Mose held out a small gray something in his hand.

"Come and git hit!" Only those of us in the reporters' launch close up against the *Chris Greene's* side could see that what Mose held, as the boats got under way, was a rabbit's foot.

"Yah!" Sam retorts. "We ain' need no rabbit's foot. Gwine win dis race in spite er Old Scratch hisself."

Then Mose adds insult to injury. Tauntingly he chants a Coonjine song, the other black men on the *Chris* leaning forward and joining in:

"*Chris Greene* and *Betsy Anne*
Had a big race,
An' de *Chris* splash water in
De *Betsy's* face.

As the two racers rounded the first bend that shut them from sight, the reporters' launch turned back to shore. Stepping out with the rest of the newspaper bunch, I bumped into an old man with a grey billygoat beard and a rumpled disposition, standing in the mud and swearing.

"Damn it to hell!" he vociferated. "Just my luck! Put my money on the *Betsy Anne* and now the *Chris* goin' to win!"

"How can you tell," I asked him, "this early in the game? The two boats were abreast when they left a few minutes ago."

"How can I tell? Listen here, young feller! I seen steamboat races when your daddy wuz in didies an' I knows by the looks of her the *Chris* is gointer beat. She got a winnin' look! . . . And I got my money on the other boat—yessir, eleven dollars and fifty cents even money!

"But hell!" he spat contemptuously, "that ain't no race at all. Them two little wet-jack boats on a twenty-mile spurt! All right in their way, but I seen some *big* races in my day. I seen the *Paris C. Brown* beat the *Golden Rule* in 1891, comin' up from Louisville. I seen the *Bonanzy* beat the *Telegraph* goin' up to Guyandot in 1894. An' I could always size up the winner beforehand. Always knowed which one was going to win. How? By her winnin' look, Yassir!"

"Did you see the big race on the Mississippi—the *Lee* and the *Natchez?*" I inquired. Every newspaper man asks this question of every old steamboat man he meets.

"Did I see it," he whooped, "Did I? Why boy, I was *on* it. Yes sir, right on board the *Natchez*. My paw was second engineer and he took me with him. Old Captain Tom lemme go 'long—Captain Tom Leathers,

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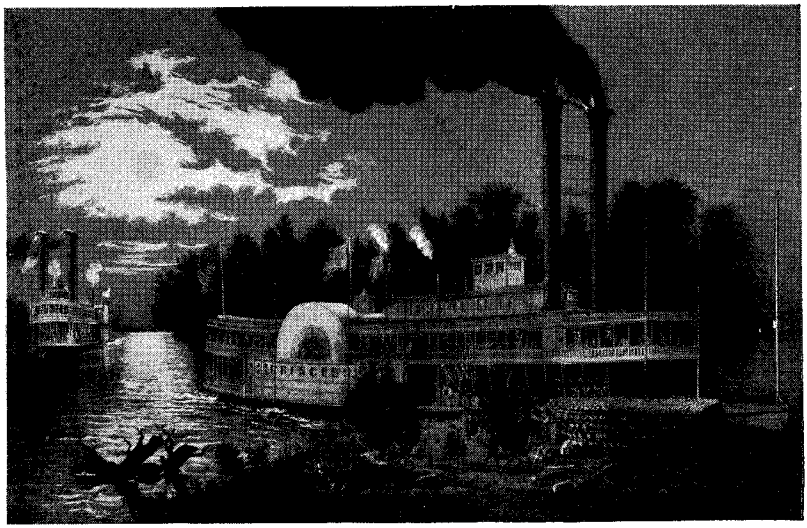

COURTESY ACKERMAN GALLERIES, CHICAGO

CURRIER & IVES: "WOODING UP"

y'know. He was owner and captain of the *Natchez*. I warn't nothing but a little tad then—Good God that was more than sixty year ago!—But do I remember it!

"Y'know, old Captain Tom used to live right over there in Covington," indicating with his stick the red brick houses on the Kentucky shore opposite. "He was one fine steamboat man and the most reckless racer that ever launched a packet. Race any boat that has ever floated. Bet his last dollar on his own boat and ten to one he'd win too! He was from Kentucky and he was mighty strong for blooded stock. He always said every steamboat he built was blooded stock—especially the big *Natchez* that raced with the *Lee*. By rights the *Natchez* won that race, but the judges decided agin her.

"And did Captain Leathers cuss then! He could do more plain and fancy cussin' than any man on the river anyway. He just naturally hated worse'n pizen to see another man git ahead of him. Folks used to say he thought he owned the whole damn river. You'd a thought so too if you'd ever seen him stalking up and down the hurricane roof in a ruffled linen shirt and them diamond pins fastened with a chain. Humph! I remember once, when he was comin' up from New Orleans on the *Natchez*,

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he got a hail from the Arkansas shore. An old farmer on a flee-bit mule come down to the water's edge and waved to us to stop. And when the boat got in to shore, he says: 'I want to see Captain Leathers.' Old Captain Tom says 'I'm Captain Leathers; what can I do for you?' The country jake he says, 'Do you mind if I water my horse in your river?' "

The billy-goat beard worked fast, as my raconteur sent out a yellow salivary stream by way of emphasis.

"You'd have thought the old chief was going to blow up he was so mad: this country jake hailin' the big *Natchez* over to the shore and then playin' a joke on him! And all the passengers standin' there laughin'! But in a minute he begins to grin and he takes the old farmer up in the cabin and swills some licker with him. He always . . . ."

"But about the race?" I had to bring him back to the subject.

"Oh sure, the race! I was comin' to that. Say, don't happen to have a chaw o' tobacker do you, son?"

"No. Sorry I don't handle it." I answered. "Have a cigarette instead." But this was voted down. He turned elsewhere.

"Hey stranger . . .!" Then, coming back in a few moments.

"Now regardin' that race! I never will forget the crowds on the levee at Orleans that June 30 in 1870. Bet there was a hundred and fifty thousand people all told, crowded on top of the boats, up in the windows of the buildings, and hanging on to telegraph poles—all waitin' to see the race start. Pa took me on board the *Natchez* a long while before startin' time. Old Captain Leathers was there, as usual, dressed up like a chambermaid's dream of paradise. I can shut my eyes and see him now—stridin' along the deck, roaring out cuss-words at the niggers, bowin' graceful to some lady comin' aboard, or stoppin' to crack a glass with some of the gentlemen. And I can see the two boats—the *Lee* and the *Natchez* layin' there all set to go pirootin' up the river like all hell was after 'em.

"Aw, there warn't no doubts in Leathers' mind! He was sure he was gonna win. His boats always had been winners. Away back yonder before the Civil War one of his boats, the *Princess*—she must have been a speedy old gal!—made the run from N'yawleans to up the town of Natchez in seventeen hours and thirty minutes, and won the buckhorns."

As the veteran paused to haul out and light an all-too-fragrant pipe, I recalled that buckhorns on the lower Mississippi had been the insignia of the fastest boat out of any particular port. A fast boat won and held a set of horns, wearing them like a coronet over her big brass bell and jealously guarding them—until some rival boat came along, beat her time and took the horns.

The ancient mariner resumed:

"Captain Leathers took the horns his *Princess* won and nailed 'em up on

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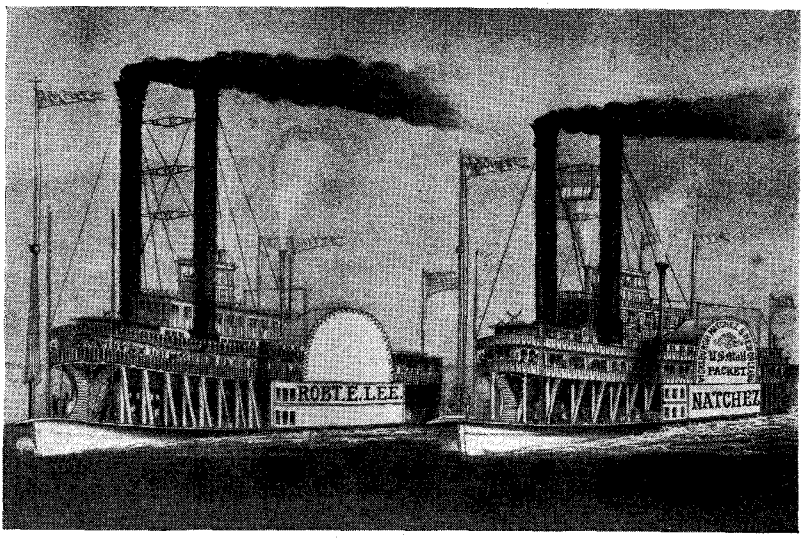

COURTESY ACKERMAN GALLERIES, CHICAGO

CURRIER & IVES: THE GREAT STEAMBOAT RACE

the wharf at Natchez. Then he wrote on a wooden shield, 'Seventeen Hours and Thirty Minutes. This is the *Princess*' time from Newerliens. Beat it, damn you, and take the horns!'

"Fer fifteen years that there record stood. Nary a boat on in the lower river trade could touch it. So old Captain Tom he sets to work and builds this big *Natchez* I been tellin' you about and damn if he don't beat his other boat's time with her. So he still kept the horns nailed up on the Natchez wharf.

"And they stayed there, you hear me, till 1870 when the *Robert E. Lee* beat the *Natchez!* And that was the big race you asked about. The *Lee* and the *Natchez* was just about even matched. Both of 'em was 300 foot long. Both of 'em was fine and elegant and fast. Captain John Cannon owned the *Lee* and commanded her. A good steamboat man, but he couldn't touch Captain Tom. Him and Captain Tom hated each other; and when they met, they just bowed sorter snooty-like as they went aboard to start the big race.

"Some of these old-time steamboat races was neck-and-neck when two boats went streakin' up the river together. And others was just races agin' time when these captains set out to beat another boat's record. In any case, the Leathers boat was

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champion of the river till this day I'm talking about.

"I recollect it was just one minute to five on the afternoon of June 30. The *Bob Lee* turned her nose out into midstream, rounded to, and come hell-bustin' past the city, headed for St. Louis 1200 miles away!

"A little flag was flying from her jackstaff that read: '*Robert E. Lee*, Peerless Pride of the South, Root Hog or Die!' But the *Lee* didn't have anything on the *Natchez*, because the *Natchez* had a big Injun painted on her wheel-house with his tommyhawk raised up in the air!

"The *Lee* had a little cannon on board and her captain fired it as she passed up. She warn't a pretty boat like the *Natchez*. She was sort of pot-bellied up towards the bow and she worked mighty hard to get over the miles. Looked like she was going to push all the water out of the river. All the sportin' men in the river towns was a-bettin' on *us* 'cause they knowed the *Natchez* was the fastest boat.

"And so we got under way — just five minutes after the *Lee*, and Captain Leathers fired his signal gun just like Captain Cannon done, to show he was in the fight to the finish. There never was no race like it. Never will be agin. But the *Lee* had the best of us from the start. And I'll tell you the reason why! Captain Cannon had made special plans ahead of time, but old Captain Tom hadn't. The *Lee* turned down all freight for that trip and she didn't have no passengers at all, except about a dozen friends of Captain Cannon. Besides, she had a big bin full of hams and bacon and tallow candles to step up her furnaces. We didn't have nothin' except our coal box full and such fuel as we could pick up on the way. Captain Tom Leathers didn't do business like Captain Cannon. This was a regular business trip to him. He took a whole lot of freight —about 400 tons of it—I watched 'em load up a couple of days before we left. And we had more'n three thousand dollars' worth of passenger business. So things was unequal from the start, young feller. You c'n see that, can't you?

"Ten miles above New Orleans, the *Lee* was still ahead but she hadn't increased her lead none. Twenty miles out, she had gained forty second. I got these figures from Paw hisself after the race; he kept a record. When we reached Baton Rouge we was ten minutes behind the *Lee*. And when we got to Natchez, the buck-horns was gone from the wharf. Captain Cannon, when the Lee'd passed a few minutes before, had yelled out: 'Take down them horns!' And so they'd done it, 'cause the Leathers boat warn't the champion out of Natchez any more. But Captain Tom wasn't beat yet . . ."

Here the narrator interrupted himself. "Hell, it's hot, ain't it, skipper? I shorely am thirsty. Say, I know a place . . ." and without further ado

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he led me to a waterfront doggery.

Seated before a table with some steins of dark beer on it, he took up his parable once more.

"Lord, Lord! When I get to thinkin' about them old times I don't feel as old as I orter feel. Seems like I can hear them whistles blowin'—the *Lee's* big roar and the *Natchez*' five-notes kinda soft-like. Seems like I can hear Captain Tom cussin' yet, and see the gentlemen on board puttin' up their money on the race! . . . Where was I at? Oh yes, we had to make a forced landin' at Natchez—something went wrong with the cylinder; I fergit what—and that threw us eighteen minutes behind. We slipped back a little more at Vicksburg, and by the time we passed Memphis, Paw says to me 'Reckon 'taint no use, son! . . . The *Lee's* gonter win this race!'

"Well, when Captain Leathers hear Paw say that, if he didn't give him hell! Worse tongue lashin' I ever hear. He sung out: 'I wish he wuz in hell! If he goes to heaven, I don't want to go there!' I knew he was paying his respects to Captain Cannon!

"But they had a big banquet for both of 'em in St. Louis that evening, and there warn't any blood shed; so I reckon hit was all right. I still believe the *Natchez* was the fastest.

"Well, don't keer if I do. Thanks. I'm kinda hungry. Waiter! give me a gash of apple pie and a cup o' coffee . . . .

"Gettin' back to this here little race—the one we saw today, the *Betsy* and the *Chris*—I'm glad these here young captains have guts enough to race their boats, if it *is* only a twenty miles stretch. Young Tom Greene—son of Cap. Gordon Greene—he's the chap that's revived steamboat racing, and I hope he keeps it up every summer . . . . Say, you got a cigar? Thanks!

"Well, so long! Much obliged."

I watched him walk slowly along the levee, his eyes on the river, as though he were looking for dead and gone steamboats that will never return. As he turned a corner, the first of the afternoon papers were shouted from the throats of newsboys: "*Chris Greene* beats *Betsy Ann!*" At which, I saw my late acquaintance fling down his cigar in anger and disappear in the distance.

—Garnett Laidlaw Eskew

THE LAME SOLDIER

See the pretty gold medal!
The lame soldier is showing it to his wife.
He has no job and no money.
So he is certainly entitled to the medal.

—Otto S. Mayer

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AIRWAYS TO THE MIND

"WHAT LUNATIC SELECTS YOUR PROGRAMS?" ASKED A LUNATIC; BUT MANY ARE HELPED BY RADIO

AT BEDTIME in the disturbed male wards of Worcester (Massachusetts) State Hospital, the loudspeakers of radio station WSH may be heard above the overtones of frenzied sickness. A quiet, confident voice speaks in much the manner of a hypnotist:

"You're going to sleep. It's time to sleep. It's time to rest. Go to sleep now, to rest. Let nothing worry you while you try to rest."

The repetitive bedtime story goes on for from ten to fifteen minutes, using the airwaves to force suggestion into unaware minds. At rising time, on the same type of wards, the centralized hospital broadcasting station sends a pep talk to start the day:

"You are rested now, and here's a new day. A new day on the way to health. . . . Don't worry today. Don't worry if you didn't sleep well last night. Today will be a good day, and tonight you'll have a good night. Don't worry about anything today . . ."

You will not see any sensational reaction to these broadcasts if you happen to be in a ward when one is taking place. There is no magic in them to lull to sleep immediately, or to rouse to instant zest for a new day. The existence of the station, however, and the purpose of the broadcasts are sensational all by themselves. For eight years Station WSH has been making unassuming radio history in its successful use of radio for group therapy as well as for entertainment.

None of this station's programs just happen, to fill in a broadcasting period. They are the result of careful experimentation, since 1930, both in what they present to the wards, and in the type of wards to which they are presented.

While the disturbed male wards are getting suggestions like the ones quoted, the female disturbed wards are hearing music of the gay or soothing variety. Acutely sick women never hear talk over WSH because talk is bad for them. Many of them are hearing voices out of their fevered minds, and a radio voice is just another voice to add to the confusion. Music, on the other hand, has a definite relationship to sleep and to mood. This has been determined statistically by the hospital's biometric department, which has compiled fig-

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ures showing the reaction to every known type of music in every type of ward or employment center in the hospital.

Wandering into the scullery, where patients are at work under the occupational therapy department, you will hear lilting tunes pouring out of the radio, because they have been found to be successful accompaniments to the day's work. At mealtimes, in the patients' cafeteria, dinner music (sometimes by transcription) is censored to eliminate high soprano voices. Female mental patients hate "squealers." Male patients, in general, dislike crooners. Some patients have been known to neglect their meals for the greater pleasure of thumbing their noses at the invisible caroller. Women, less restrained, have thrown their dinners—dishes and all—at the loudspeaker because a voice with high C as a goal was gushing out of it.

Ninety per cent of all patients like Hawaiian music, so they get a lot of it. The most popular of all national features heard over WSH is the United States Marine Band. Most patients enjoy working to martial music.

No ward (except the parole wards) receives more than one hour's program at a time. Because, like children, mental patients need a fresh stimulus to sustain interest, very few programs of a full hour's duration are sent to any of the wards. Instead, the programs are split into fifteen minute periods.

Locked wards get a total of six hours' radio a day. Medical wards have only five hours, and none after seven in the evening because the patients who are physically sick need to compose themselves for sleep at an early hour. Parole wards have seven hours, including a six to nine o'clock evening program. The loudspeakers are in the lounging quarters and patients need not listen to the radio if they prefer not to do so.

Football games, baseball, and boxing matches are popular with the men patients. They like political speeches, too, but women do not like that type of broadcast so well, although they enjoy the news. There are three news broadcasts a day over WSH. It is never a national or a local program, but is prepared in the hospital and is presented by a paroled patient. If outside local news was sent through the hospital, there is always the danger that a person figuring in an accident or other exciting event may be a relative or friend of a patient. National news is not used, because no murders, suicides, or accidents may be heard by the patients. Morbid events upset all patients. Some of them identify themselves with crime, if they hear about it. If they hear of a kidnaping, for instance, one patient might believe the child was hers; another that he had committed the crime; others that they were suspected of having committed it; a great many would feel sure they knew who had committed it.

Fifty per cent of WSH's offerings are national radio features, and these

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are purely in the field of entertainment. All advertising is censored out of them because it annoys the patients. For the matter of that, it annoys many healthy people. The only sales talk heard over WSH is its own variety, which tries to sell the idea of mental hygiene. Therapeutic statements, repeated again and again, are sprinkled into programs at quarter-hour intervals, where a regular station would insert station announcements. . . . "One of the main attributes to success is the ability to get along with other people." . . . "If you wish to receive parole and to leave the hospital, begin by getting along with your ward-mates." . . . "You're here to get well, and the hospital staff is here to help you do it."

Flat statements of that kind are very important in the daily schedule of WSH. Their importance is proven by the fact that patients who are unaware of anything in their past lives will repeat statements heard over the radio and discuss them with their doctors. They may not agree with the slogans for health which they hear day after day, but at least, they hear them.

A more effective variation of the endlessly repeated will-to-get-well truism is in the dramatic sketches which are written and broadcast in the hospital's own studio. A WPA dramatic unit, permanently assigned to the hospital, gives home-made plays in which a patient, as hero, is admitted to the hospital and followed through the stages of admission. The reason for the situation in which a new patient may find himself is made clear by the action. Another drama will feature a locked ward patient who decides to live his days in such a manner as to win parole. He is taken through all the action of a series of deeds of good conduct. A slip-up on his part may come into the dialogue, to prove that one error should not be discouraging. In the end, he wins parole.

This type of radio presentation is the one which brought about the hospital's broadcasting system in the first place. There was a fund for the benefit of the hospital's patients which had been growing, with interest, since 1860. In 1930, the superintendent decided to use it for the universal education of patients. He believed that radio would be the best means of informing patients about the operation of the hospital and its role as healer. If some mass means of teaching the patients their own role might be found, he felt that the hospital could go a long way toward reducing the resentment which any patient is likely to feel against such an institution when he finds himself in it. His original idea has more than justified itself, as is indicated by the fact that "The Voice of the Superintendent," a Tuesday evening feature describing the purpose of the hospital, is the most popular program, by direct vote, of any heard over WSH.

There is a daily batch of fan mail,

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both critical and laudatory, which is a good indicator of how programs are received. . . . "Doctor, I listened to your talk last night. I'm going to try to earn parole so I can go home." . . . "This is the third time I've been a patient in your hospital. Each time I notice improvements. I am grateful for the talks, because they help me to understand myself better." . . . "Dear WSH. I herd what you said about cleaning teeth and keeping neat. I jest had my teeth fixed up fine in the hospital and I'm going to clean them and keep them nice." . . . "What damned lunatic selects the radio programs up there?"

The nature of all educational talks are well illustrated by their effect. Patients throughout the hospital co-operated more fully with nurses, and expressed their desire to co-operate, after hearing a supervisor on the Thursday evening "Nurses' Quarter Hour" tell "Why I Like Psychiatric Nursing." There was noticeably less dread and depression on the part of patients going to the surgery or the medical wards for treatment, after the inauguration of a Friday "Medical Minutes" program. Book reviews by members of the occupational therapy department increased the circulation of the hospital's library to an amazing extent.

Each of these weekly departmental features is accompanied by a theme song, so that they may be identified easily, and so that listening to them will become almost a conditioned reflex.

All of WSH's therapy is not found in what it broadcasts. The running of the station is therapy of a different kind. The studio is a coveted place in which patients may win employment, through the occupational therapy department. The hospital's radio director is a finished musician who has been trained thoroughly in social psychiatry. He is not, of course, a patient. Under his supervision, patients do all of the work. They make the programs and they make all announcements. They do much of the broadcasting and all of the operating. They make minor repairs, and keep the complicated system of switches, relays, voltmeters, converters, batteries, amplifiers, condensers, and signal system in running order. That is no small mechanical performance, and to know what it means to the people who accomplish it, you have to realize what it means to have been so sick you couldn't do anything. When the time comes that you can perform a complicated job, you have hope of being well on the way to a normal life again.

There is tangible benefit to the people who operate the broadcasting system, and there is as much evident benefit to those who do the entertaining. Professional entertainers, outside the hospital, are generous with their time and their talents, but a great deal of the 50 per cent of all programs originating in the studio is offered by talented patients. The standard of programs must be good.

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The director of radio insists that every offering, whether a difficult piano concerto or a simple harmonica solo, be so finished a performance that it cannot be said that anyone is being patronized. The studio has one harmonica soloist. It has, too, a patient who knows one Beethoven concerto which he can render faultlessly, and he gives his act from time to time. The patient who broadcasts the news has as definite a following as any of the famous newscasters.

A colored patient used to whistle over the radio. A woman, who suffers long periods of euphoria, organizes choir rehearsals as soon as she begins to come out of them, and broadcasts with the aid of the radio director. A lady who resembles Schumann-Heink says: "The only thing I have left in life is my music, and the bi-weekly broadcasts I give." A man who has broadcast, from memory, nearly a hundred classical piano compositions, stares into space with glassy eyes at all times when he is not playing the piano. His broadcasts are his one grip on his former life.

Some of the heartening benefits of radio performance lie in the fact that the field of entertainment is glamorous to most people, and the chance to entertain represents that needed "new interest in life" which can set many patients on the road to recovery. This hospital had a young woman patient who entered on a rampage and kept it up. She refused all treatment, kept the place in an uproar, and announced her intention of "rotting away here." One day she happened to be playing the piano when her doctor was making rounds. It was the first flicker of interest in anything that she had displayed. The doctor went straight to the radio director and asked him to try to special the girl. A nurse brought the girl to the studio every day, and although the early sessions were almost hopeless, she began, gradually, to take an interest.

By her own choice, she began to practice for an hour a day at first, then for four hours a day. She became so absorbed in learning and performing a number of recitals that she won parole, went home on a visit, and was able, finally, to go home on a year's leave. She has recovered her health completely, resumed her previous occupation in life, and her name has been wiped off the hospital's records.

These patients have been brought back to actuality, reversing the trend that made them mental cases. They have acquired an interest in the world of reality of sufficient force to counterbalance the tug in the direction of the realm of illusion.

Not all patients provide a direct instance of the benefits of radio therapy. So long as a few are benefited, however, the idea justifies itself. The experiment fostered by WSH is, like radio itself, too young a science to be exact. It is enough of an aid to science, however, to have been adopted by other mental hospitals.

—Isabel Currier

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NO BAD NEWS TODAY

IT IS SOME CONSOLATION, IN THESE STORMY TIMES, THAT THE SUN IS WAITING TO SHINE

BAD weather can't last forever and some day I hope to wake up in the morning, get the newspaper from the door and read in big headlines: NO BAD NEWS TODAY. And that would be news indeed! And I would like our young people to feel that a happier time is not far off. There are good reasons why I believe this.

It is true that we are living today in times that are filled with trouble. Many people are experiencing a new kind of sorrow. Their ideals are shaken; their hope in humanity is almost destroyed; their faith in freedom and tolerance is lost.

Most of the bad news seems to come from Europe, the cradle of our culture. A new kind of inquisition has in the past few years come upon Europe —an inquisition more terrible than the world has ever known. If you would compare the inquisition of Spain in the Middle Ages with the inquisition of today you would realize that the old inquisitors were really mild and decent people compared to those of today. And the torture of the rack was nothing compared to the horrors now taking place in Europe.

But still I am hopeful that a new and happier day is not so far distant. The evil tide that is swamping humanity is coming to its high mark and soon, very soon, must recede. Napoleon, the arch dictator of all dictators, only held the supreme power for about fifteen years. Caesar also held power for about fifteen years.

As paradoxical as it may seem, I firmly believe that more dictatorships will mean less dictatorships. The arrogant ideals of a dictator nation cannot bear to have neighbors who also hold similar arrogant ideals. When all want the same thing then they must become enemies. One can understand two "supreme" races living side by side, but add half a dozen more countries around them who feel the same way and they must soon extinguish one another. They can't all be the cream of the world. And that is why I believe that a few more dictatorships will mean the death of all dictatorships. But still that will not bring peace to Europe. And it is important for our youth to understand why the things now happening in Europe are part of their old beliefs and culture.

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America, we should also remember, has been settled almost entirely by immigrants from Europe. It was natural that the culture and arts from Europe should have been implanted over here. But America is growing up and more and more do we realize that the old arts and culture of Europe do not suit us. Geographically and temperamentally we have become a different race. We live without intrigue and this is something that is quite foreign to the European mind. Culture without politics or intrigue has never existed in Europe. Universities in Europe reflect the party in power and professors are changed with the fall of every cabinet. The paths of learning, like the paths of a lion's den, point inward toward a centralized state. Man is born in Europe to be trapped and to die for his country. It is hardly possible for the European mind to realize that a land can exist where intrigue and political engineering are not part of the daily cultural life of the people. It is just as difficult for us to understand why we cannot take the beautiful culture of old Europe and leave the intrigue over there. The reason is that they do not exist without each other.

More and more do we realize that in many fields we have made a false start and the European design for life does not fit our land. We must begin again. And it is a good thing that we should cast about and see if the thing we are seeking has not already sprouted in our own soil. And what looks like a weed today may be a fine bloom tomorrow.

During the troublesome years following the Great War some very important events have happened to us that lead me to believe that we have divorced our art and culture almost completely from that of Europe. We have discovered that we have an individuality and quality of mind that makes for a new culture. An abundance of talent has presented itself.

Literature, painting, music, architecture, drama and all the other arts—old and new—are very essential to the life and well-being of a people. A people become united through their arts and they become significant when their art springs from their own soil. And so this new inquisition that has come upon Europe has really dug the trench between us deep and wide. I am sorry for all the pain and grief but I am not sorry that a gulf has grown between us.

An American Renaissance is definitely on its way and that is one of the very encouraging things that I feel is in store for our younger people. And it is natural that this should happen at this time. The great period of Chinese Art was born soon after the barbarians were driven out of China. The great Renaissance of Italy and Europe came immediately after the inquisition. The Impressionists and Post-Impressionists of France came directly upon the heels of the Franco-Prussian War.

Bad weather can't last forever.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

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MY HUSBAND'S SECOND WIFE

CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND, SHE SAID: "IF A MAN IS TIRED OF A WIFE, SHE SHOULD LET HIM GO"

I FEEL a constant urge to send my first husband's second wife red roses. Not because I know she is not getting any, but because during a crisis in my life a few years ago she sent me, roundabout, a piece of good advice.

Her counsel was not disinterested to be sure, and I took it reluctantly. But out of the welter of admonishment that poured in when word first got around that George was in love with another woman (I mean when word first got around that I too had at last found it out) hers was the only suggestion of any really good sense.

My doctor, pastor, mother, psychoanalyst, best friend and all the neighbors were profuse with methods for winning him back; for "holding the home together" even though George was not in it any more, and for pretending our little three-cornered public wrestling match was still a secret.

They thought perhaps I ought to try to begin to be a little more coy. They urged me to keep my dignity. They told me how to stand on my financial rights. They said to trust in God and wean the baby. They naïvely proposed that I buy a new negligee, perhaps with marabou on it. They conjured up every charm they could think of for killing off the other woman without resort to anything as evidential as an axe.

And most of all I was advised on how to remain young and blooming through what might prove to be a long ice age. If he should ever come looking for me again at the bottom of the glacier I must be as fair and whole as when I first slipped unnoticed into the crevasse. A head cold does not bring one more remedies than a cold husband. And the basic treatment of the various specific panaceas seems to be about the same—"keep warm and stay quiet."

My psychoanalyst, from whom it seems to me I had a right to expect more modern advice, joined the family preacher in expecting me to keep the altar fires lighted against George's return. Only their phraseology was different. But even the one who was deploring "possessiveness in love" tried to tell me how to put Humpty Dumpty together again. "Maintain a receptivity" are the nice-sounding new words

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for "learn to languish and to wait."

But she of my everlasting gratitude said simply, "If a husband is tired of a wife, she should let him go."

I was crying over a tubful of diapers when this terse recommendation was relayed to me. It seemed impossible to accept, practically, as well as emotionally. But coming from where it did, the smarter of George's choices, I could not very well ignore it. While it was less soothing than the idea that the little woman who puts out the whitest wash always wins in the end, its bluntness had invigorating tendencies.

I boiled the diapers three times as proxy for the assured Miss X and a kettle of oil. By the time the last symbolic square of my martyrdom and nobility was fluttering on the line, I had begun to plan a life without George.

It was at that moment I began to acquire a little of the dignity the injured wife is supposed to wear. Only this time it was real. And Oh! the blessed comfort of not caring any more what tears were doing to my face!

As I look back over this whole period from the remote island of an incredibly happy second marriage, my only bitterness is for those months between the time George said that he was sorry but there was someone else and the day I answered "All right, good-bye."

I wish for my eternal self-respect that the response had been instantaneous. I feel unworthy of the genuine, perfect love that is now mine, to know that I was ever willing to accept a straw marriage.

I have no shame over being discarded. But a wave of disgrace comes over me every time I remember that desperate trip to town for a new wardrobe. I wish I could forget my pitiful attempt to become physically pleasing to a man against his own volition. Since I was no longer more than any strange female passing by, it was disgusting plumage—for which I brazenly sent him the bill. Sometimes I think of myself then as no better than any lost lady.

This gesture was not instinctive, however. I went in tow of an older wife—one who was smugly hanging onto her own husband, by the way, in a flannel bathrobe. But from her point of view it was a hussy who had taken my husband, so only a hussy could get him back. Altogether these older mentors, who let me into my marriage without further matrimonial warning than to buy sterling instead of plate, were the most vulgar in their recognition of Sex when the trouble began.

I have certain guilt in regard to my years with George. Indeed I did not understand him, as I know he must have told my successor. But my sins against his first dreams were not so deliberate as the lies I told while I was still trying to keep up appearances.

I wish I had had the courage to confess my failure at once. There was

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no use lying to intimate friends, of course. But I am ashamed of still saying "my husband" to the maid, the grocer, the insurance company, the census taker, and old acquaintances from California in town for the day, after George was having his breakfasts far from the home percolater.

And he is such a stranger to me, to my heart as well as my person, that I am sorry I could not recognize him for a stranger that first evening he admitted it. I wish I had withdrawn at once from all the casual familiarities.

It is not enough for me now that he went to the spare room. It seems both weak and insensitive of me to have lighted friendly fires with him and to have entertained him with his favorite tea and sprightly gossip when he looked in again. It was barbaric to have let him come back like that, like a roving tom cat to his saucers of milk.

I resent George in this matter too. He did not warn me that he was falling in love—except in ways that a wife is afraid to notice for fear of seeming jealous and suspicious. And even on the day he finally decided he could not stand his situation any longer, he did not send me his decision at once, decently, by phone or messenger as any other death or disaster is reported.

He came home on the usual train and gave me the habitual peck on the cheek. He waited until he had had his usual pleasant dinner and lighted the accustomed cigarette before the living room fire. Then he told me about it in language as amiable and trusting as a cat standing before a door yowling to get out. Men have never acquired a jilting finesse, however, as every victim knows.

I was shocked sick. My faith, security, affection, and desires suddenly lay shattered. My ego was shredded and my spirit numbed. Just the same I am humiliated that we were still near enough to each other by morning for him to know of my sleepless night and minister black coffee . . . I got used to the married state suddenly and should have been able to comprehend the unmarried state overnight too.

So finally I am sorry for the wasted months my menacing shadow clouded the peace of the girl who wanted George most. I understand they are naturally suited to each other. You cannot tell me that George does not sulk any more, but I am willing to believe that she does not mind it as much as I did and that they are happy.

I regret that I ever put her in a quandary of worry, conscience and fear when I could have been generous. That they were probably unhappy about me, in spite of her sage belief that I should retire from the controversy, is evidenced in any lovelorn column one picks up.

"We love each other very much and want to be married, but a divorce would simply kill his wife," the other woman continuously writes. "What shall we do?"

Alas, the other woman gets bad advice too. It is my complaint that the

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advisers never answer that it probably will not kill his wife and a girl ought to take him if she can get him. A man will not leave his wife for his sweetheart unless he wants to. Don't worry about *him*.

So the tussle is between the two women. And the one who has a chance of being loved as well as fed and honored is the only one who can essentially win, whatever the superficial set-up may be.

I am not trying to cover the cases of accidental unfaithfulness of course. I only speak of situations like mine where the husband says definitely, "I want someone else." And I am not discounting the problem of children. Though a father who is willing to abandon his children—even if it be on his own former doorstep—will resent them all the more if their mother acts foolishly.

It is probably suspected by now that I did not love my first husband deeply or that I would not talk so easily if I had not had the luck of a second chance at marriage. I admit that time has proven that my first emotion was far from the satisfying exciting experience I now call love. But that first sentimental attachment was strong enough to have lasted a misspent life with enough nursing. Many a woman has kept herself miserable with less. Except for that fortunate kick on the shins I might have worn a gentle grief so visibly that I would undoubtedly never have had my opportunity for a happier knowledge.

I am sure that a jilted woman only has a chance to be loved again if she withdraws her petitions gracefully, becomes a person in her own right, with work of her own, and if possible, financial independence. If I had not had a profession in cold storage, I would have accepted George's aid for a course in something—stenography, music, teaching, or fish raising.

A man surely has the responsibility of rehabilitating the creatures he has domesticated or trained as pets. In the meantime a new role and a returned serenity will come nearer fanning any possible sparks that may be left in a husband than a little warmed-over flirtation among the dinner dishes.

And if not, by the time a wife has achieved a new interest, a dispassionate backward glance and some clothes she has paid for herself, she will probably find that she has no sparks left either for the man who fooled her and fled.

That was the way it was with me. And so I am grateful for the girl who did not have too much pity for me. I was too conventional to have taken the initiative in this readjustment. But it came far from killing me. Indeed, so complete is my gratitude for her part in my present status quo that I hope munificently that if the time ever comes when she needs the same profound advice there will be somebody around to give it to her.

—VELMA CARSON

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EAST IS EAST

FURTHER RESEARCHES INTO THE ANOMALIES OF THE MYSTERIOUS CONTINENT OF INDIA

INDIA is the continent where locks turn the wrong way, where pigeons and monkeys are holy, where there are no bells in the hotels, and where soda water bottles are sealed by a glass ball.

It is the continent where the Aga Khan, though he may dine at Buckingham Palace, may not enter the Bombay Yacht Club, and where the foremost nationalist politician, Jawaharlal Nehru, began to work after education at Harrow and Cambridge.

India is the continent where all Sikhs are named Singh, unless they have no beards, in which case they are Rajputs, and where you can go to jail for ten years for killing a peacock.

It is the continent where a man's profession may be Sucker of Bad Blood, Grasshopper Salesman, or Exorciser of Epidemics, and where the comma is in the wrong place in big numbers, so that 131,432 is printed 1,31,432.

India is the continent where American cigarettes are cheaper than they are in the United States, where the Prime Minister of Bombay got his education by reading to a blind man and where Congress politicians invariably wear white cheesecloth pants.

It is the continent where a man may be named Sodawatervala or Cocanutvala, where the Parsees give their bodies to the vultures, where only 25 million out of 350,000,000 people can read and write, and where a politician can have the name Rao in his name in four places.

India is the continent where every cocoanut palm tree is numbered, where a double whisky soda is a *burra-peg*, and where, in Simla, only the viceroy and the governor may use motorcars.

It is the continent where 90 per cent of the journalists come from Madras, where most of the inhabitants of mental hospitals are Eurasians, and where the sahib obeys the ritual of getting his first panther before he tackles tigers.

India is the continent where the hotels have no doors, where the price of elephants has fallen fifty per cent, where eight alphabets are printed on rupee notes, where breasts of duck are disguised as beefsteak, where the trains run on three gauges, and where 350,000,000 people may someday be independent. —JOHN GUNTHER

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THE POET'S HOUSE

Though wide the chimney, thick the walls
Which close her in, naught separates
Her from the wilderness that waits
At every window. The red log falls
Silently in ash. The urned flowers spill
Their honeyed sweetness on the air.
Each tenuous tree against the hill
Outlines its limbs black-etched and bare.

The short day ebbs. The winter night
Invades the house, but twilight fills
The landscape with a brief blue light
Between the birchwood and the hills,
And grave in this enchanted gloom
She ponders in the darkening room.

—GEORGE SLOCOMBE

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SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

EVERY FAMOUS AUTHOR HAS ONE, AND HOW HE SHIVERS AT THE RATTLING OF ITS BONES

ONCE upon a time a distinguished Bishop, opening his morning mail, found among the business opportunities, the invitations to dinner, and the requests for prayer, an anonymous scrawl from a waggish parishioner, reading somewhat as follows: "All is known. Fly for your life!" And the blameless Bishop, panic-stricken, packed his belongings overnight and fled the country. Nobody ever discovered what it was that he had done; but I suspect that he was the pseudonymous author of *Madcap Mirabel*, or *Parted on Their Wedding Eve*, or something of the sort.

In nearly everybody's life there is a secret that he would prefer to keep undiscovered. Not murder, necessarily, nor even wife desertion. Perhaps only the truth about the night of February 13, 1904, or the miserable circumstance that his middle name is Rollo. Possibly—since at the bottom of his heart or his trunk every man is a poet—merely a literary indiscretion, penned and published in adolescence, of which in later life he is ashamed.

Authors are peculiarly sensitive about such ephemera; and the history of literature abounds with instances of their embarrassment. When the sins of collectors and bibliographers are charged against them, before the Mercy Seat, outstanding in the indictment will be their callous resurrection of little volumes of verse, and similar opuscula, which their authors had believed forgotten and well lost.

Few authors of note have escaped an early apprenticeship involving, at times, the writing of potboilers for immediate cash. Some have merely expressed themselves, in prose or verse, too early in life for later comfort. It is peccadilloes such as these that cause them so much anguish in after years; and when opportunity offers they tell fibs about them. This is easy enough, of course, when the condemned volumes are unsigned; but when the name appears in full caps on the title page it offers difficulties.

George Moore is a famous case in point. One of the vainest authors who ever contrived to produce masterpieces, the eminent author of *Hail and Farewell* and *The Brook Kerith* in his esthetic youth published two slender volumes of verse in the manner of

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Swinburne and the decadents. Their contents perhaps may be imagined from their titles, which were *Flowers of Passion*, in one instance, and *Pagan Poems* in the other. Very precious, very daring, they dripped the "poisonous honey of France." After publication of the second, however, in 1881, young Mr. Moore began to regret their existence. It was too late to do anything about *Flowers of Passion*, which had appeared in 1878; but *Pagan Poems* was still wet from the press. He communicated with the publisher, requesting him to suspend all sales and destroy all copies remaining in the office. Happily, the greater part of the edition remained unsold, and so destruction was almost complete.

But Moore was still dissatisfied. Determined to erase the unhappy volume from the world, he toured the bookshops buying up the outcasts that had escaped the publisher and destroying them with his own hands. Thereafter, it became unsafe to have a copy of *Pagan Poems* on one's shelves, with the author anywhere about. Moore simply appropriated those he found or, alternatively, tore out the title page. He raided the libraries of his friends and committed some notable outrages in the salons; but to all protests the belligerent author squeaked that the book was his and he would do as he liked with it. This did nothing for his popularity, but it helped his notoriety; and there is no doubt that it seriously reduced the number of copies of *Pagan Poems* in the world. The small octavo is today a rarity sought by collectors in all English-speaking countries. Difficult to find in any condition whatever, with the title page intact it is almost in the category of sweepstakes prizes.

Moore might have been better advised to shrug the incident off. The book was unimportant and in time would have found its own way to the dust heap. It was the very ferocity of his methods that called attention to the callow verses and made the volume an outstanding curiosity in the book world.

In our own time, H. L. Mencken was the hero of a similar comedy. He played his part, however, with more good humor. It was in 1903 that he published, at Baltimore, a small volume in paper wrappers, called *Ventures into Verse;* a pamphlet containing —of all things—a collection of patriotic and sentimental poems. For the most part, the stanzas had appeared, I think, in a newspaper column, and they were no better and no worse than many that still appear in such departments. Indeed, they were probably better than the average. But certainly they did not represent the Mencken who became the Great Cham of American letters, the arch-enemy of pishposh. One understands his dismay when the collectors began to trouble themselves about his first editions; although even before that happy compliment had been paid him, I think he had begun to call the pamphlet home. He used to pay some fancy prices for it, it is related, in the days

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when he enjoyed his greatest vogue. Booksellers scoured the country for stray copies of *Ventures into Verse*, and got better prices from Mr. Mencken than from the collectors. Heaven knows how many of the things he destroyed; but in the end, like Moore, he succeeded only in making the book a rarity.

My own copy was picked up about 1917, when I was writing violent fictions for the *Smart Set*, of which Mr. Mencken was then editor. He had been immensely kind, and I was grateful; and when I found his strange little opus (*No. 1*) in a second-hand shop, where some local reviewer had brutally disposed of it, years before, I cheerfully paid the fifty cents demanded for it. But the poems troubled me; and in time I made a serious error. In a thoughtless moment I mentioned the verses to Mr. Mencken, in a letter, and revealed that I had the book.

In his masterly reply he set forth that he was surprised by the tidings I had sent him. The book was quite rare, he confessed; so rare, indeed, that he had only a single copy himself, and that was so mutilated as to be incomplete. He would take it as a favor if I would send him mine, and in return he would send me another and different book. "I had a sweet soul in those days," wrote Mr. Mencken.

Well, there it was! The man was my friend, although I had not met him, and—what was more—he was my editor. I gracefully yielded my copy of the rarity, and received not one but two books in exchange, both handsomely inscribed. "In return," said one of the inscriptions, "for a Christian act." I had no suspicion at the time, however, of his purpose. It simply made me happy to think of my fine, unmutilated copy making Mr. Mencken happy. I have no doubt whatever that he screamed with happiness at sight of it—and instantly destroyed it.

Most famous of all suppressed volumes, in America, perhaps, is Hawthorne's *Fanshawe*, for which dealers in rare books will cheerfully pay a decent sum of money. The loneliest figure in American letters, Nathaniel Hawthorne was only twenty-four when this, his first book, was anonymously published at his own expense. An earlier project, *Seven Tales of My Native Land*, had been burned in manuscript, after a disheartening round of publishing offices; and it is remarkable that *Fanshawe*, too, was not given to the flames. But it appeared, in 1828, under the imprint of Marsh & Capen, of Boston, who had agreed to have it printed for one hundred dollars.

The setting of the tale was autobiographical (the author's college, Bowdoin, was called Harley in the story), but the incidents were not. It was a short, impossible romance concerned with the love of two undergraduates for a young woman named Ellen; and it ended—after some By-

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ronic adventure, including an abduction and a rescue—in renunciation and an early grave for the principal figure of the narrative, the student Fanshawe, who may be regarded as a spiritual portrait of the young Hawthorne, himself. But the slim volume bore no resounding name upon its title page—it bore none whatever—and so dropped dead from the press. Possibly a score of copies were sold in the first six months of publication; and in a second outburst of negation the author called in all he could trace and burned them to ashes.

It is an odd and heartening circumstance that one of the copies that escaped the holocaust should have saved the day for Hawthorne. It fell into the hands of S. G. Goodrich, an editor and publisher of annuals, and —surprisingly—impressed him. He communicated with the young author, through his publisher, and out of the correspondence that ensued was born the group of published sketches that became the celebrated *Twice Told Tales*.

Macabre and terrible is the story of Rossetti's great suppression. It is part of one of the dramatic love-stories of the world. The poet buried the manuscript of his most impassioned sonnets, all written in a little book, in the grave of the woman who had inspired them; then repented his hasty deed and resurrected them for publication.

It was in 1862, after only two years of married life, that Mrs. Dante Gabriel Rossetti died, in London, leaving her husband inconsolable. After her death, while the coffin was still open, he bent above the dead woman with the volume in his hand, and spoke to her. The poems, he said, had been written often while she was suffering and should have had his attention, and so she must take them with her. Then he slipped the book between her cheek and hair, and allowed it to be buried with her in Highgate Cemetery.

Later he tried to recall what he had written, but was unable to remember many of the lines. His friends, meanwhile, were urging him to recover the manuscript. Seven years elapsed before their promptings overcame his scruples; but at long last he yielded, and one night a fire was lighted by the side of the grave and the coffin was raised.

Rossetti, himself, had no hand in the proceeding, which was conducted for him by friends and hired assistants. He sat alone and miserable in the home of one of the officiating friends, while the shocking task went forward. After interminable centuries, it seemed to him, the stained and mouldering manuscript was returned into his hands; and he copied out the poems he could not remember and destroyed the book. The stanzas were those which, with additions, became his most famous volume, *The House of Life*. Their partial publication, in 1869 and 1870, raised him to the front rank of contemporary English poets.

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It is a fascinating story, at once repulsive and pathetic; but no doubt an explanation can be found for both terrible incidents of the episode—the hasty, emotional burial and the ghastly, reasoned resurrection—in the dual personality of all writing men. It was the lover, one thinks, who hurried the manuscripts into the coffin, and the author who wanted, ultimately, to see them in print.

In the long list of writers who, for one reason and another, have suppressed some part of their published work, no name is now more honored than that of Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam. Of the many "nice little things" that he produced, invariably at his own expense, only one asserts its authorship on the title page—his free translation of *Six Dramas of Calderon*, issued by William Pickering, in 1853.

Even the famous *Rubaiyat*, published—or printed—in 1859, by Quaritch, the bookseller, was issued without credit to himself; and of the 250 copies that comprised the first edition he gave 200 to the bookseller, to do with as he pleased. How Quaritch sold them off at a penny, then twopence, until the outcries of Rossetti and Swinburne rocketed the price, is one of the pleasant stories that collectors tell, wherever two of them are gathered together.

But there are reasons other than those already suggested that urge an author to suppress his work. The case of the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson is possibly unique. It was his conscientious objection to a poor job of presswork that was responsible for what is perhaps the greatest book rarity in the collecting field.

Mr. Dodgson, better known to the world as "Lewis Carroll," was a young lecturer in mathematics, at Christ Church College, Oxford, when he invented the White Rabbit, and the Frog-Footman, and the March Hare, and all the rest of the mad company assembled in the pages of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. He wrote the story for a little girl named Alice, as nearly everybody knows; but what is less widely bruited is the history of the book itself—the thing of paper, ink, and binding whose first edition was issued from the office of Macmillan & Co., in 1865.

In its original manuscript form, the story had been illustrated by the author, himself; but for the printed volume there had been drawn the now celebrated pictures by Tenniel. Unhappily, when these were reproduced they were unsatisfactory to Mr. Dodgson (the fault was not in Tenniel but in the printing); and the publishers agreed to call in the issue and print another edition. It has been asserted that Lewis Carroll ordered the suppressed volumes to be distributed among various children's hospitals and workingmen's clubs, and that in consequence the edition vanished almost overnight—read to pieces by the youngsters and the toilers. Clever detective work among the ledgers, in

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recent times, however, has given the lie to this engaging fiction. The fact appears to be that the rejected copies were all sold to D. Appleton and Co., of New York, and disposed of in America, with a new title page tipped in. The new title page carried with it a new date, 1866.

How many of the original issue, with the first London title page, dated 1865, escaped into the world nobody knows; but perhaps half a dozen have been accounted for. They are in the hands of museums and wealthy collectors, for the most part. Whenever one turns up, it becomes an item of news in the newspapers and somebody with a lot of money buys it instead of bonds.

The situation as regards "editions" is of peculiar interest to collectors, for the New York volume of 1866, although in most respects a first edition, by virtue of its sea change and its title page, must be called a second *issue*. The second English printing, although appallingly rare, is just a second edition, when it is correctly reported.

An odd specimen of suppression—or can it have been merely forgetfulness?—came my way just fourteen years ago, when, as a collecting enthusiast, I was busy hunting down early Kiplings. In a volume called *Fame's Tribute to Children*, published by the reputable Chicago house of A. C. McClurg & Co., in 1892, for the benefit of the Children's Home of the World's Columbian Exposition—a singularly unattractive quarto, bound in easily-soiled white cloth—I found a short poem in the well-known handwriting of a celebrated English poet and novelist, signed with his equally well-known autograph; an admirable facsimile of a stanza which, apparently, the celebrated poet and novelist had sent to the volume's editor for inclusion. The poem was called *Old Johnny Grundy* and it was, I still think, a very jolly poem indeed.

I was editing, at the time of my discovery, one of the little magazines of the twenties, foredoomed to failure; and I came upon that rollicking stanza, signed with a mighty name, much as Crusoe must have come upon the footprint in the sand. I cheered, and bought the book, determined to give the poem anew to the world; and almost at once my printer-publisher hurried a note off to England, seeking the necessary permission. To our surprise and dismay, this was the reply we received under date of July 24, 1924, from the great man's literary agent:

"Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, I beg to inform you that Mr. K . . . did not write the verse to which you refer and consequently he is not in a position to do what you ask. If the verse is reprinted therefore it must not be ascribed to Mr. K . . . , or his name in any way connected with it. I am, yours faithfully, etc."

That ended the matter as far as the magazine was concerned; but I confess I have never been entirely satisfied

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by that vicarious denial of authorship. I would stake my life that the poem is in K . . . 's handwriting and signed with his autograph. A trivial effort, to be sure; but nothing to be ashamed of when measured beside the early ebullitions of other men. I suppose there can be no doubt that the poet was shown the typed copy of the stanza forwarded in care of his publishers, and by them turned over to his agent, and that the rejection was genuinely his own. Had he forgotten that he ever wrote it? With all respect, I doubt it. I think he had forgotten it until it was brought to his attention, and that then he didn't care for it. "Good God!" he probably exploded. "Has that thing come home to roost? It must have been a hundred years ago. Tell him I never wrote it. Tell him anything you like—but tell him *No!*"

It has been difficult to obey the agent's instructions to the letter, and forbear to mention K . . . 's name in connection with the lines; but I have told the story as it happened. As for the poem, itself, one can only say: Here it is—the poem that R . . . . K . . . . did not write.

Old Johnny Grundy had a Grey Mare.
Hey! Gee! Whoa!
Her legs were thin and her hide was bare.
Hey! Gee! Whoa!
And when she died she made her Will:
"Now old Johnny Grundy has used me ill;
"Give every dog in the Town a bone,
"But to old Johnny Grundy give thou none."
The Carver came and her image made
In the Market-place where the Children played
And the Parson preached with unction rare:
"Good people be kind to your old Grey Mare.
"And don't you beat her or use her ill
Hey! Gee! Whoa!
"Or else she'll leave you out of her Will."
Hey! Gee! Whoa!

It is probable that suppression of any sort, at any time, is an error. It is rarely, at any rate, successful; and generally the attempt serves only further to publicize the works repudiated. Somerset Maugham, in his great volume of revelation, *The Summing Up*, has some wise words to offer on the subject. Speaking of two novels, carrying his name, made from unsuccessful plays, he writes:

"For long they lay on my conscience like a discreditable action; I would have given much to suppress them. But I know now that my qualms were unnecessary. Even the greatest authors have written a number of very poor books, Balzac himself left a good many out of the *Comédie Humaine*, and of those he inserted there are several that only the student troubles to read; the writer can rest assured that the books he would like to forget will be forgotten." —VINCENT STARRETT

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CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

THE NAME OF A FAMOUS WOMAN IS AT THE BOTTOM OF EACH OF THESE FIFTY QUESTIONS

HERE are fifty terse portraitures of eminent women—living and dead—in the fields of art, religion, politics, and elsewhere. Correct answers count two points each. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 141.

1. Queen of France, who wanted her starving people to eat cake when they needed bread.
2. Only woman to hold a cabinet position in United States history.
3. Duchess of Ferrara, arch poisoner, and sister of an Italian cardinal.
4. Author of the American Civil War novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
5. Foremost French actress of her time, affectionately called "Divine Sarah."
6. Girl assassin of Marat, French revolutionary leader.
7. Singer imported by showman P. T. Barnum, and publicized as the "Swedish Nightingale."
8. Indian daughter of Powhatan who married John Rolfe.
9. Poet and wife of a poet, and resident of Wimpole Street.
10. Queen of Henry II of France, and member of a distinguished Florentine family.
11. American social worker, allied with Hull House, awarded Nobel Peace Prize in 1931.
12. The Girondist, who before being guillotined cried, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"
13. Wife of an Earl, who rode unattired through Coventry to abate certain demands by her husband on his tenants.
14. Co-discoverer of the chemical elements, radium and polonium.
15. Mother of all mankind.
16. First child born to English parents in the New World.
17. Wife of a king who abdicated to marry the "woman I love."

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18. Tennis player whose calmness under stress earned her the title of "Little Miss Poker Face."
19. Famed wife of the head of the Chinese Nationalist government.
20. First woman to successfully swim the English Channel.
21. Founder of the American Red Cross.
22. Last reigning sovereign of the House of Stuart.
23. Woman of many firsts: first woman governor of Wyoming; first woman director of the U. S. Mint; first woman to have her image struck by the mint.
24. English nurse executed by the Germans as a World War spy.
25. Woman member of England's Parliament, born in the United States.
26. American temperance crusader, whose surname at birth was Moore.
27. Scotch girl for whom a renowned love song was written by William Douglas.
28. Puritan maiden, courted by John Alden on behalf of Miles Standish.
29. Daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.
30. Italian educator who devised a method of instruction and training for children, aged three to six, in order to promote early development of reading and writing skills.
31. Author of the perennial girls' classic, *Little Women*.
32. Girl leader of the French armies, burned at the stake by her enemies.
33. Wife of Socrates, a shrew and a scold.
34. Brilliant American writer, blind and deaf.
35. Swiss originator of a London waxworks exhibition.
36. Eminent British theosophist.
37. Only U. S. woman senator to be elected by popular vote.
38. Founder of Christian Science.
39. Mme Dudevant, best known by a masculine pseudonym.
40. Nineteenth century English heroine, daughter of a light-house keeper, who saved shipwrecked survivors.
41. American advocate of the use of maiden names by married women.
42. Beautiful mistress of Louis XV.
43. Reputed maker of the first American flag, whose natal name was Elizabeth Griscom.
44. Most famous feminine member of the Ptolemies.
45. Most famous of three renowned writing sisters.
46. Baroness Popper, titled Austrian operatic soprano.
47. Second wife of Napoleon I.
48. English pioneer in the organization of modern military hospitals.
49. American aviatrix bearing a striking facial resemblance to Colonel Lindbergh.
50. Swedish novelist and Nobel prize winner.

—A. I. GREEN

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AVERAGE MAN

THE IDEA IS NOT TO BE EXCEPTIONAL—
MERELY TO BE EXCEPTIONALLY AVERAGE

MAYBE you saw an item in the newspapers a while ago about a man named Robert Neve. If you did, you probably don't remember it, so I will just remind you that Mr. Neve won a contest conducted recently by the *London Daily Express*. After examining 5,000 aspirants, they finally selected Mr. Neve as the model of British mediocrity. He is 5 feet 7¾ inches tall, has nine shirts and three suits, earns $18 a week plus a $2 weekly war pension, arises at 7:00 a.m., retires at 10:30 in the evening, smokes ten cigarettes a day, and lives in a six-room apartment for which he pays $20 a month rent. No one could be more average than that, and Mr. Neve, as we all knew, was a cinch to cop the prize.

Now that the contest is over, I suppose Mr. Neve has slipped back into the obscurity from which the *Express* momentarily lifted him. But it seems to me that in doing this he is failing to take full advantage of his opportunities. Mr. Neve may not realize it, but he has a gold mine right in his hands.

As for me, if I were chosen America's Average Man, I'd be cleaning up. You wouldn't catch me watching the mails for my weekly $2 war pension. I'd be in the upper brackets in no time. Inside of a year, I'd be getting my name in the newspaper columns listing the high-salaried boys of the year, in the company of William S. Knudsen, Alfred P. Sloan, and Gary Cooper. Say what you want about me, I know a bonanza when I see one.

Have you ever thought of the possibilities of being America's Average Man, friends? It is a wonderful thing. The first thing I would do would be to rent myself out to advertising agencies to audition their radio shows. Do you know what they spend trying to gauge how their programs are "pulling"—free offers, surveys, etc.? Well, as Average Man, I could supplant all this. You want a barometer, fellows? Well, here I am! Sitting in the finely upholstered chairs of the broadcasting studio, I would simply react. After the program was over, I would say, "I'm sorry, boys, but I don't like it. You will have to try again." Then I would collect my $50,000 on the way out.

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In an election year I would make my biggest earnings. The voting itself would be just a formality. Actually, the results would be known well in advance of November. Every day the newspapers would print interviews with me to find out whether my mind had changed any in the last twenty-four hours. After spirited bidding by syndicates, I would give exclusive rights to my opinions to the Hearst newspapers for about $200,000. (The Paul Block and Gannett chains were just nosed out by $23,000.)

Naturally, George Gallup and the Institute of Public Opinion would be a thing of the past, but that can't be helped. Straw-votes and complicated methods of determining national sentiment would be unnecessarily complex. If you want to know what the country is thinking, just ask the Average Man. Not the man in the street, but the man on the Lincoln Highway. If the *Literary Digest* had availed itself of my services—and I could have been had dirt cheap in those days—it might have been spared much embarrassment.

When it comes to lobbying, the extent of my services would probably reach its peak. You know all those telegrams constituents are urged to send their congressmen in protest against a bill? Well, all that would be eliminated. Legislators would simply ask me how I felt about things. I would tell them for a modest fee—say $25,000—unless, of course, Western Union and Postal Telegraph paid me more to keep quiet and say nothing.

In my free moments I would be occupied in the role of Barometric Customer No. 1 for the nation's latest merchandise. Let us say that the E. R. Squibb Company has been working for years on the formula for a new dentifrice. Rather than trust to hit-and-miss methods or the whims of public reaction, Squibb would hire me to ascertain its chances for success. My job would be simple, but invaluable. One morning I would get up in the usual fashion, dampen my toothbrush and squeeze a ribbon of paste on it. Then I would brush my teeth. Maybe I would like it and maybe I wouldn't. In either case, my charge would be $85,000. Lammot du Pont, are you listening, you pauper? Before 1939 was out, I would be No. 14 of America's Sixty Families.

It is unnecessary to enumerate my other sources of income. Needless to say, they would be vast. Just briefly, though, they would include editors starting new picture magazines, Hollywood producers tired of the uncertainties of the sneak preview, etc. The list of my clients would be endless.

All I can say is that if it's success you want, for God's sake stop trying to improve yourself. Forget all those books you're reading, and start getting a little average. That's what I'm doing and soon I'll be the voice of America—if, before I get finished, I don't begin to feel more like God.

—KERMIT KAHN

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GUY MAYER GALLERY, NEW YORK ETCHING BY EDMUND BLAMPIED

SPEECH OF THE EVENING

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LAND, HO!

IT'S NO CINCH TO FLY A "FIGHTER" BUT THE REAL TRICK IS IN LANDING IT

Some cynical classmate of mine once remarked that all rifle-shooters end their innumerable anecdotes with the words "so I squeezed off another bull" and that student aviators invariably end theirs with "—so I wrapped her up and landed."

Be that as it may. This isn't meant as an anecdote for cynics, for aviators who've forgotten their sensations, nor for natural-born pilots who never had sensations. Just some episodes (with some slightly different endings) in the making of a pilot who wasn't born one.

The first occurred shortly before I actually took the controls of an airplane. I was engaged in making the last flight—"check-hop"—of a brief solo-glider course that was given a few of us. I'd been towed on a five-hundred-foot line and had got about three hundred feet up when I cut loose. The prescribed maneuver then was one complete turn to be followed by landing as close as possible to a given spot. Halfway around everything was dandy but at the finish of the turn it became embarrassingly evident that I was overshooting badly. To avoid landing on a very substantial fence, I started a turn close to the ground when something went sadly wrong. After a few seconds of swooping, slipping, frightened and frantic over-controlling I arrived at a point some forty feet in the air in a lovely, slow climb, the stick back and the right wing down.

At precisely that point a thought flashed through my mind—by that time it had an absolutely clear track. Many, many times in the last few days I had been told that spins close to the ground always resulted badly and that the position I was in was the one sure way of getting into a spin.

Immediately following—possibly hand in hand—came the old axiom that if you know you're going to hit, hit with flying speed. I distinctly recall moaning, "Oh, Lord!" Whereat somebody pushed the stick forward. It must have been I for with admirable promptitude my glider hit—and it hit with flying speed.

It was with my next whinnying breath that a great doubt entered my soul about me and aircraft. The dust subsided to earth, preceded by both

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wings of the glider. The one landing wheel and its cradle of metal tubing leered at me just abaft my right shoulder. The cockpit cover had compressed neatly in the vicinity of my neck. There I sat, permeated by doubt and quite neatly packaged in fuselage and fabric. I'd landed her and she'd wrapped *me* up.

However, they let me start the actual course of instruction and, with varying degrees of success, I went through one stage and another, flying now landplanes, now seaplanes, big ones and little ones. Occasional moments of doubt obscured the horizon during this time but it was about a year later that I once again communed with a heart nudging at my palate.

By this time nine of us had just finished our course in "big boats." Patrol planes, flying boats, whatever you choose to call them, they're still big, and being winged boats their habitat is water. On the two preceding days we'd made seven- and eight-hour flights as a wind-up. Not impressively long hops but they'd been preceded by several months of the same sort of thing. In short, we'd become accustomed to big planes and seaplanes.

Now here we were at the final stage, about to start our course in fighters. "Fighters," they say, come and go; their appearance, their characteristics, their designations, change rapidly and frequently. But always, mark you, a fighter—pursuit-plane to you Army-minded gents—is a small landplane, fast, powerful, and designed to put out the maximum in maneuverability. Moreover, the kind I'm talking about has just one cockpit—all passengers furnish their own saddles. You get a sort of lonesome feeling the first time you look at one, if you follow me.

No authority on aircraft or flying, still I'm one to mark that a plane such as I'm trying to describe is a far cry from a big boat. And mark it I did.

Of course, we tried out the cockpits, fiddled with the gadgets, and listened to the data that was given us by the instructors. They *told* us because they couldn't go along to *show* us. Some of that sunk in, as did some of the straight dope put out by our predecessors on what great sport the little things were. Yet there was something awfully impressive about the fact we could practically touch the tail surfaces from the cockpit. Short as that, they're scarcely any wider than they are long. We couldn't see ahead for motor—they come powered, plenty—and the cockpits had the sides cut out like a Congress gator so that normal individuals could get in with some effort.

Well, there were a lot of other things, but anyway we began to get the point of the remark some boy ahead of us had made when asked the lowdown on flying them. He allowed that "you simply strap a fighter to the seat of your pants and take off."

Six of us were finally given planes and told to take twenty-minute familiarization hops. Subsequently I started off down the apron with some

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parting calls of "So long, rocket pilot" ringing very, very humorlessly in my ears. I was feeling very lonely and being extremely circumspect in all my actions. Somebody in the class ahead had given his plane the gun for his first take-off at almost, but not exactly, the same instant he released the brakes. "After they got the plane off its back," so the story went, neither personnel nor materiel seemed to be greatly damaged.

I wasn't frightened, don't mistake me, just cautious. It's presumably easy to fly, the trick usually lies in getting down again, and of course I'd been flying long enough to have heard and appreciated the facetious—though true—remark to the effect that when in doubt there are always two sure ways to land a plane, push the stick all the way forward or pull it all the way back and hold it; in either case it'll come down. True, there is the side issue there introduced by the textbooks, having to do with contacting the ground at what they so delightfully term a "compatible angle."

I strayed a bit there but it *was* with the stick that I had my major difficulty. You see in taking off with a small landplane there's some little to-do with putting on full gun, starting to roll, and then easing the stick a bit forward of neutral and holding it there till the tail comes up, at which time the plane will be rolling more or less lightly on its wheels. After a suitable interval that will vary widely in different circumstances, the plane, already approximating a normal attitude, picks up enough speed to fly and does so. For all cases I had till then encountered that was the whole story.

However, the boys in the group—"formation"—ahead of us had put out a considerable amount of gratuitous information in the ready-room which boiled down to the assurance that by the time we got full gun on and began to think about pushing the stick forward the little devils would already be in the air; hence don't even attempt to make anything but a sloppy three-point takeoff.

Like most people I accept the advice of others, up to a certain point. So, when the way was all clear I took a firm grip on everything useful and eased on the gun. We started to roll. Dandy. A little more gun and we rolled a little faster. Still nothing seemed to be happening too fast to be well under control so I abandoned the advice and much too much caution. I eased the stick forward, felt the tail grow light and then poured the soup to her.

"Holy Moses, and the angels, cast thy pitying glances down!" The tail snapped up and, with a sickening lurch, the plane started into an outside loop with the wheels on the ground. I couldn't hold my hat so I jerked the stick back and the tail came down with a thump that jarred my teeth, blurred my sight and lifted the wheels two feet off the ground. I had speed but not yet enough to fly so

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they came back with a crash as I shoved the stick forward to avoid taking off in a stall. That's only a guess as to what my instincts did to that stick, for the next couple of seconds leave nothing but a memory of alternate brain-jarring thumps and spasms of soul-searing fright. First the tail, then the wheels; boy, those little fellows can take it. Like a scared rabbit that thing hopped across the field and would probably have continued doing so right on into the trees if some place in the process the same old glider pilot hadn't pulled the stick back to get away from that extremely hard field and held it there.

We were off. The onlookers—especially the mechs who had to repair that plane and the instructors who had to write up crash reports—must have cheered. I couldn't. I finally took another breath and looked at the altimeter. My God, I had a thousand feet. With a jerk I tried to level off. Then I decided to turn and circle the field whereat the contraption went into a near-vertical bank and turned violently back for home. Well, here now, thinks I, this business of being psychic about what I wanted to do was all right, but there was no need of being so all-fired violent about it.

I got a firmer grasp on the stick, braced my feet against the pedals and tried to fly straight and level. That seemed to work and after a bit I began experimenting with the controls. "Maneuverable" scarcely seemed to describe the plane. The gentlest touch on anything resulted in a gyration, not a maneuver. Trying to keep my extremities from transforming a wish into a command occupied some little time till I looked at my watch and saw that it was high time to land.

Now there'd been some more dope put out about that particular maneuver but very little of it had penetrated or lasted after that takeoff. Round I came, picked my groove, and cut the gun. I pushed the nose over to a nice comfortable gliding angle and sat back, fat, dumb, and happy—until I looked at the airspeed meter. Woe and whoa! Amazing what a little bit of gravity could do to a well-designed plane. I was just burning her in. But when I pulled the nose up and the speed began to drop so did the plane—like a streamlined brick. I couldn't see ahead with the motor cocked up that way, but I could feel her stop gliding and start to squash, down and rapidly down. Over went the nose and up went the airspeed. In spite of a perfectly good motor up ahead it began to look like I was trying to scull the thing along.

With over a hundred knots airspeed, I was certain it would take three fields like that to land in but anything was better than that slower descent. My God, I was willing to compromise on any kind of landing if the plane would only come down. And what with swooping and squashing it did—almost. About three feet off the ground I leveled off and held her. We floated. And floated. The edge of the

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field coming closer and closer and still no landing. Finally, somehow, the throttle went forward and with an uncomfortably neat margin we whooshed over the treetops, off again on another trip around the field.

That time around gave me a chance to ponder a bit on what I'd heard. First, roll the stabilizer back. O.K., I checked the crank—hell, I'd even forgotten to do that; no wonder the damned thing had to be stood on its ear to slow down. I cranked her back and eased back on the gun. That seemed to do it, and in we went. This time lower over the trees, up to the edge of the field, and I cut the gun. She came down nicely, nothing was too uncomfortable. Still I had too much speed but as I neared the ground easing back on the stick slowed her down and with a bump she hit.

I've been flying them over a year now—my first detail was to a fighter squadron—and they still "hit." Flying them you learn to love 'em, and constant practice makes a routine matter of most things you do with them, but there'll always be something impressive about the way they land. Some of the big planes are flown right down to the ground till their wheels seem to gently caress and hold it. Some of the smaller ones come gliding down, gracefully, unhurriedly, and settle on with all three points. But a fighter still just seems to hit.

One of the first things we came to recognize about that particular plane was the feel of the landing. If it went on quietly, gently, it was "hot," wheels first and tail in the air; comfortable but much too fast for safety or short landing in an emergency. If it struck gently once, harshly again, and then bounced, it had been landed tail first; hard on the plane, too slow and erratic to be safe. But if it landed with a bottom-jarring thump, accompanied by a sound like the dropping of a truckload of tin cans, it was perfect. All three points hit at once.

All very simple, but remember they're still landing plenty fast. I've seen one smashed beyond repair after hitting a little uneven spot on the ground. I've landed one in a driving rain on a soupy plowed field and had a better pilot come right in behind me to end up on his back in a mass of wreckage. I've had the landing gear break on taxiing slowly into a deep mud puddle; had it stand up under unbelievable wallops onto a wooden deck.

Not too certain, to be sure, but no more serious doubts have struck the old glider pilot. When they do I hope they come high for they do say you don't have to practice parachute jumping. The first one has to be perfect, why practice? And there's another old saying to the effect that nobody has ever complained about his parachute not opening—after he jumped. Definitely a subject for thought, but I'll still take my endings "—so I wrapped her up and landed."

—Lt. R. R. Porter

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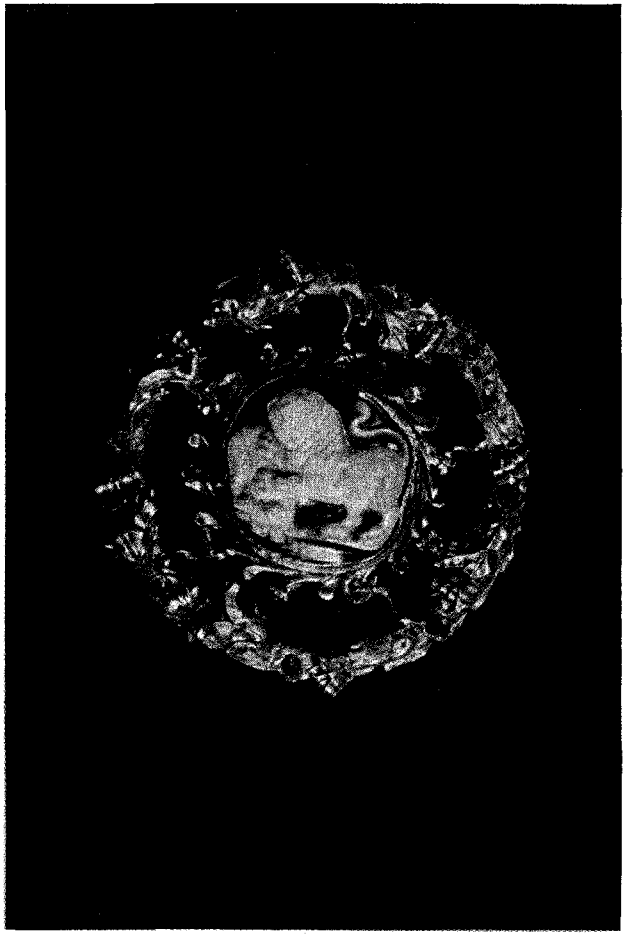

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

JEWELRY OF THE RENAISSANCE

The jewelry of no other period in history can compare with that of the Renaissance in richness of design or refinement of technique. Above is a typical golden brooch, set with rubies and an antique onyx cameo. It is of 15th century Spanish origin.

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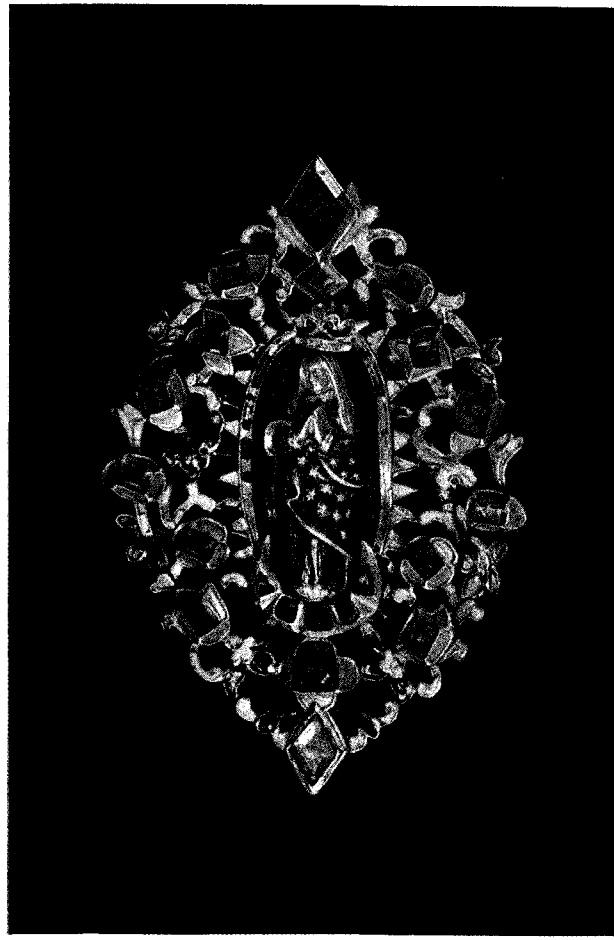

ENAMELED GOLD PENDANT

Representing the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, this enameled gold pendant is set with emeralds and adorned with a design in foiled paste. It is the work of the Spanish school and dates from either the late 16th or early 17th century.

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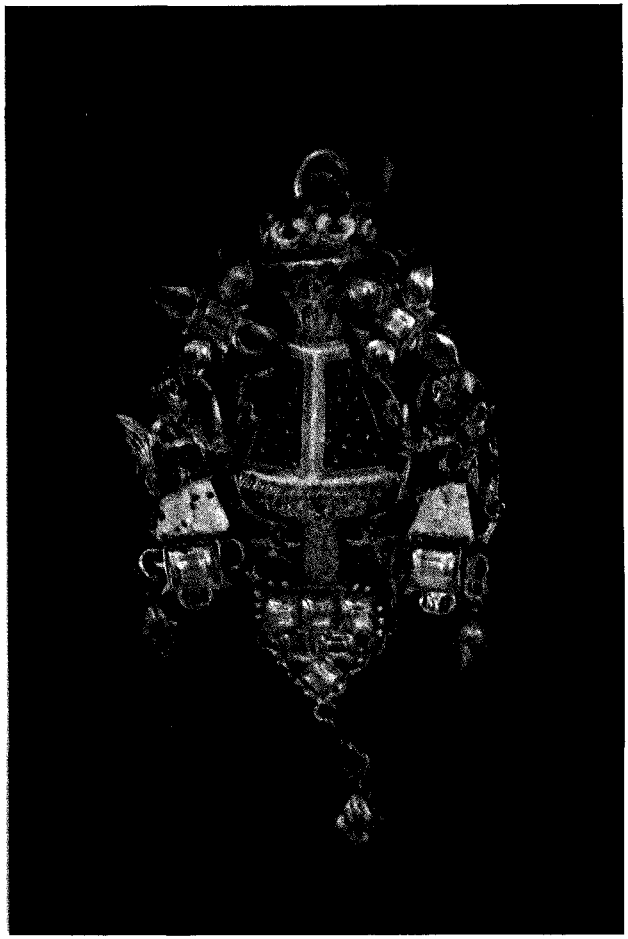

PENDANT SET WITH CRYSTALS

This early 17th century enameled gold pendant is emblematic of the Virgin of the Pillar, depicted in the center with attendants at either side. Now a museum piece, it was originally in the treasury of the Virgin of the Pillar at Saragossa.

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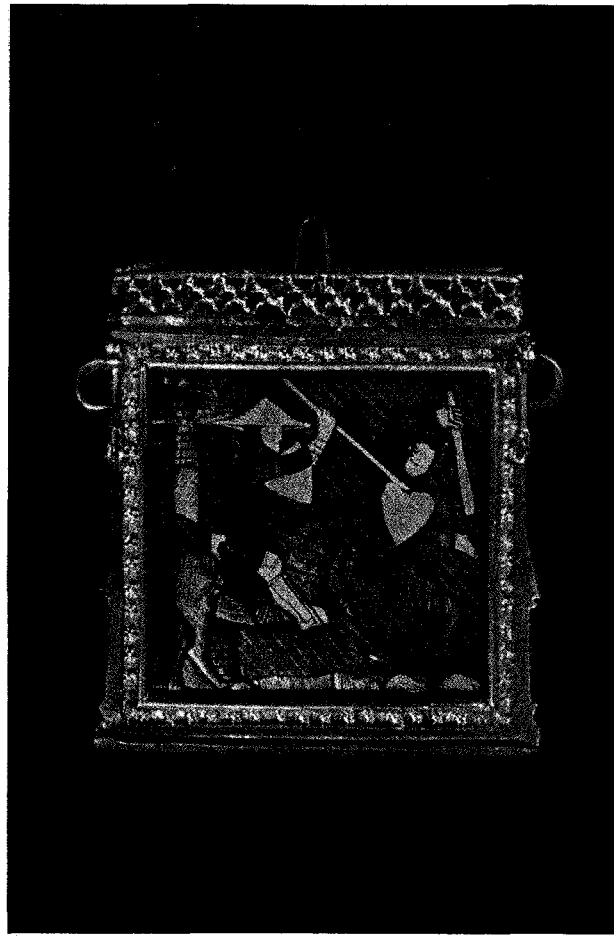

CASE FOR PERFUMES

Middle 14th century English case of silver-gilt, enriched with translucent enamel. On one side a knight is shown receiving his lance from a lady, and on this side the knight is depicted slaying a wild man. It is inscribed *Ave Maria . . . Gracia Plena.*

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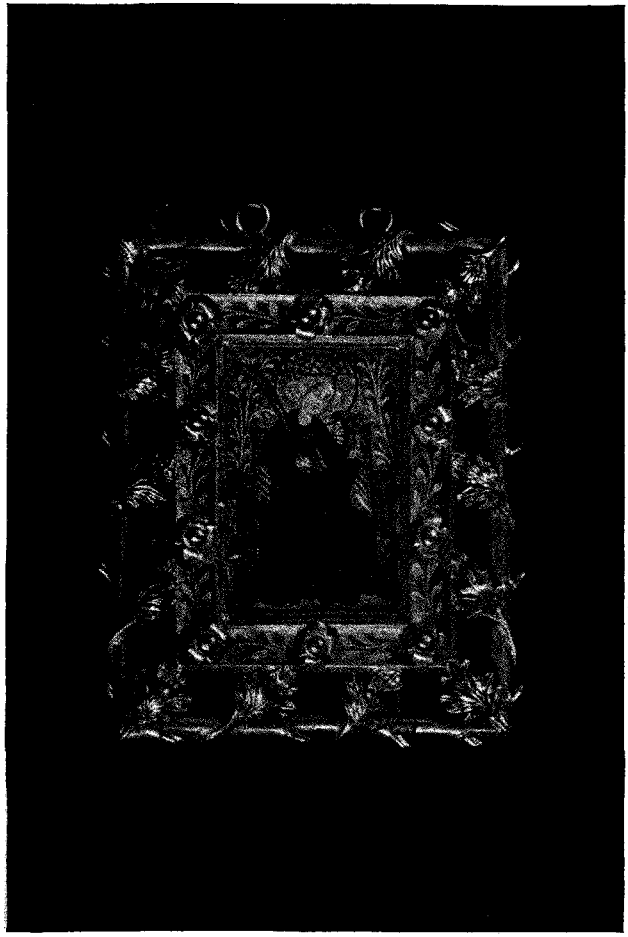

RELIQUARY OF ST. CATHERINE

Dated about 1400, this Flemish reliquary is of silver-gilt, the figure of St. Catherine being executed in translucent enamel. Set into the back of the piece is a crystal tablet covering the relic contained—an unidentified fragment of fabric.

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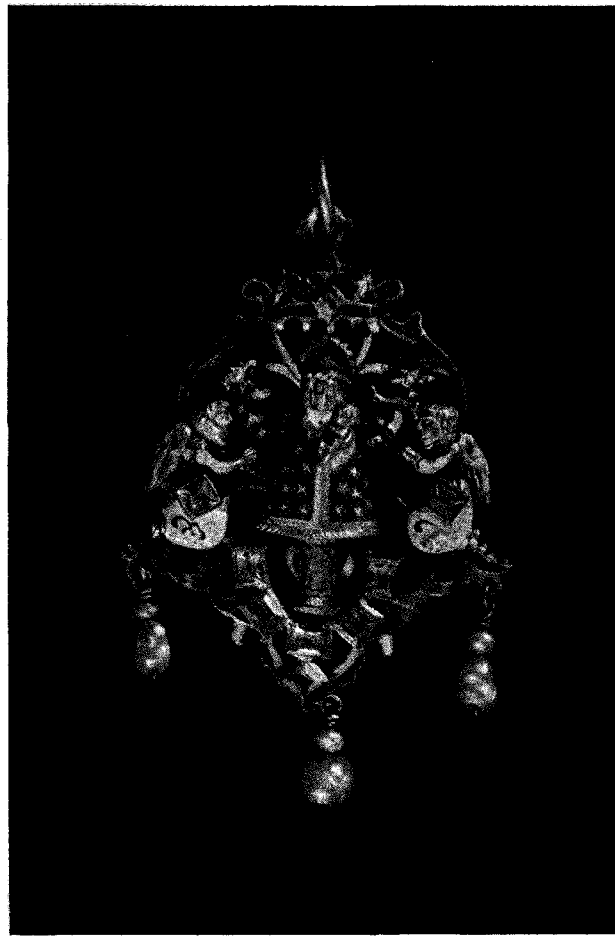

PENDANT HUNG WITH PEARLS

Similar in design to the pendant shown on page 45, this pendant is also from the treasury of the Virgin of the Pillar at Saragossa and dates from the same period. The figures at the side of the emblem of the Virgin represent adoring angels.

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HERCULES, GOLD PENDANT

Set into this enameled gold pendant is a head of Hercules in onyx cameo. This portion alone is of Italian origin and is dated late 16th century, but the sapphire drop and emeralds, set in silver-gilt, are considered relatively modern additions.

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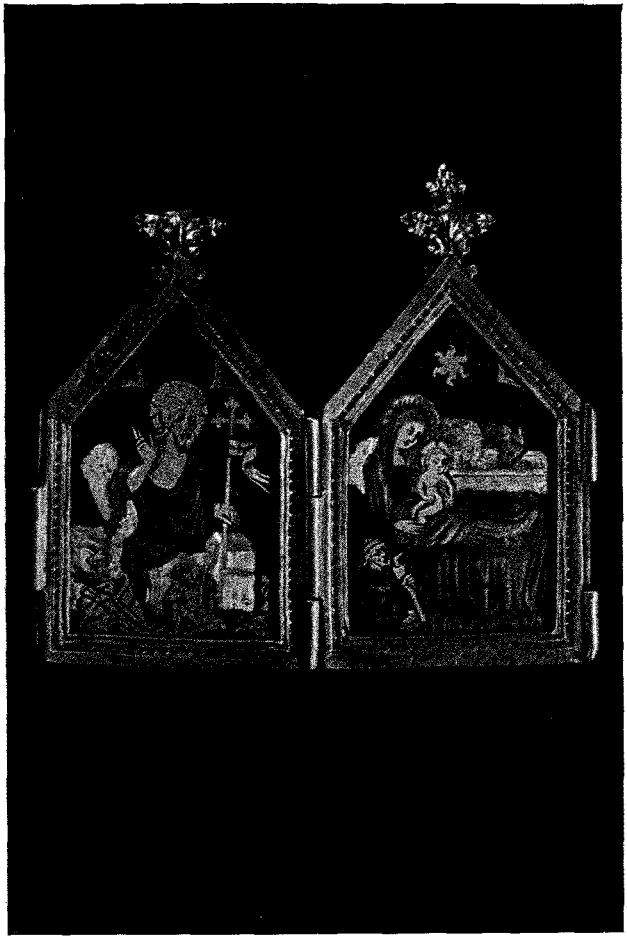

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14TH CENTURY DIPTYCH

Of English origin, dating from the second half of the 14th century, this silver-gilt diptych is enriched with translucent enamel. At the left is the Resurrection and at right the Nativity. Figures of St. Michael and St. John adorn the other side.

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SITTING BULL OF THE PLAINS

SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD, CUSTER'S CONQUEROR NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO MAKE A "LAST STAND"

LAST of the truly peerless American Indian leaders, one who influenced his people as powerfully as had ever Pontiac or Tecumseh before him, was Sitting Bull the Sioux, who was killed less than a half-century ago. Maligned by his white enemies while he lived, the malicious lies continued even after he died, and two generations of Americans have had a picture of the great chief as a craven, a weakling and a butcher. It goes without saying that a man in whom was vested the command of the most warlike people of the Great Plains could not have been other than a wise and fearless warrior himself.

The tribes of the Sioux nation, next to the Algonquins the most populous of all Amerindian peoples, lived in the region north of the Arkansas River, from the Mississippi west to the base of the Rockies. One story makes out that this nation was named after Chief Sioux, who was skillful in lifting the scalps of his foes. A more credible tale points out that the Chippewas referred to their traditional enemies as Nadowessioux, meaning "snakes," a name abbreviated to "Sioux." The enemies so simply labeled by the Chippewas were the Lakotas, or Dakotas, as the white men called them, perhaps the most powerful tribe in the Sioux nation. Sitting Bull—Totanka-Iyotake—was the chief of the Hunkpapas, a tribe of the Teton division of the Dakotas.

★ ★ ★

Sitting Bull was born in March, 1831 on the south bank of the Grand River below the present town of Bullhead in North Dakota. He was the son of a minor chief of the Hunkpapa tribe of the Teton-Dakotas named Jumping Bull. When he was only ten he displayed hunting skill and at fourteen counted his first coup on a fallen enemy. Originally called "Slow," according to one authority, he was now renamed Sitting Bull.

When he was about sixteen the Sioux war of 1852 broke out. Thereafter for nearly four years blood and fire swept the plains.

When peace was finally made new attempts were begun to wheedle from the redmen concessions to their lands. As the encroachments of settlers frightened the buffalo farther and farther

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west, the tribes frequently faced starvation, and there were new uprisings.

But in this warfare Sitting Bull had no hand. He has been blamed for much of what happened but he was with his Hunkpapas occupied elsewhere, living the life of the plains, warring on tribal enemies. Not for many years was Sitting Bull to throw his warriors against the white soldiers. For the time the Hunkpapas were "friendlies." Unfortunately the soldiers did not pause to differentiate between "friendlies" and "hostiles" when they went Indian-fighting.

For example, in May of 1864 the First Colorado Cavalry under Major Downing surprised a peaceful village of Cheyennes near the South Platte River, killed as many men as they could find, burned the village and "distributed" the women and ponies as their private spoils. . . . Friendly Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians were asked to move near Fort Lyon for their own protection. Then on the night of November 29, 1864 Colonel Chivington and his cavalry rode out from Denver and at daylight commenced the slaughter of the Indians in the camp. Women were shot, in derision even infants were scalped, and Colonel Chivington's hearties, all *white* men, tortured and mutilated red men, women and children. This last incident is known as the "Chivington massacre." The Indians were not the only savages on the plains.

★ ★ ★

In 1867, when he was about thirty-six years old, Sitting Bull, who had become chief of the Strong Hearts of his tribe, was accepted in a public ceremony as chief of most of the tribes of the northern Sioux. In recognition of his position Father De Smet was sent to negotiate peace with him. Sitting Bull—demonstrating that he had been well-named for the buffalo-bull, whose stubborn strength was celebrated among the Indians—held out on two points: he would not sell any Sioux lands and the military posts along the Powder River route must be abandoned because they were in Sioux territory.

As Sitting Bull remained adamant, the whites gave in. In 1868 the Treaty of Laramie was made with the Sioux at Fort Rice: The military posts of Montana were to be abandoned and the trail was to be closed. The Sioux were to have the right to hunt on any lands north of the North Platte River as long as the buffalo ranged. A great Sioux reservation was to be established: all the Dakota territory west of the Missouri, north of the North Platte River and east of the Big Horn Mountains. No white person was to settle here or to occupy land or even to pass through without securing permission.

On the treaty commission were Generals Sherman, Harney and Terry, among others. But the attitude of the American military toward the Indians was not calculated to keep the peace. In November of the year the treaty was signed, General George A. Custer

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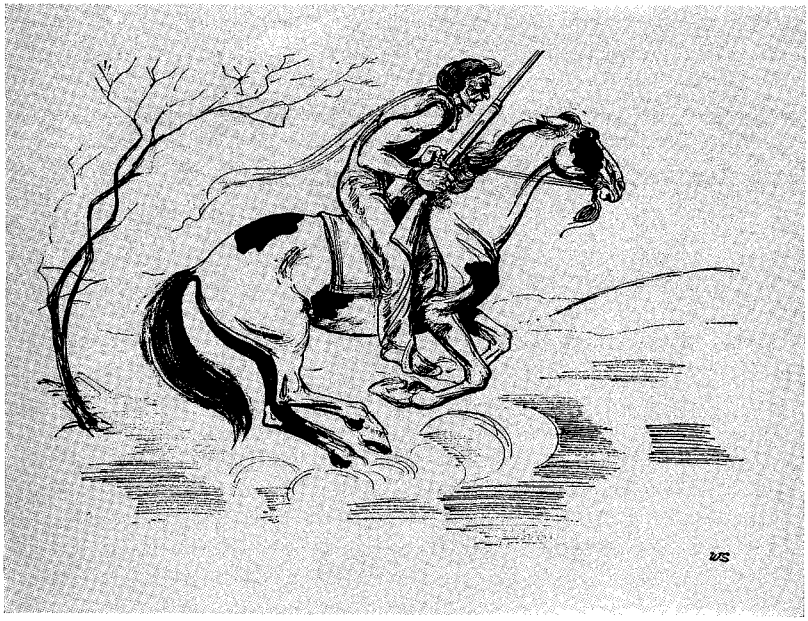

attacked the Southern Cheyennes at Washita in present-day Oklahoma. The next February the war department again violated the Treaty of Laramie by declaring that Indians found outside the reservation were to be under the control of the military and were to be considered hostile!

That year, however, Sitting Bull was busy fighting Crows, enemies of his Hunkpapas. He was engaged on horse-stealing expeditions, a profitable pastime that was not regarded as immoral in the Indian's code. He was also fighting Flatheads and Nez Perces.

There followed several years of comparative quiet. Then General Sheridan decided on a post in the Black Hills. He sent Custer to reconnoiter. Custer sent back such glowing accounts of the wealth of the hills that miners rushed in looking for gold. The army pretended to negotiate between the miners and the Indian owners of the land. It tried earnestly to buy the Indians out. But Sitting Bull would not sell.

In 1875 Washington gave way to the interests which had been exerting pressure: The Sioux were ordered to go on their reservation or be treated as hostiles. No matter what the Treaty of Laramie had said about hunting rights: the "Grandfather" at Washington had spoken. When Sitting Bull got word of this order he was with his

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people at the mouth of the Powder River in the midst of a severe winter. In the inclement weather he could not move a distance of several hundred miles to the reservation. Indeed the winter was so bad that General Crook, ordered to attack, found it unwise to march out in the storms.

But in March of 1876 the military did strike. Chief Crazy Horse's village of Oglala-Sioux and Cheyennes was burned to the ground. Even the Indians' stores of provisions were destroyed. Chief Crazy Horse moved his people to the Rosebud River in Montana. General Crook attacked them there, but this time he was repulsed.

Now Crazy Horse and other chiefs and their peoples joined Sitting Bull in the valley of Little Big Horn. Sitting Bull listened to the tales of the outrages, which were brought to him day after day, and made his decision. He would fight back.

Messages were sent to Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe villages. Braves, women and children began to gather in the valley. (The Sioux mounted warriors have been called the finest cavalry in history.) Sitting Bull performed the Sun Dance; he dreamed of a victory over the whites.

General George A. Custer, commanding the Seventh Cavalry, also dreamed of victory. "Long Hair," as the Indians called him because of his long blond hair, had ambitions, it is said. Grant, a military man, was President of the United States. At twenty-six "Long Hair" had been a major-general of volunteers. He was only thirty-six now; he, too, might be President one day—

On June 25 the battle known as "Custer's Last Stand" was fought. Against the advice of his scouts Custer had decided to attack Sitting Bull. He divided his forces, planning to strike the Sioux from two sides. But the detachment under Major Reno was attacked before it reached its objective and was partially destroyed. Then Custer, with the main force, suddenly stumbled upon the enemy before he realized he had reached them. The Seventh Cavalry fought valiantly—but was annihilated. "Long Hair" died with his men. Not since Braddock's defeat in 1765 had there been so disastrous an end to a troop movement.

The warfare continued. General Crook attacked the Slim Buttes camp but Sitting Bull came to the rescue. The Sioux had against them the might of a government which spread from coast to coast. Sitting Bull refused to cede his lands but lesser chiefs compromised. Crazy Horse decided to give himself up: Promises made to him were not kept. He was bayoneted at Fort Robinson. Sitting Bull and his people decided to move across the international border into Canada.

★ ★ ★

In May of 1877 Sitting Bull entered Canada. He hoped there would be peace now. So eager was he to cooperate with the Canadian government that he tried to teach his braves

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that they must not steal horses, for such theft violated the white man's peace. A year later the United States sent a commission to persuade Sitting Bull to return. The chief accused the commissioners of bad faith and would not go back. But Canada did not feel obliged to keep him and the American government felt obliged to make every effort to get him back.

But the buffalo ranged below the international boundary. And the Sioux needed the buffalo for its flesh. They could not go back and forth across that imaginary line which marked the boundary. Finally Sitting Bull was with many promises induced to surrender. On July 19, 1881 he came to Ford Buford and gave up. Immediately, in violation of the terms of his surrender, Sitting Bull was made a prisoner of war at Fort Randall. Not until May 10, 1883 was he sent "home" to the Standing Rock Agency.

The Indian Bureau was rotten with corruption and it suited the bureau to decide that Indian civilization must be destroyed. The Sun Dance was forbidden. Chief Sitting Bull himself was ordered about by Major James McLaughlin, the Indian agent at Standing Rock.

In 1885 Sitting Bull went with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. When he returned he settled on the Grand River near the place where he was

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born, living peacefully with his family.

In 1888 a commission came to get a cession of eleven million acres of Sioux land. The price offered was *fifty cents* an acre. Sitting Bull made his people swear not to sign or sell.

Then Major McLaughlin was instructed to swing the deal. The agent plotted against the old chief. Previous agreements were violated and a few subchiefs were persuaded to sign away the land. Sitting Bull's stubborn loyalty to his people had availed nothing.

But the government failed to meet its obligations. No money was paid for the land taken and rations were actually decreased. Besides, a drouth ruined the crops. In 1889 rumors of a Messiah began to stir new troubles on the plains.

A Christ had come to help the redmen become once again a powerful people, said the red prophets. All the white people would be driven from the land. If any were left they would be transformed into beasts. All the Indian dead would come back to life again and never grow old. The hunting-grounds would become thick with game. The buffalo, above all, would never be exterminated, for a brave would only have to save the hoofs, head and tail and when he turned his back a whole buffalo would spring up.

The Utes, the Shoshones, the Blackfeet and many other tribes became convinced that the Great Spirit had at last sent one to redeem them. They danced the Ghost Dance, which would hasten the coming of the Messiah.

Then Indian police went to arrest Sitting Bull. Major McLaughlin later defended the order for the arrest of Sitting Bull with patter about the Ghost Dance religion and his fears of an uprising because of it. But he had recommended the chief's arrest long before the Ghost Dance was begun. He did not like Sitting Bull.

So Indian police were despatched to execute the arrest order, although a man like McLaughlin must have understood how ill-advised it was to send Indians to arrest an Indian leader. The police arrived before dawn of December 15, 1890. They dragged Sitting Bull from his bed, humiliated him while he tried to dress, and then as they got into the open and his people tried to defend him, shot the old man down.

In the skirmish which followed at the camp several of Sitting Bull's partisans and several Indian police were killed. The Indian police were buried with honors. Sitting Bull, chief of the Hunkpapas, indomitable warrior, was laid away in quicklime like a common jailbird. On December 29, one hundred Sioux men, women and children, unarmed and fleeing, were shot down by soldiers at Wounded Knee Creek. And that was all. The "uprising" of 1890 was over, the Sioux were leaderless, become, for the most part, "Agency Indians." Sitting Bull of the Hunkpapas of the Teton division of the Dakotas was dead.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

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HYBRID REVOLUTION

WILL THE SYNTHETIC POPLAR HELP LINE THE POCKETS OF OUR STRAITENED AGRICULTURE?

DESPITE the fact that the United States is the greatest paper-consuming country in history, that Americans use more paper than any other product except water and milk, paper manufacture is chronically one of the sickest industries in the annals of business. Those dizzy swings from prosperity to depression which have been painfully indigenous to all industry only since Black Friday of October, 1929, have been the lot of the modern paper industry ever since its birth—which may be dated approximately from the invention of paper manufacture from wood in the 19th century.

The chief source of wood pulp is softwoods—spruce, fir, hemlock and pine—and temperate hardwoods—poplar, gum and chestnut. The minimum time for reproducing a forest of any of these ranges from sixty to eighty years and there is always a strong chance that the quality of the second forest will not be equal to that of the first. It is little wonder, then, that paper manufacturers have always resigned themselves to regular excursions into the red.

When the Patent Office, however, in publishing its record of plant patents for 1937, recently announced a new national title-holder, superseding the late Luther Burbank, it inadvertently made public for the first time a possible cure for paper's manic-depressive cycles, the dawn of a new era in forestry and paper manufacture. When, in 1936, Professor Ralph H. McKee, professor of chemical engineering at Columbia University, applied for a patent for a hybrid poplar, his invention seemed nothing more than one of those freaks that are the commonplaces of the Patent Office files. But when last year he filed thirteen more applications for patents on hybrid poplars, all identical in phraseology with the first one, it became apparent that not only a new plant patent champion but a major contribution to science had arrived.

Professor McKee's patent applications describe a new and distinct hybrid poplar which has "a very rapid rate of growth in ordinary soil and is particularly suitable for supply wood of high grade for lumber and for use in making wood pulp."

In terms of concrete fact, Professor

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McKee's patented hybrids achieve a diameter of eight inches, or full maturity, in eight or ten years instead of the usual fifty or sixty required for pure-bred poplars. The only requirements for this mushroom development are sunshine and moderate rainfall in May, June, July and August. They flourish on poor grades of land, without fertilizer or cultivator, completely independent of the rich earth and fertilizer indispensable to their pure-bred forebears. They are immune to the ordinary diseases to which poplars are heir. Moreover, they are longer of fiber, infinitely better suited to the making of paper pulp than wild poplars.

During the last two decades, Professor McKee has grown some 15,000 seedlings from hybridized poplars, from which the fastest growing types have been kept. Ultimately he expects to find six or eight that are suitable for commercial cultivation on an extensive scale. At present, representative trees flourish on 300 acres scattered through Maine, New York, Florida, Wisconsin, North Carolina.

The significance of these mushroom-growth yet perfect hybrids, in a world faced by forest-bankruptcy, is obvious. Of the endless forests that once covered the earth, only about seven million acres remain today. All great wood-producing countries except the United States and Canada now restrict the cutting of timber to an amount within the normal rate of growth. But the United States is cutting pulpwood approximately four times as fast, lumber approximately twice as fast as it is growing it. Two-thirds of the states are using more wood than they grow and are headed for complete demolition of their forests.

So acute is the shortage that 50 per cent of all the paper used in the United States is now imported, and the major part of the world's paper ends up on our shores.

As the vanguard of a new species of forest, Professor McKee's hybrids owe their revolutionary leadership not only to their rapid growth but to their easy cultivation. Trees which come to maturity in a decade may not be cultivated only in vast stands planted by paper and lumber corporations but in millions of small crops on millions of average farms. They can thrive on poor farm land that might otherwise lie fallow. They will help arrest soil erosion which annually costs American farmers $200,000,000 and they reduce tax bills in most states, which now exempt reforested areas from taxation until trees are cut.

Most important of all, because of timber's double service as lumber and pulpwood, farmers would be assured of a diversified market for hybrid poplar crops. And since trees can safely be left in the field until needed, harvesting can be suited to the individual farmer's need and to the current market, withheld when prices are low. In one crop, at least, the golden age of prosperity through production may once again return to agriculture.

—Oril Brown

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OTTO ROTHSCHILD LOS ANGELES

BAILED OUT

NOVEMBER, 1938

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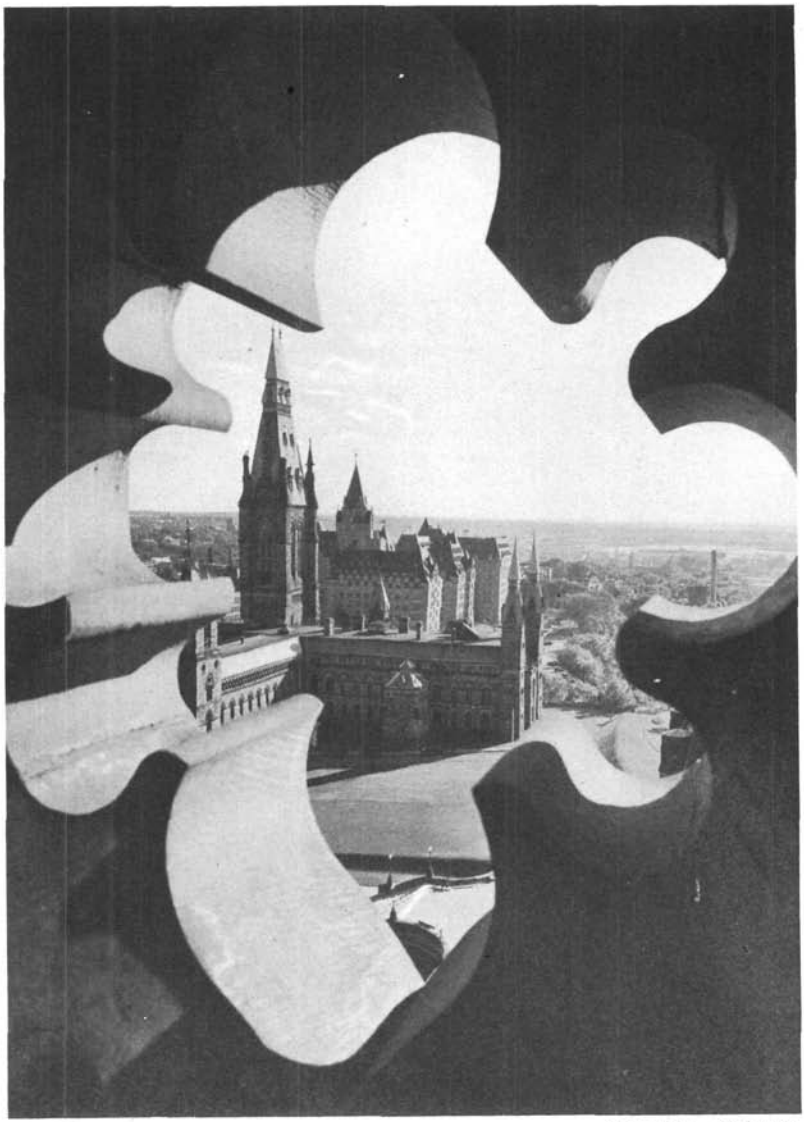

KARSH OTTAWA, CANADA

VIGNETTE

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F. BERKÓ BOMBAY

COLOSSUS

NOVEMBER, 1938

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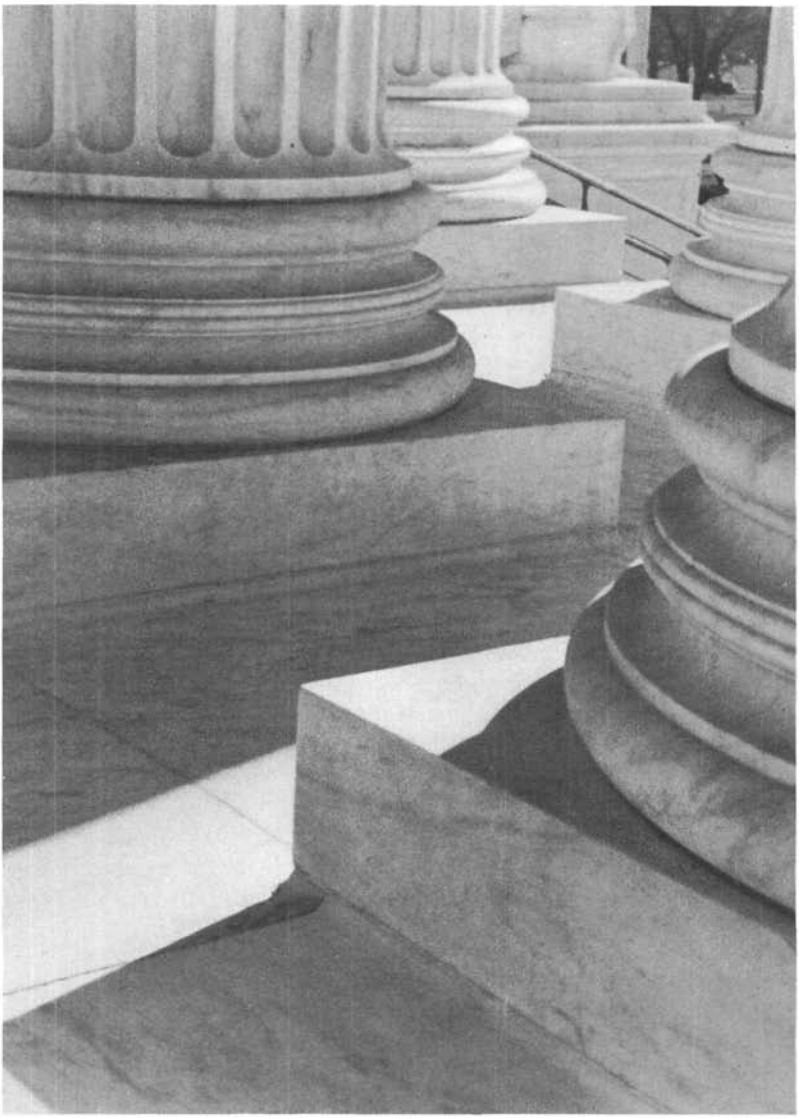

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

PILLARS OF JUSTICE

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ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

STYMIED

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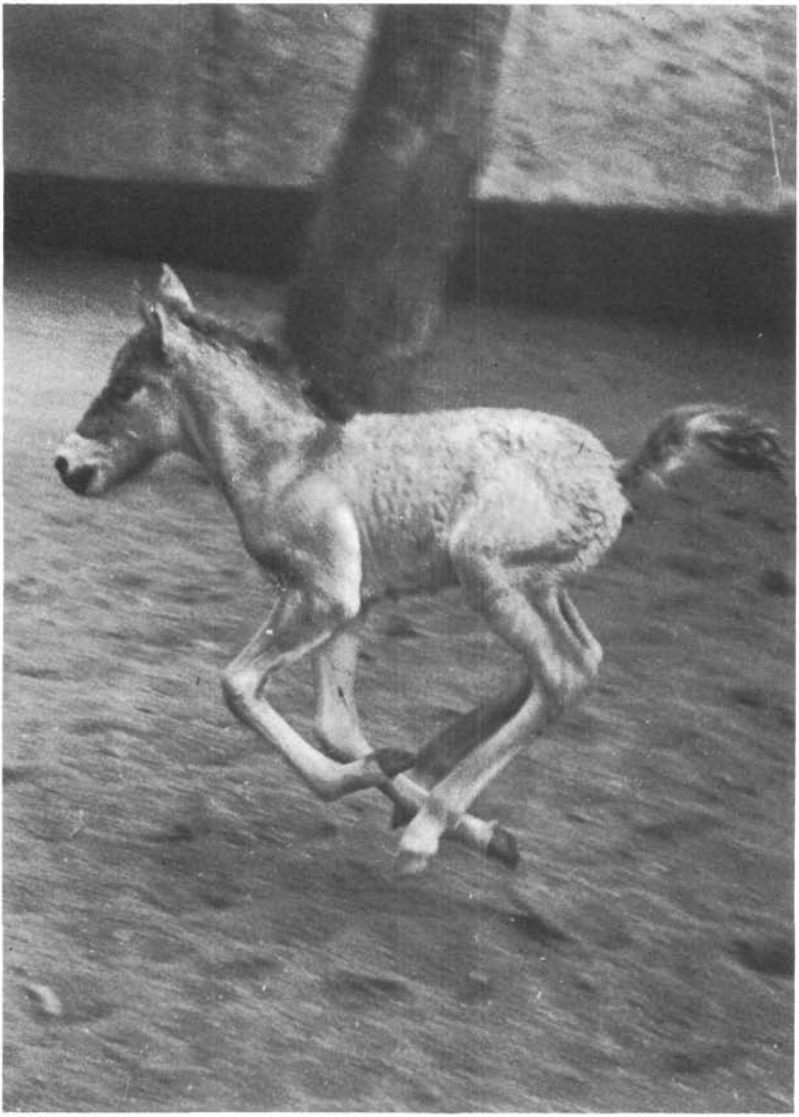

SEIDENSTÜCKER FROM BLACK STAR

TRIAL RUN

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ANTE KORNIČ LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

AT LOGGERHEADS

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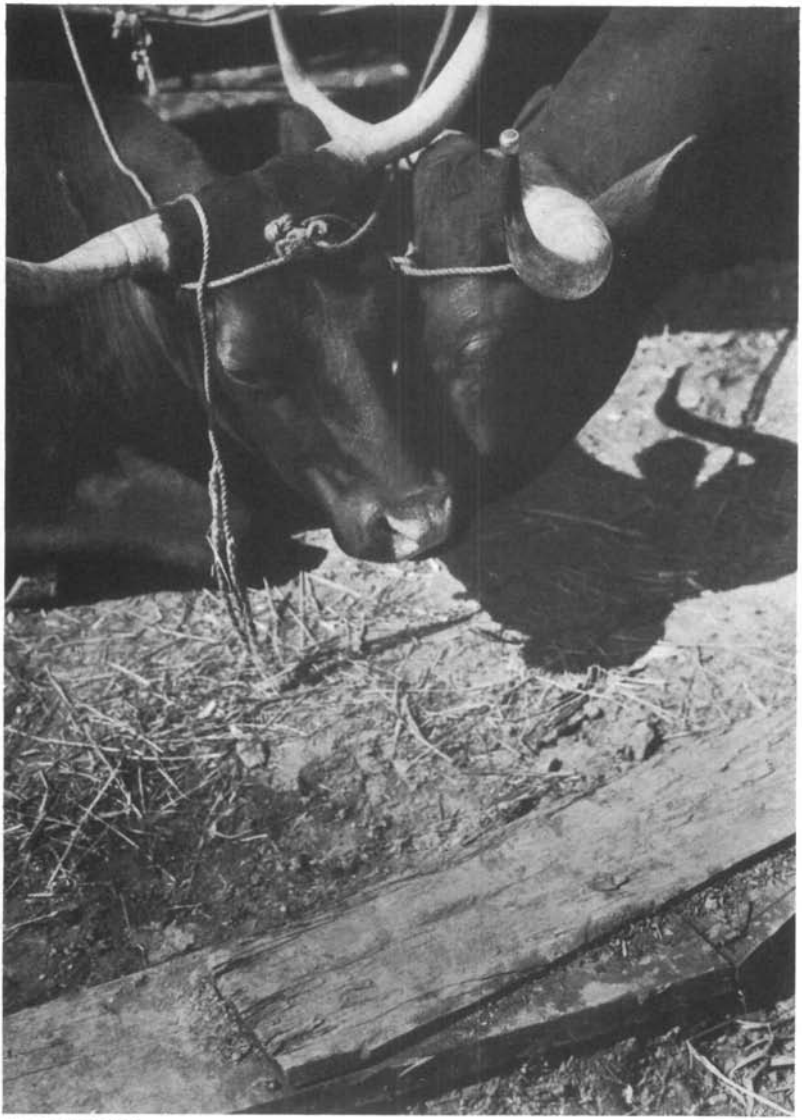

LUKE SWANK PITTSBURGH

CHEEK TO CHEEK

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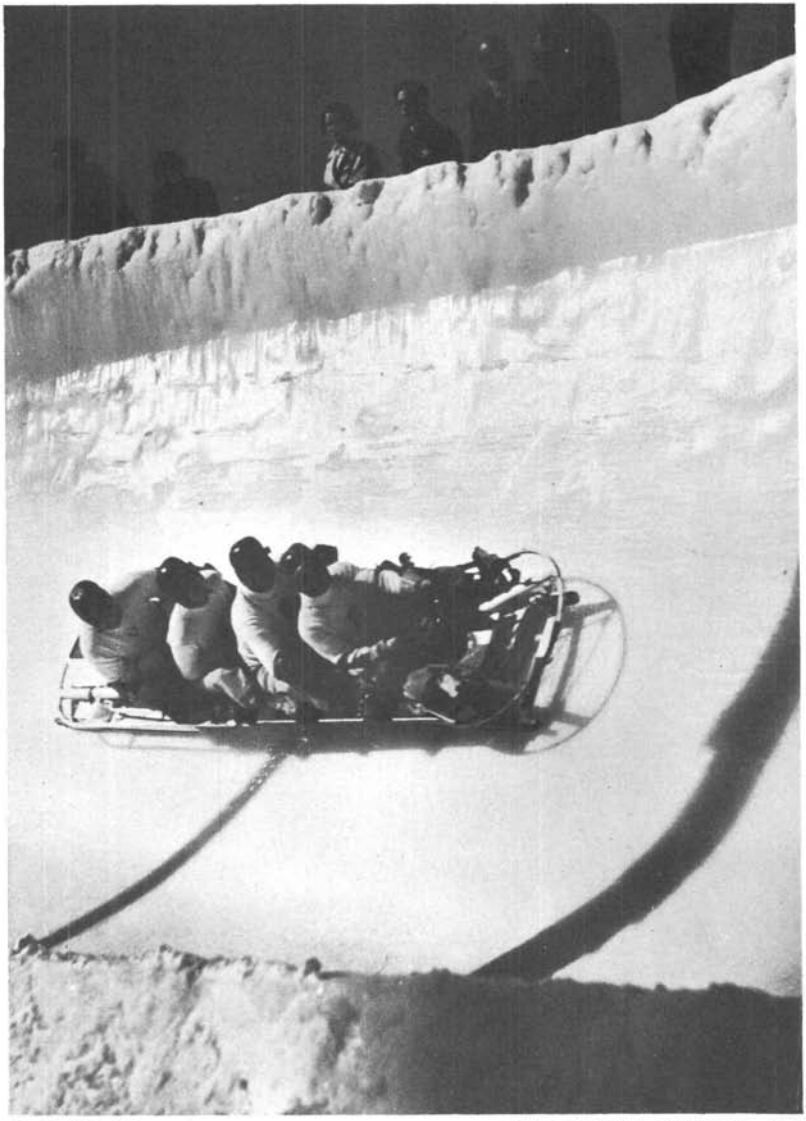

G. RIEBICKE ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND

U-TURN

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REVES-BIRO, NEW YORK

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

STREET OF PARIS

NOVEMBER, 1938

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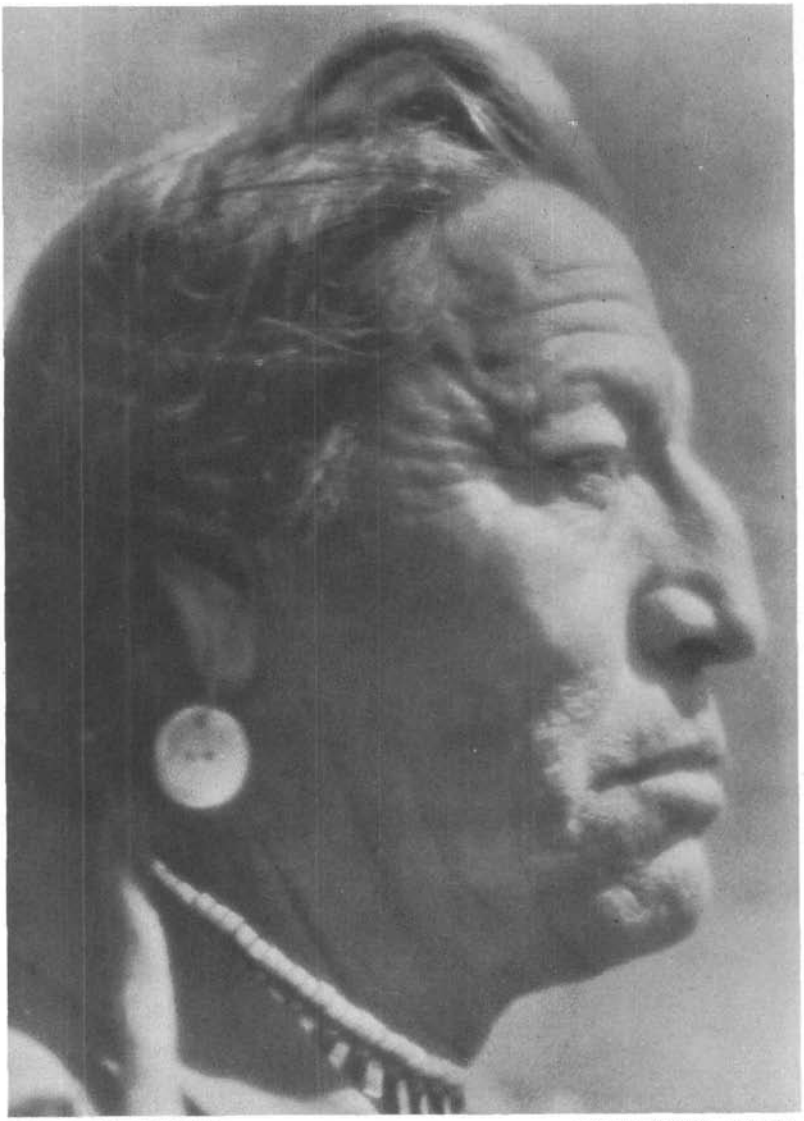

BUDDY LONGWORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

BUFFALO HEAD

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

BANGLES

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CHARLES F. HOLBROOK HARLINGEN, TEXAS

BIG SISTER

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FRIEDA M. JACOBI NEW YORK

ANIMAL TRAINERS

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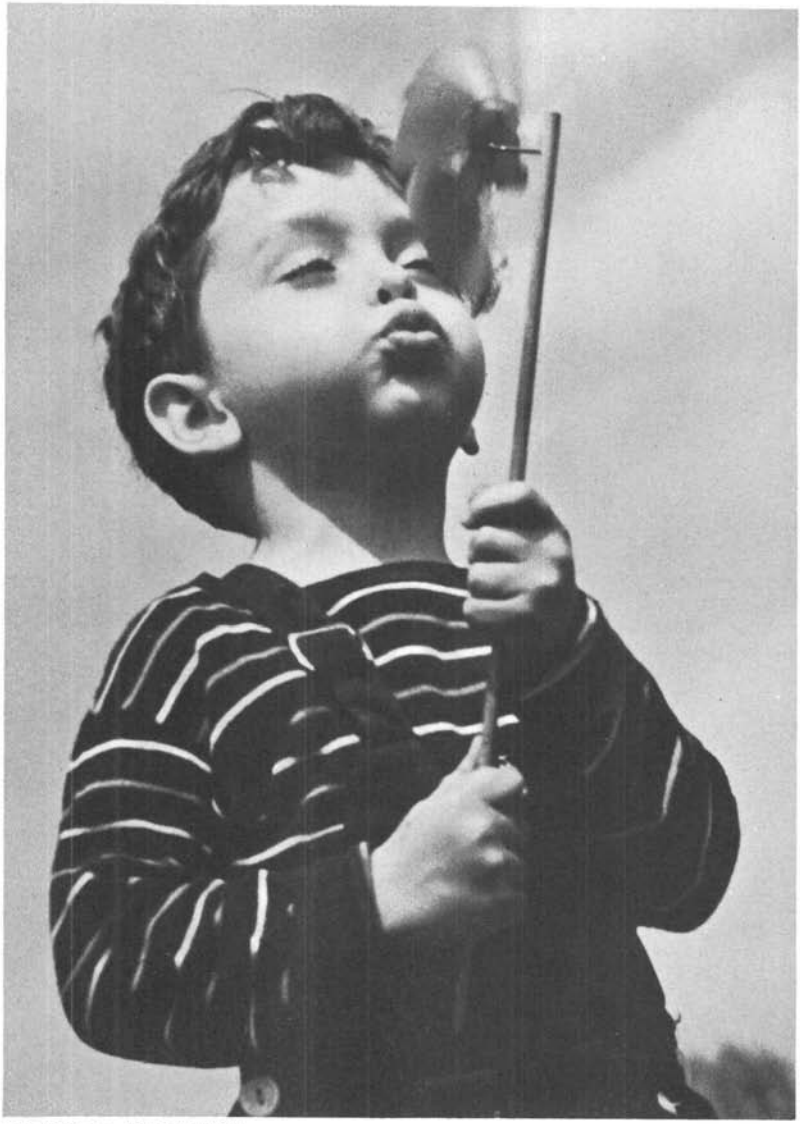

GEORGE A. THOMPSON NEW YORK

PLAYBOY

CORONET

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JULIETTE LASSERRE PARIS

WORKING GIRL

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

IN WINTER'S TRACES

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ZUCCA PARIS

HOME FROM THE HILLS

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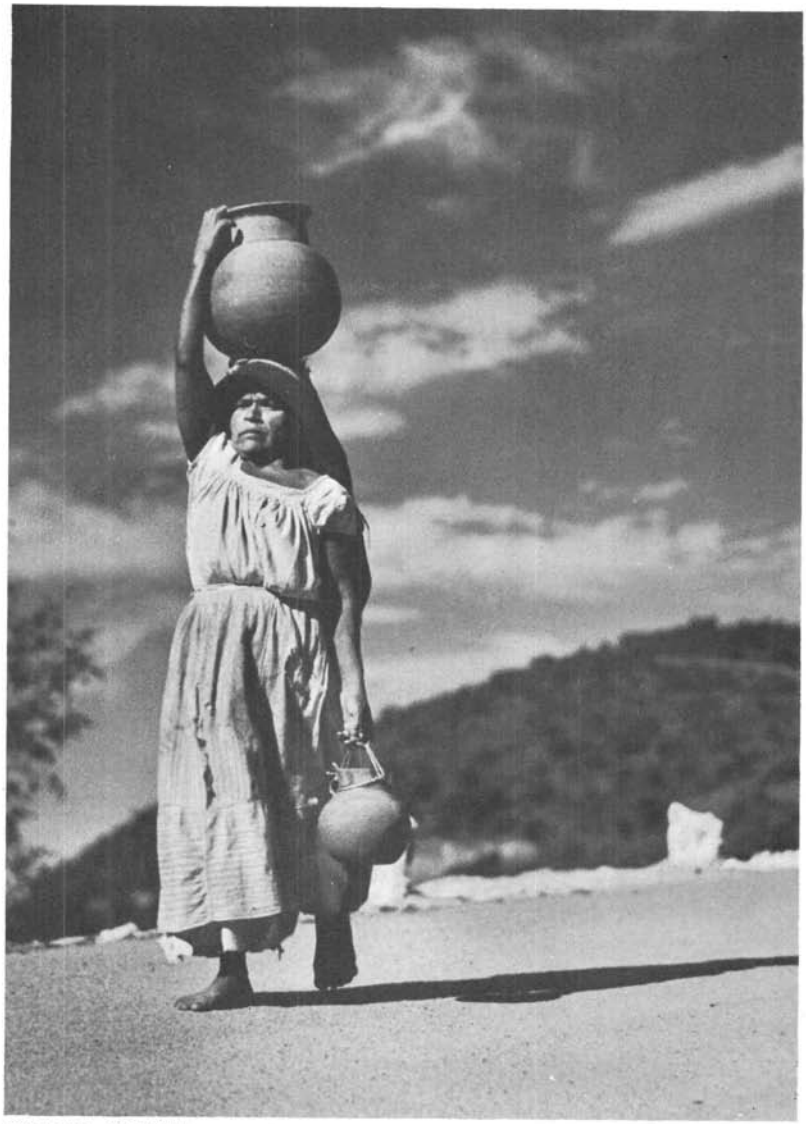

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

UP AND DOING

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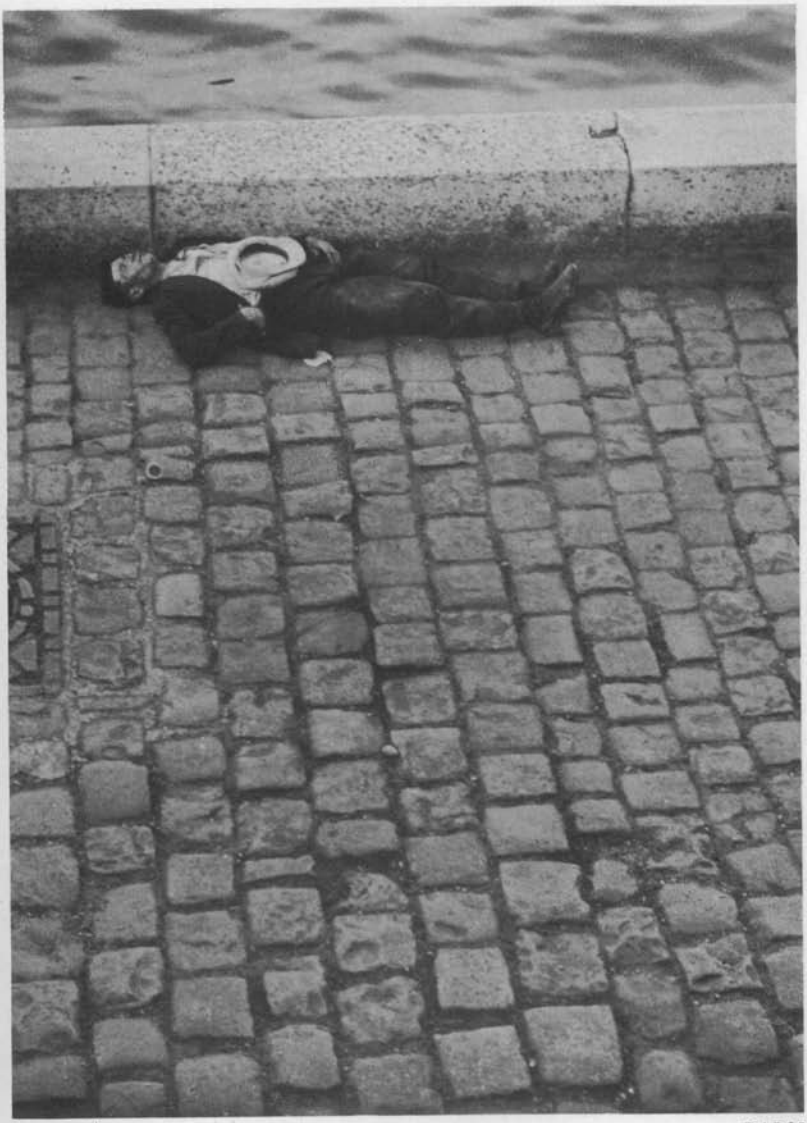

BRASSAÏ PARIS

DOWN AND OUT

NOVEMBER, 1938

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DR. N. GIDAL

JERUSALEM

LAST STAND

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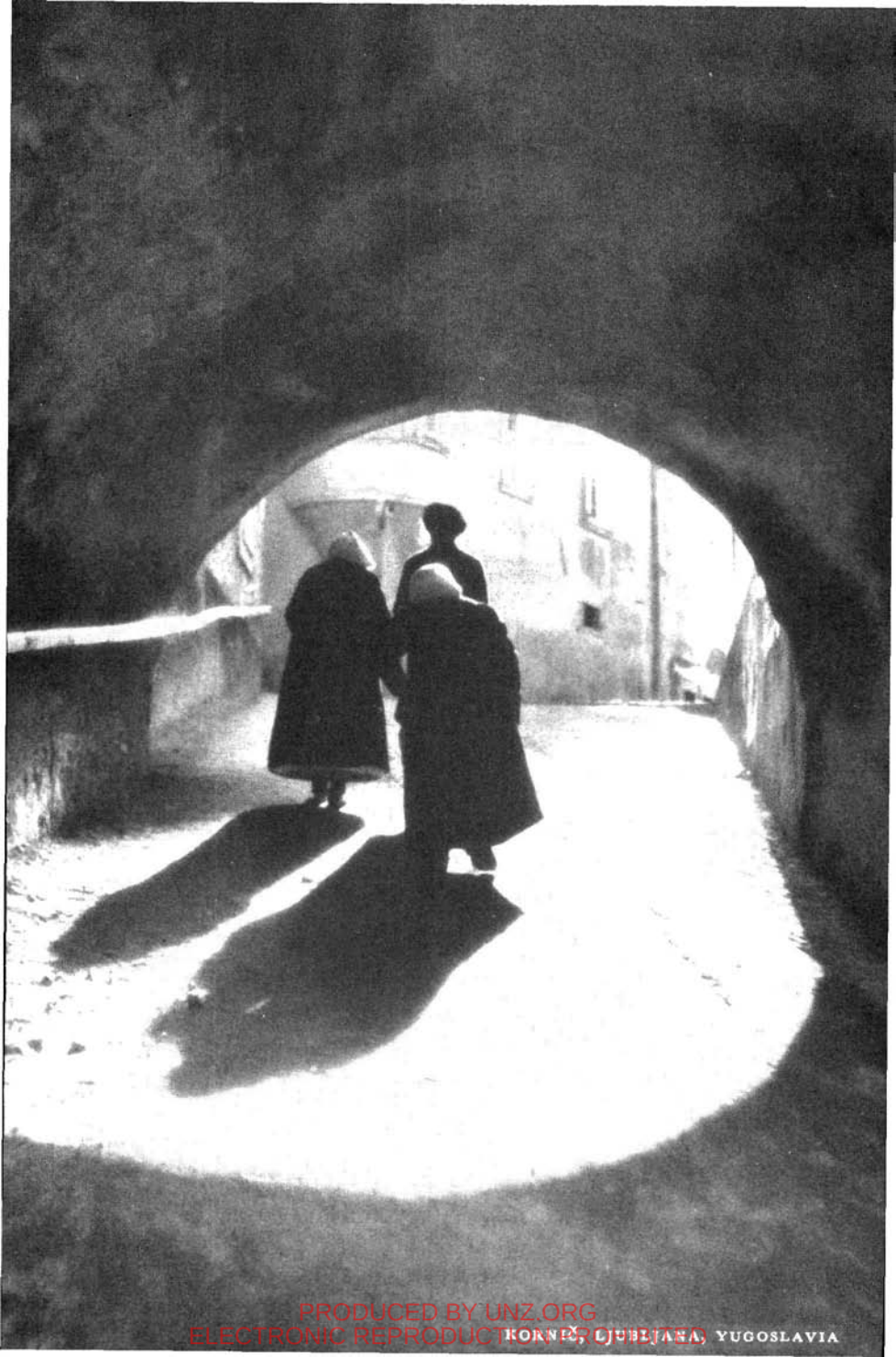

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KOMEL, LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

HARD BARGAIN

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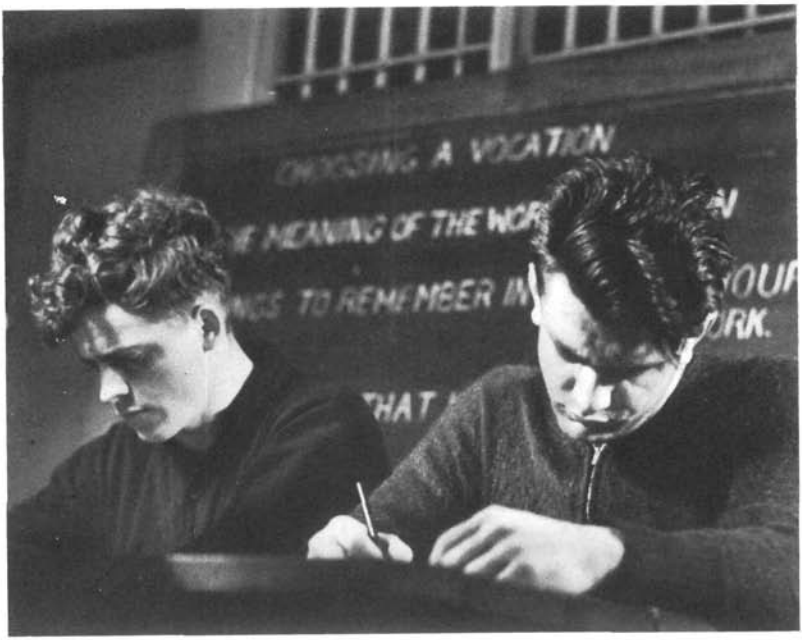

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

NO ROYAL ROAD

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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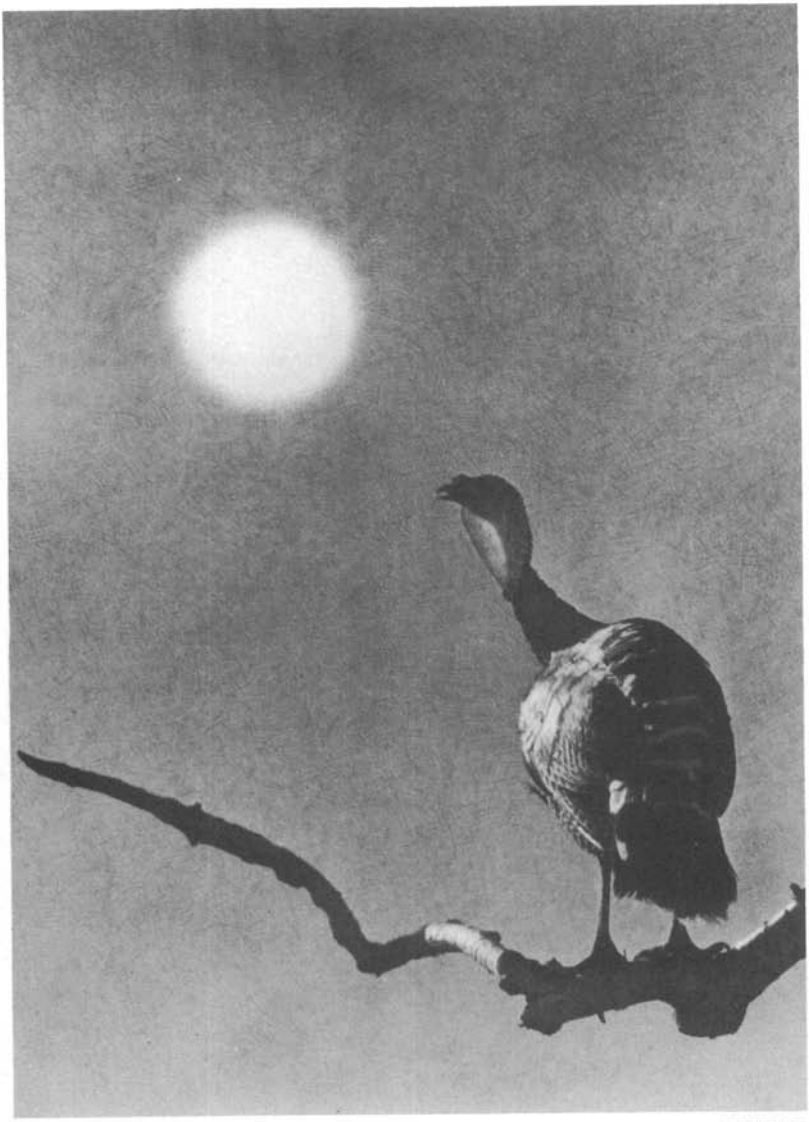

CHARLES E. MACE DENVER

NOVEMBER REFUGE

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ERNST RATHENAU

CAMBODIA

DAMAGED GOD

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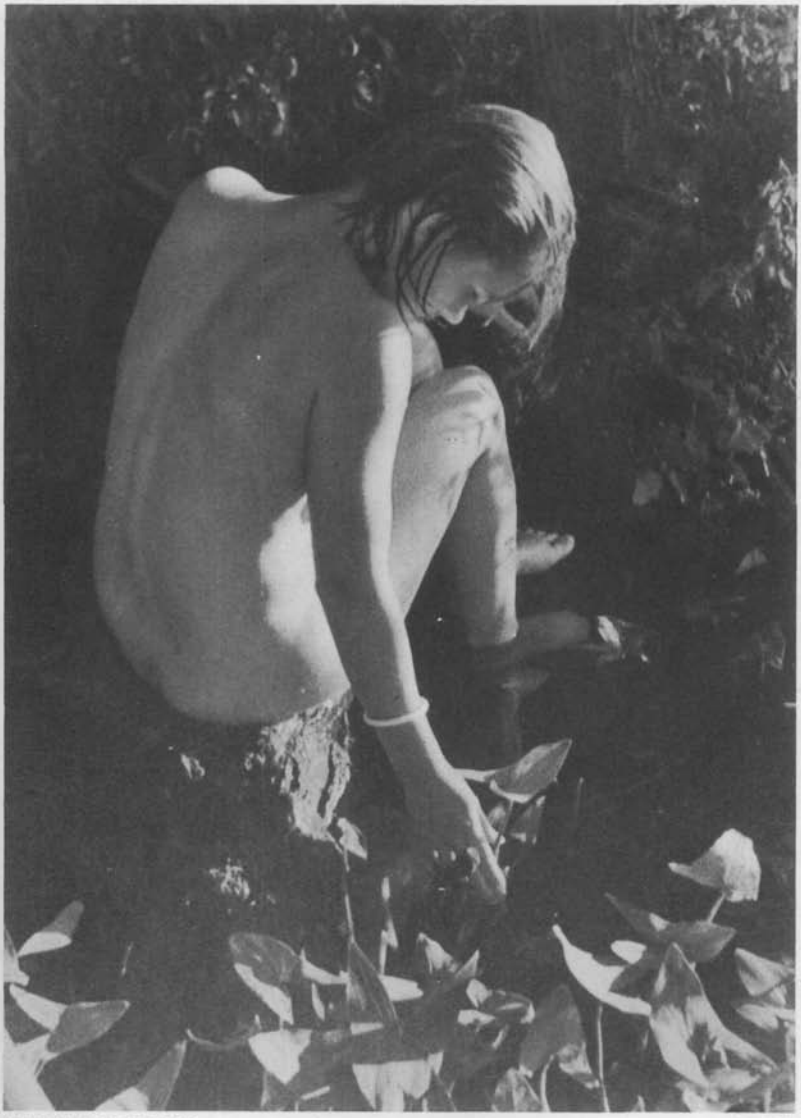

MARIE AND BOREL PARIS

WATER GARDEN

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ABOUT DAVID CAMERON

WHOSE ETCHING NEEDLE BEST RECREATES THE GRANDEUR OF EUROPE'S STORIED ARCHITECTURE

SO MUCH and so well has Sir David Young Cameron wrought with the etching needle that I could fill the rest of this space with a mere listing of the admired, and admirable, plates that he has designed during the fifty-one years that he has been an artist. We think of him as a contemporary, which he is, but even before Whistler's death he had made an independent reputation, outstarring even that bright sun, although he had not yet struck his real stride. He is the only artist to have been elected twice to the Royal Academy, once as etcher and again as painter, although we on this side of the Atlantic hardly know his work on canvas. He has of course been knighted and three English universities have made this man who never went to college a Doctor of Laws.

All of this suggests academic propriety and decorum in art, but Cameron is admired for much besides technical correctness, although for that, too. He is admired and his work coveted because his technical accomplishment is at the command of a somberly poetic sense in the transcription of the landscape of his native Scotland. That is his chief glory as an etcher, but he is also one of the greatest, if not the greatest, living etcher of Europe's storied architecture, possessing a magic beyond analysis of making the stones of palaces, cathedrals and old houses suggest their history and significance. He has done a heap of hack work, designing book plates, illustrating catalogues and books, fulfilling pedestrian commissions of recording old buildings, but even in these plates he has proved that skillfulness can be a good matrix on which genius may erect its incalculable effects.

It took him a long time to become Cameron. First he passed through the influence of Seymour Haden, the physician who became an artist; then the mad Meryon, whose contrasts of light and shade he obviously imitated, and finally Whistler, whose touch Cameron found too delicate and evanescent for his own more deliberate temperament. "Cameron's art," writes Frank Rinder in his impressive catalogue, "has been of the slowly and somewhat fitfully maturing kind." Cameron's only instruction in etching was at the house of an amateur,

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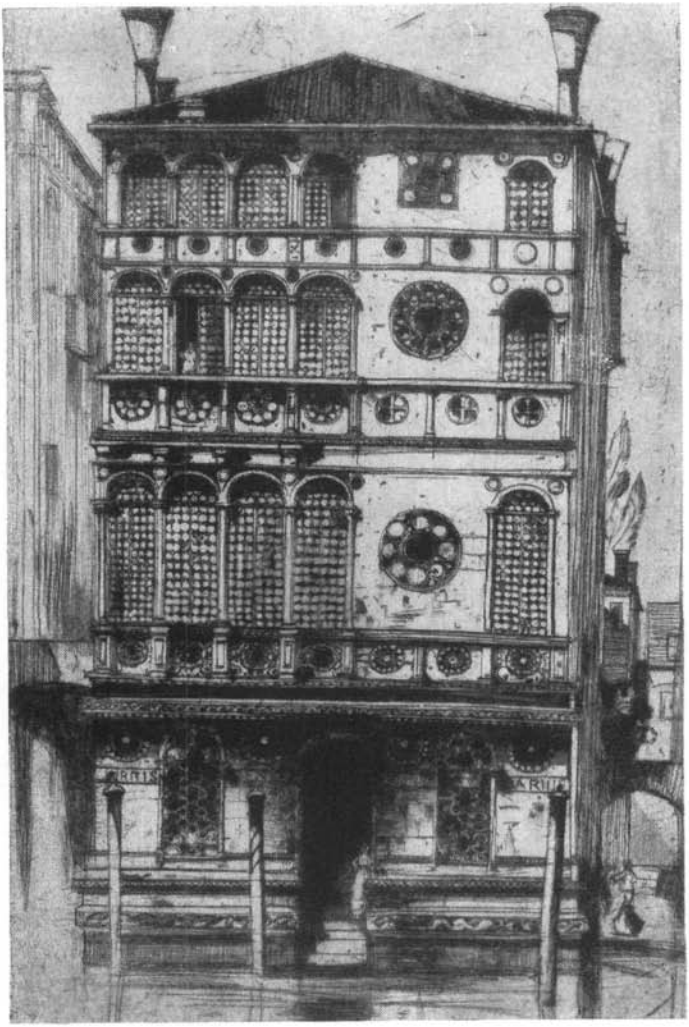

ETCHINGS COURTESY GUY MAYER GALLERY, NEW YORK

JOANNIS DARIUS

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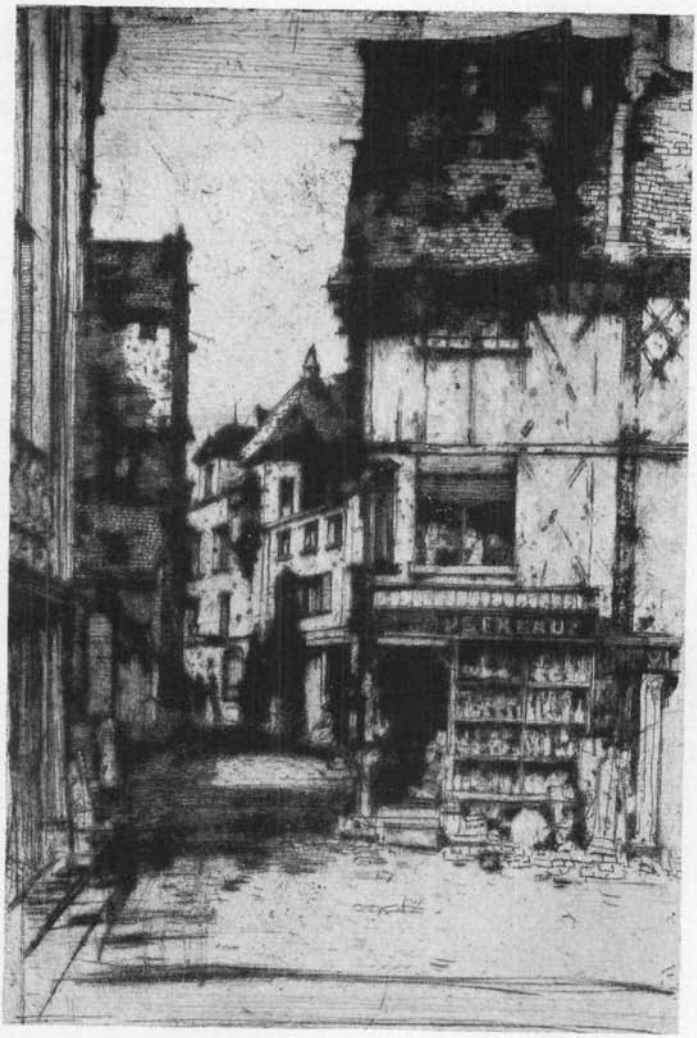

OLD SAUMUR

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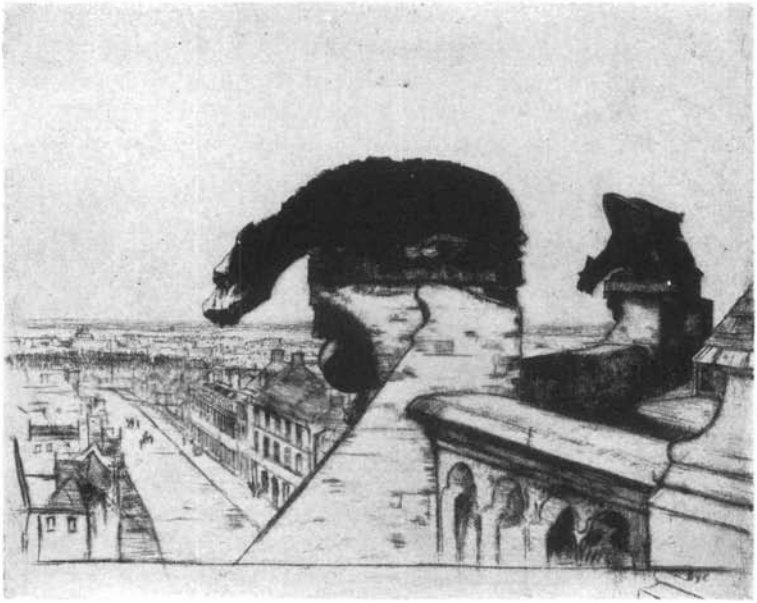

THE WINGLESS CHIMERA

George Stevenson, in whose private print collection Cameron first saw what had been done in the medium. In 1887, with Mr. Stevenson's help, the 22-year-old Cameron made his first etchings, eight of them, and was launched on his career.

Cameron's road to art was neither clear nor rose-strewn. He was born in Glasgow in 1865, the son of a clergyman and the descendant of Camerons who had fought with Bonnie Prince Charlie and had helped him to escape after his defeat at Culloden. The contemporary Camerons apparently were rich only in memories. David attended Glasgow Academy until about the age of sixteen, when he was set to clerking in a commercial office. But he wanted to be an artist. For four years consequently he studied at the Glasgow Art School, which he attended from 7 to 9 in the morning and again, in the evening, from 7:30 to 9. In 1885, when twenty, he entered the Edinburgh School of Art, in which he drew the promising things that attracted Mr. Stevenson's attention and made that gentleman wonder why the young man didn't etch. The young man

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DINANT

proved flexible to instruction, as the record shows.

The record shows Cameron faithful to his native Scotland and at the same time a constant traveler. He has etched Scottish landscape and architecture from Dumfries in the south, to Inverness in the north, from Forfar in the east to Argyll in the west, and, for the most part, with feeling. His first group was of Paisley, his second of the Clyde and his third of Glasgow. In 1892 he followed Whistler in the track of Rembrandt, publishing a group of plates on North Holland settings, and in 1895 he visited northern Italy. There were intimations of Whistler's Venice in some of the prints, but again and again, as in the reproduced *Joannis Darius*, he was the author of his own pictures. Venice particularly was a gold mine into which Cameron dug again and again, for years after he had returned. In 1899 he etched a set of London plates in which he made obeisance to Meryon and during subsequent years he crossed the Channel for trips through the cities of Touraine and Belgium, of which *Châtres* and *Dinant*, reproduced, may be taken as examples of what he found to do in those regions. Paris was a little mine in itself and Egypt, strangely enough, brought into relief the artist's flair for still life. His inclination toward sculptured grotesques had already been

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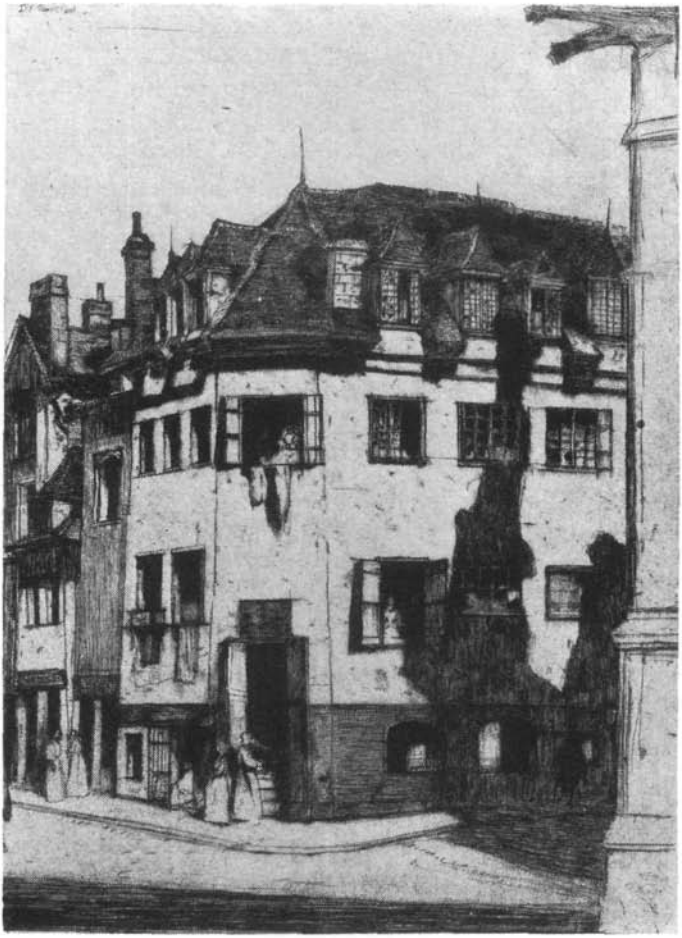

BEAUVAIS

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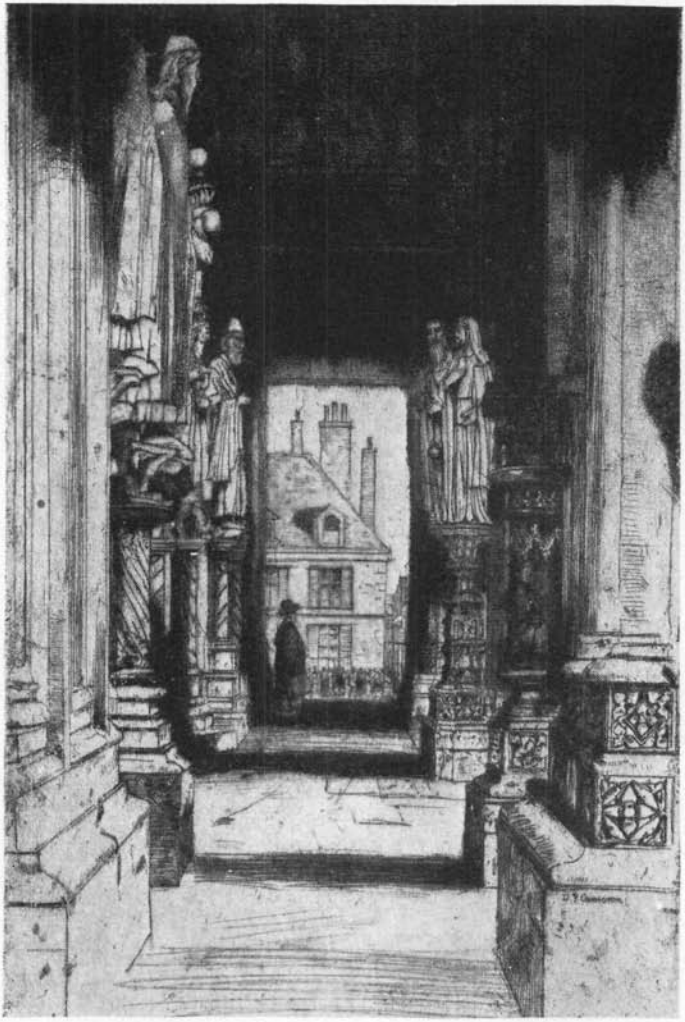

CHÂRTRES

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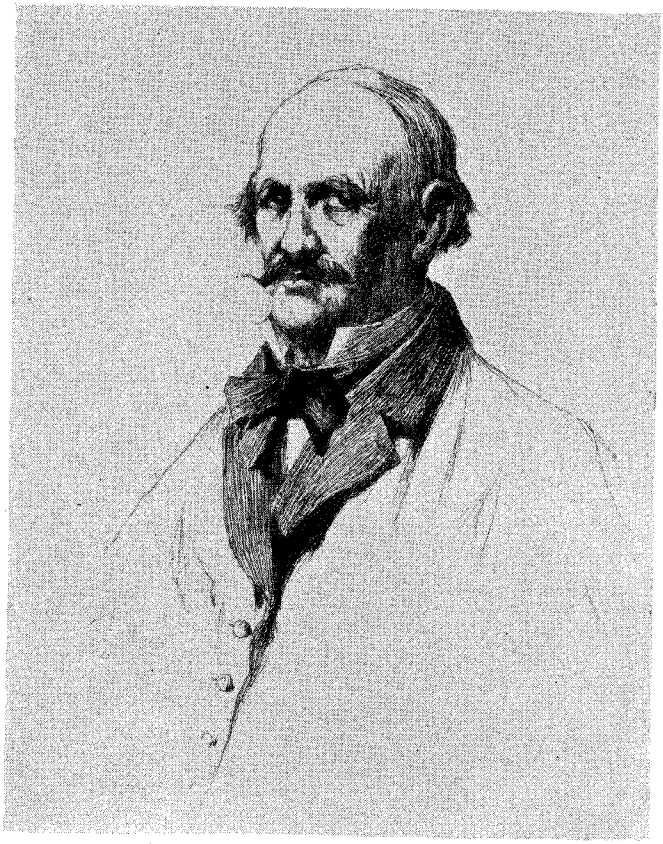

THE VETERAN

shown in his highly praised *The Wingless Chimera*, reproduced.

Cameron can command the intimate with scarcely less certainty than the grandiloquent. His plate, *The Baths of Caracalla*, has been highly praised, but *John Knox's House* and *Robert Lee's Workshop* suggest an intimacy of knowledge and feeling that the artist cannot possibly have had about a Roman Emperor. Cameron has the quality of disciplined art. He is good even when he is cool.

—HARRY SALPETER

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PAINT YOUR BOGEY MAN

FORTUNATE IS THE CHILD WHO CAN EXPRESS HIS JOYS AND EXORCISE HIS FEARS IN COLOR

A GIRL of fourteen sat brooding at her table, making no picture. Children in this free imaginative and creative class usually paint paper after paper, talking, giggling, walking around and commenting on one another's work. This girl sat apart.

"What's the matter?" asked Mme Scheyer, the child was so loaded with protest.

"I don't want to paint! I'm mad at the dentist. I just came from him."

"Paint how you feel," laughed the teacher. "That will be fun."

It was a fortunate answer. "*The Dentist*," one of the startling pictures that have come from Galka E. Scheyer's work with children, is a fantastic water color wherein a dentist's gums are a nasty brown and his teeth, green and yellow, are colored with the child's resentment. He wears a professional beard, harsh with pointed cruelty.

How was it done? How had the teacher been able to inspire this girl to paint a significant picture?

"I have no rules, no methods," she confesses. "They come into my class and after a while they are eager to work. If they want to make noise to express themselves, let them. They also make pictures and the noise is absorbed."

When the director of the Oakland Municipal Art Gallery made an exhibition of the work of these children, from whence the pictures went to the International Congress in Prague, he wrote:

"To say that I am astounded is putting it conservatively. These children in six to eight months have attained results greatly superior in essentials to those arrived at by the average student after years of hard study in our art schools."

"These children" range in age from eighteen months through adolescence. Mme Scheyer also uses the same approach with young adults even when these older students feel the need for conscious study as well. But this is a story about what children can do when they paint their own joys and fears and their imaginative concepts. Mme Scheyer's present classes for children are in Los Angeles' Brentwood Town and Country School. Some of her pupils carry the big

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JANET,
AGE 7
"I am making an imaginary picture, where all the colors are different. These are imaginary people quarreling."

CYNTHIA,
AGE 9
"Somebody is going to cry, but it is not me."

names of cinema, some have come from Iowa farms and some from the families of artists. Mme Scheyer sees no difference unless it be that the wealthy ones are more often spoiled. The problem child, wherever found, is her prize.

The girl who painted her dentist was through with him—at least until she had to go back to him again. A man broods over his suffering; a child can spit it out.

It is not always easy. One shy nine-year-old talked little with the others. Her manner was pathetic, hesitant. She did not pour herself out. A chance conversation with her mother verified the presence of fear in the child.

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A child who fears the nameless void has failed to push some terrible experience out of his mind. A psychoanalyst would probe for the source. This class works in another direction. The child expresses what he lives, gets it onto paper. He does not need to analyze and probe; he need only pour it forth.

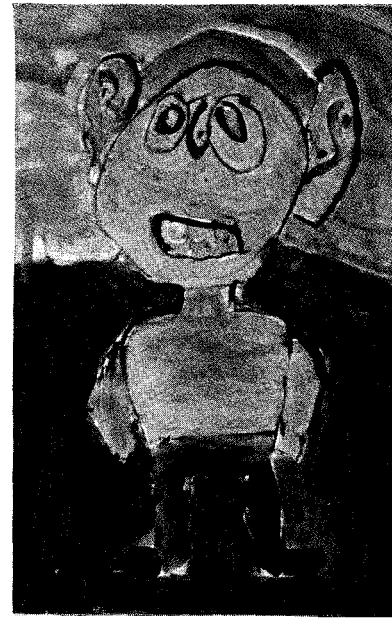
But what form does the fear take?

"Shirley," said her mother, "does not dare to go alone into a dark room."

Good.

On the next occasion when somebody in class exclaimed, "What shall I paint?" Mme Scheyer suggested

ELIZABETH, AGE 14
"*This is how my dentist looks.*"



STEPHEN, AGE 8
"*Look at his teeth! He doesn't spend his money on his teeth but on pretty clothes.*"

different moods and subjects, and, playfully,

"Also the bogey man."

Shirley looked up and light came into her eyes. She went to work and painted her bogey man.

Paint your bogey! Lafcadio Hearn once said, "When you are in trouble and do not know which way to turn, sit down and write." Each heart knows its own sorrow.

Had it not been for Galka Scheyer's own difficult childhood she might never have felt the urge to lead children to express themselves in paint.

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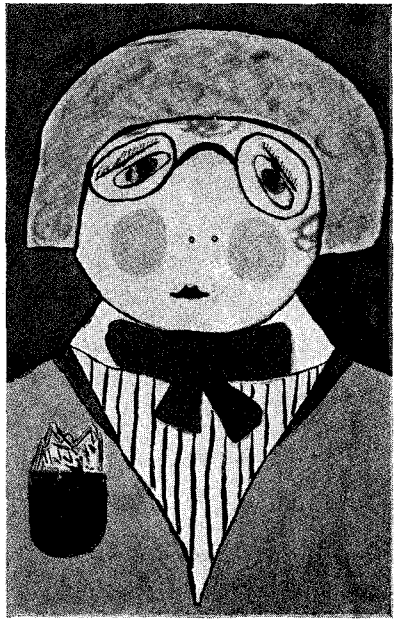
WILLIAM, AGE 9
"Look at her and feel her rough chin! I don't like her to kiss me."

As a child she was constantly reminded of her own unimportance. They tried to teach her the terrible German "Verboten!" One day when she was a young art student she first discovered at an exhibit of the work of Van Gogh that what she yearned for in her heart had true value. Here was an artist and a real human being who in his pictures and in his letters verified her ardent longing for faith in her own life.

From that day she took herself seriously. In Europe during the war she made a lasting friendship with four frontier artists, Paul Klee, Feininger, Jawlensky and Kandinsky, "The Blue Four," of whom she is today the American representative. Though times have changed and children seem now to have no end of self-confidence, yet problems are ever present. Mme Scheyer sums up her aims:

"I strive to implant in my children not only a freedom from fear but faith and confidence in their own inner selves in order to prepare them to serve humanity."

And so shy hesitant Shirley chalked her bogey man all over the page, squat as primitive African sculpture.



PHILIP, AGE 11
"I hate to dress up for Sunday School."

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NAOMI,
AGE 6
"*Be yourself and not somebody else.*"

SHIRLEY,
AGE 8
"*Now I am not afraid of the bogey man any more. I painted him.*"

The eye holes squint—there is no nose —a huge white-red Negroid mouth. When the picture was done Shirley exclaimed in wonder:

"See! Now I am not afraid of the bogey man any more. I painted him!"

She wasn't afraid any more. A grateful parent confirmed the therapeutic result. Shirley no longer feared dark rooms. She painted no more bogeys, either. There were other things. . . .

One little boy of four entered the class with a bright-eyed eagerness for what he wanted to accomplish. "When I am five," he stated with dignity, "I will come to this class as a man!" He painted virile reds and oranges with a

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big brush over the page. The next time he came all joy and power were gone from his bearing. He painted a washed-out sheet of colors so pale that the finished picture seemed almost a blank page.

"This is a pale one," he said as he worked. "Only for me. I need a picture for myself. I want only pale color. This is my page.

"No," he sighed, "I will not be a man when I am five. A boy must be twenty-one before he is a man." Some killjoy had given him a thoughtless grown-up explanation and he had regressed from his initial strong position.

In this class what the child expresses in words is as important as what he paints in colors. An assistant who passes out the paper and colors and marks the completed work for filing away in portfolios also records any significant comment of the child artist. One boy said of an agitated picture, "Here is a crocodile eating my father." Of a lovely page he said, "Soft, soft colors for my mother—and the moon and the stars and a cloud." It was a regal gift in regal purple.

"I am so happy," he said as he worked, and then added with a social consciousness remarkable for one of his years. "Everybody has to be happy."

"Horses in a cyclone," a boy said of his picture. And a girl expressed in countless delicate lines and colors, "This is my sweetheart pierced by an arrow and the blood drops into my heart."

"Lookee!" cried Joan with joyous enthusiasm, "the light colors swing into the dark!"

"This is a little girl who is mad because she does not want her galoshes on. These are the sassy words she says." Another little girl's mother protested because the faces in her pictures were always ugly faces: she wanted her daughter to paint nice people. All right. But the resulting picture had uglier faces than ever. "This is the picture of a pretty baby," she explained as she made it. "The pretty baby is here," and she pointed to a spot beyond the limits of the paper, "and these," indicating the hideous faces she had just made, "are the faces she sees."

It is not right, says this director, to try to force a child to paint against his own instincts. If he sees ugly things, let him out with them. It is better than keeping all the ugly things in his system until he grows up to be a neurotic. If he does not breathe the bad air out, he cannot breathe in the fresh air.

Years ago no one considered children seriously. Be quiet. Little children should be seen and not heard. But we live in a time when children are being heard. And this is what they say.

"Be yourself, not somebody else," a girl of six spontaneously asserted as she made her picture. She painted her palms and fingers and made them dance on the page.

Be yourself, not somebody else.

—David Malcolmson

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MAGAZINES FOR COLLECTORS

A FEW NOTES ON A LITTLE KNOWN BUT DIVERTING BRANCH OF BOOK COLLECTING

IF THE year 1934 was not an especially encouraging period for publishers from a financial viewpoint it did bring them one substantial benefit, for during this year the publishing company of Random House won its battle for the right to print James Joyce's *Ulysses* in the United States; and the court decision allowing the printing was hailed by the more liberal minded gentry as a deep thrust into the vitals of censorship.

There was something of a rush to secure copies of the first authorized American edition on the part of book collectors, and a like scramble for reading copies by those curious individuals who had heard the book discussed with especial emphasis on the section devoted to the soliloquy of Mrs. Bloom.

But among those more or less kindred souls whose hobby is the collecting of magazines this printing of *Ulysses* created little stir.

They, for the most part, were well aware that Joyce's *magnus opus* had already been printed, at least in great part, openly in this country over a decade and a half before.

After 1922, when Shakespeare et Cie, as Miss Beach chose to call her printing house in Paris, brought forth the first book edition of *Ulysses* many copies were smuggled into the United States, and numerous private presses printed pirated editions.

These copies, of course, were distributed to customers *sub rosa*, usually being bootlegged by booksellers whose nerves were considerably stronger than their ethical sense. (I refer only to the ethics of marketing any edition of *Ulysses* on which the author was to receive no royalties whatever.)

But, to recapitulate, in March of 1914 there had appeared on the stands a modest magazine called the *Little Review*, which despite hardships, both financial and legal, continued to be issued until 1929.

In its pages, beginning with the March, 1918 issue, just four years after the first issue, Joyce's greatest work was begun with the author's assistance and consent. This, bear in mind, was four years before the first book edition was published in Paris.

As one might expect, and as Ezra Pound, who submitted the work to

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Margaret Anderson, the editor, told her it might, the printing of *Ulysses* brought upon the *Little Review* the denunciation of newspapers and censors, and finally resulted in a trial and fine for the editor. (Over the thirteenth number, containing the Girty MacDowell—Leopold Bloom scene on the beach.)

But in spite of the publicity occasioned by the trial few collectors recognized the worth of *Ulysses* at the time. Only after 1922 did Joyce's work begin to attract widespread attention in this country.

Then those collectors who remembered began a frenzied hunt for back issues containing the work; while those who had bought the magazine regularly sat back smugly and waited for the demand to reach the point where they could be coaxed, for a consideration, into relinquishing their numbers.

Coincidentally, in 1926, just four years *after* the first book edition of *Ulysses*, a new magazine called *Two Worlds Monthly* hit the stands. On the front cover in more than modest type was the notice of the first installment of *Ulysses*, and inside was the announcement that the entire work would be published in twelve monthly issues.

In the same year that the *Two Worlds Monthly* started publication there appeared in the *American Mercury* a certain story which also ran afoul of the censors. It is quite likely unnecessary to state that this item was a short story by Herbert Asbury entitled *Hatrack*, which was published in the April number.

The censors, unable apparently to appreciate the sardonic humor of the piece, concentrated their ire on the character of the heroine and were successful in having the issue banned from the mails. Immediately those collectors with an ear to the ground reserved unto themselves a copy of this issue, which now bears a premium.

Incidentally, as an indication of the trend in censorship, the same story was reprinted this year in the *American Mercury Digest* without raising the slightest sign of dissent from the guardians of our public morals.

As one may deduce from the foregoing, magazines may bear premiums for two reasons; either as a special issue containing first edition material, or as a first issue, a volume one, number one.

In the latter field one of the outstanding magazines is *Fortune*, whose first issue (February, 1930) now brings from five to ten dollars for a fine copy. *Golden Book* too has developed a premium since its first appearance on the stands in January, 1925. The collector may now secure a good copy of this number for five dollars or perhaps a little less.

Another number exceedingly difficult to secure at any price short of what may appear robbery to the beginning collector is the first issue of the *National Geographic*. In fact, any number of this magazine prior to 1900

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is relatively scarce, and commands a premium ranging from two to ten dollars for the regular issues up to fifty dollars or more for the volume one, number one. There are, too, a few later issues that are much in demand, among which are the dog number (March, 1919) and the series of wild animal and bird issues.

Esquire, too, is firmly intrenched in the premium class with its quarterly number for Autumn of 1933. At present this premium ranges from two to five dollars and seems likely to continue its rise as more and more collectors remove the available supply from the open market.

In addition, the regular issues of *Esquire* contain many items for the collectors of modern authors, such as Hemingway, Caldwell, Dos Passos, D. H. Lawrence, and the more recent Louis Paul and William Saroyan.

It is more than likely that many of these items will be, with the permission of *Esquire*, published in book form. But such an edition can only be a first book edition, which is to say a second printing to the magazine collector and all others to whom the word "first" means exactly that without benefit of quibbling.

Of the most recent magazines whose first issues climbed rapidly into the premium class we find two whose volume one, number one were both dated the same month. These two magazines are *Life* with its November 23rd, 1936 issue, and *Coronet* with its November issue of the same year.

Of the two *Life* climbed more rapidly, but failed to maintain its valuation. For a few months early in 1937 the first issue brought as high as ten dollars, but at present a good first issue can be had, at least in my vicinity, for one dollar.

Coronet, on the other hand, moved more slowly into the premium class, jumping from its original thirty-five cents to three dollars and managing to remain at this level. Personally, I know of one instance in which the sum of eighteen dollars changed hands for a first issue, but this, of course, is the exception.

In leaving the discussion of first issues I will add that for the collector who has failed to obtain or keep numbers of the above, his only chance now is to buy at the premium price or else dig around in the second-hand magazine shops in the hope of locating these issues among the unclassified periodicals. This latter method is to be recommended not only as a saving to the budget but also for the fun involved in what may be termed the chase.

Incidentally, if one is looking for a chance to sell a rare copy of a magazine, his best chances are with other collectors. The magazine publishing firms themselves usually have all the copies they need of any comparatively recent premium edition.

One of the most interesting of special issues with regard to the associations involved is the first magazine printing of Du Maurier's *Trilby*, which

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ran in *Harpers* for eight issues, from January until August inclusive of the year 1894. This is a genuine first edition, and has attained the premium high of thirty-five dollars for the unbound numbers, although at present low prices it has been catalogued for as low as twelve-fifty.

The main interest of this work to the collector, aside from the first edition value, lies in the drawings by the author, especially the caricature of the artist, Whistler. This somewhat satirical sketch so irritated the irascible gentleman that he immediately terminated his friendship with Du Maurier.

In the first book edition, published by *Harpers* in the same year, this sketch was omitted, and hence can be obtained only in the magazine form, which also tends to make the magazine printing more valuable to the collector.

Not all of the special issues, as some of the foregoing examples might seem to indicate, are made valuable by notoriety. The majority of collected numbers are sought because they contain the first edition in print of certain works of collected authors.

For example, a nice copy of *Lippincotts* for January, 1891 is worth around fifteen dollars. Why? Because it contains the first printing of the well-known Kipling story *The Light that Failed*. And another story by the same author first saw light in the same magazine. If the collector is lucky enough to locate a copy of the August, 1890 issue he will find himself in possession of *At the End of the Passage*.

Perhaps not many present-day magazine readers have ever seen copies of a periodical entitled the *Pocket Magazine*. But to collectors it is well known because of at least two issues. These are the April, 1896 and July, 1897 numbers, which contain two short stories by Stephen Crane entitled respectively *A Tale of Mere Chance* and *The Victory of the Moon*. Each issue may now be had for from five dollars to seven-fifty.

Or to consider magazines not so old and hence more likely to be located in the second-hand shops, there is the January, 1920 issue of *Theatre Arts* which contains the first printing of Eugene O'Neill's *The Dreamy Kid*, one of his early short plays.

Another scarce O'Neill item is to be found in the June, 1917 number of *Seven Arts*. This is a real prize in its field, for it is the first printing of *Tomorrow*, a short story. Not only is this a rare form for the dramatist, but is, in fact, his only published effort in the field of short fiction.

And for those collectors of Edna St. Vincent Millay there is *St. Nicholas*, that perennial juvenile favorite. In its pages are Millay's *Land of Romance* (March, 1914), *Young Mother Hubbard* (August, 1916), and *Friends* (May, 1910). Each of the above issues now brings around five dollars.

These items are not at present as scarce or as much in demand as they will be in the future, so for the collector who likes a more difficult chase I

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would suggest a hunt for certain issues of an older magazine, *Our Young Folks*. A run of this periodical for 1869 has the first printing of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, for which book collectors pay one hundred dollars and up in the book edition dated the following year.

Although the magazine issue of this story is undoubtedly the real first edition it has never reached the high price of the book. I have, in fact, seen it listed for as little as fifteen dollars. This lack of demand, however, is based largely upon the lack of knowledge of the collectors; for many who are well aware of the scarcity of the first book edition have never even heard of the magazine printing. It is, without doubt, only a matter of time until the magazine publication of the story will be eagerly sought after.

And last, but far from least, is that most famous of all magazine firsts in this country, the first printing of Edgar Allan Poe's most famous poem, *The Raven*. The controversy over this piece has been raging for lo these many years, and concerning it there have developed two opposing schools of thought which might be labeled the Pro-Newspaper and the Pro-Magazine.

The argument was occasioned by the almost simultaneous printing of the poem in two places: the *Evening Mirror*, a newspaper, for January 29th, 1845, and the *American Review*, a magazine, for February, 1845.

A superficial glance might lead one to conclude that the newspaper would contain the first printing of the poem. But a more leisurely second thought would most likely cause a change of opinion. The entire controversy hinges upon the policy of magazine publishers of that period.

But unless the policy then was radically different from that followed by the great majority of magazines today, the February issue of the *American Review* was on sale by at least the middle of the preceding month. In this event the first publication of the poem would be in the magazine by a safe margin of two weeks or more.

As the question is still a moot one, however, the zealous collector may try to locate both numbers, and it is good work whether you can get it or not.

At any rate, the foregoing examples may serve as an indication of the sport in store for the magazine collector. Of course, if the beginner grows too analytical over the whys and wherefores, he had just as well confine himself to the accumulation of dollars, a good wine cellar, or chronic ailments for his old age. For the collecting of magazines, like any other hobby, is a matter of taste. Either you do or you don't; but if you do there is no time like the present to add to your collection.

The sooner the collector grabs a desirable item at present low prices, the less it will cost him and the more profit, if he happens to be a business-like hobbyist, he will eventually reap.

—CHARLES COTTEN

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SAILING DATE

THEIR SHIP NEVER LEFT PORT, BUT AS THE GIRL SAID, THERE WAS NO FEE FOR PLANNING

MARK was the youngest clerk at the Travel Bureau. The older men, Wirt and Jackson, bland and moon-faced from years of answering tourist questions and perhaps resentful of the new clerk's personableness, poked fun at his inexperience and managed to let only the unlikely prospects get as far as the third desk. When Cora Dale walked in, her shadow blotting a slender figure in the sunlight on the linoleum-patterned floor, they busied themselves with miscellaneous papers and let her pass them. Their lips moved soundlessly but Mark knew what they meant: free literature.

She paused before the pamphlet rack, one finger placed thoughtfully on the trough of her upper lip. Mark observed that she was well-shod in some sort of brown slippers the shade of light saddle-leather and that the seams of her hose came down with graceful finality into the tendons above the heel. Dark hair, and her face was tanned as though from long exposure to the sun. He wondered what she would select.

"If you could give me an idea of the kind of trip you have in mind—" Mark said politely, bowing from the shoulders as Wirt always did. He knew they were probably laughing at him.

She gave him a little worried smile and then a flush mounted her cheeks. "A round-the-world trip?" At the end of the phrase her voice rose as though she were asking herself the question.

Gravely he selected a sheaf of round-the-world cruise literature. "Would you be interested in a university tour?" he inquired after a moment's hesitation.

A pleased smile flashed across her face now. "Gracious, do I still look that young!" she cried.

He crimsoned because he did not know what to say. She was obviously, now that he looked at her again, not one who would embark upon a university cruise. His first impression had been of her youthfulness, now he was struck by a certain maturity about her. "Youthful," he lied and noticed how richly dark her eyes were.

"Thank you." She patted back the lace collar of the blouse she wore under the tailored coat of her suit. "Do—any of these have a map or

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chart giving the route followed?"

He found one for her. "You'll probably want to talk it over—"

"With my husband," she finished.

His eyelids fluttered once. He searched for the circlet on her hand and saw none. She saw him look and her fist clenched, the skin about the knuckles drawing white.

"Whenever you are ready I shall be glad to go over the details with you," he said and tendered his card with the "Mark Andrews" in square black raised capitals on it. He watched her walking out, her shadow receding and freeing the yellow sunlight again.

The next week she came in near closing time one afternoon when Wirt and Jackson were both gone. He thought she looked worn and nervous.

"I wonder if you have some maps I could take."

He sprang to oblige her. They had none with exact cartography but many of the brochures contained rough charts. He selected four.

She put her hand on the clasp of her purse. "Perhaps you'd better let me pay for them—It may be a long time," she uttered a tired laugh, "before we make a trip anywhere."

He assured her the pamphlets were printed to be given away. "It's long-range salesmanship," he smiled. "The pretty pictures plant the seeds and some day the flowers will blossom."

She looked relieved. "You're kind." Then she brightened. "Then I'd like the ones that have the rough maps. You know, where there's a winged cherub in the corner blowing around on the water. And in another corner, maybe, a whale spouting a geyser through his nose."

She spoke so wistfully he wondered what stood behind her words.

When he had found a chart for her and she was turning to leave, he said, "I'd be glad to call and talk it over with you—and your husband, whenever you're ready."

She smiled faintly. "I'll phone you when we are."

He did not delude himself that she would. Jackson called such exchanges of remarks, "Travel bureau courtesies."

However, she did phone. It was just after noon Saturday.

"You said I could call on you," she said and he thought her voice trembled. "We—I—we're ready to have you talk to us. Cora Dale, Marlena Beach, Number Twenty-seven."

He said he would come at once and before he left, stuffed a few new brochures into his dispatch case.

Marlena Beach was a tiny town along the highway that skirted the ocean. The road ran like a purple ribbon at the bottom of towering bluffs. Beyond the road lay the beaches and the houses built upon them where the state had not reclaimed the land.

Mark wondered why anyone living here should ever want to leave. There was the polished blue plate of the Pacific, the frothing surf and the hundreds of sea-gulls volplaning above it. And in the distance the long moun-

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tain ranges stretching out toward sea like crouching lions dipping their paws into the water; a range and then the blue shadow of another peeping over its shoulder.

He recognized her waiting for him before the house.

Inside, the house was sadly furnished, he thought, as she led him through it. He followed her out to the verandah that fronted upon the beach. In a steamer chair a man in dark glasses lay stretched out, basking in the glare of the sun, his hands under a heavy Mexican serape that was tucked up to his chin. Mark saw that his eyes were shut, crow's-feet wrinkled deeply in the corners to squeeze the sunlight out. The man looked as though he had been baked hard in the sun. His skin was nut-brown and creased with numberless lines, cross-hatching at the mouth and nose and even across the sunken cheeks.

She motioned to a trio of vacant wicker chairs at the far corner of the verandah. "I don't want to wake him now," she whispered.

Mark seated himself beside her and waited. The warmth of the sun was heady. It seemed to concentrate its vigor on him until his forehead was ablaze. The heat suffused through his skin and he could feel his cheeks glowing.

She rose and went over to look at the sleeper. Then she excused herself to Mark and tiptoed out. She returned a moment later with a platter of cold meats and a loaf of sandwich bread.

"You must be starved," she said. "I know I am." He watched her slip sheets of cheese and tongue, ham and beef between slices of bread. "He'll be sleeping another fifteen minutes yet," she declared. "We can go down to the beach where we won't disturb him."

He was glad to get away from the silence of the house and into the susurrating lullaby of the surf. They sat on the beach and traded polite remarks about the food as they ate. She threw crumbs of bread to the gulls who circled overhead. Several feet away where the sand was the shade of brown sugar the water lapped at the shore like a little dog licking at its master's hands, Mark thought. She smiled when he repeated it to her.

"We often have strong waves at this point in spite of those black rocks rising out there. He says they're like large raisins in blanc mange." When she said "he" she gestured toward the verandah with her elbow.

Mark felt she had given herself away with the word and the gesture. He saw the fledgling gulls, spindle-legged and awkward, playing in the surf-wash, scampering inland when the waves slapped at them.

"Do you like living here?"

She shrugged. "It's like living anywhere, I guess," she said softly. "First it's night and then it's day and then it's night again."

"Cora!" a distant voice called.

The sleeper had arisen and was standing there on the verandah, looking down at them disapprovingly.

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With a little cry she ran toward him. Mark followed her.

"You said you wouldn't be gone long!"

"You were asleep, John" Cora put a warning hand on his arm. "This is Mr. Andrews of the travel bureau. My—Mr. Dale."

Mark started to offer his hand, wishing the man were not seeking refuge behind those glasses, but the other only nodded curtly. "I've been expecting your bureau to send someone. Why didn't you come sooner?"

The girl—or woman, Mark couldn't make up his mind whether she was really the man's wife or not—wound a heavy scarf about his throat and looked at Mark appealingly. "We've been very busy, Mr. Dale," he declared, "or I would have come sooner."

They sat down in the wicker chairs and Mark began to pull the new brochures from his dispatch case.

"Do you have any maps?" John Dale pressed impatiently, looking at him through the round dark windows of his sun-spectacles. "It may be all clear to you, young fellow, but I've got to see it to believe it!"

Mark paused and licked his lips. Young fellow. The words had instantly raised an invisible barrier between them. Now he was aware that the other was years older than himself and must be years older than the woman by his chair. Indeed, in his eyes she stood aligned on his own side and both of them faced the man together. Mark spread open one of the folded brochures. Dale glanced at it.

"We can do better than that," he grumbled. "Cora, bring our map!"

Obediently she rose and disappeared into the house. She struggled through the doorway with a folded card table. Mark helped her set it up. It was covered with a large map of the eastern hemisphere pieced together from travel circular charts. A moment later she set up another table, moved them next to each other and there, not entirely in proportion, was a large map of the world.

"My pins, Cora!"

She handed him a small cardboard box. He began to push red-headed thumb tacks into the map, marking a course from Los Angeles to the Panama Canal, into the West Indies—

"On my red route I go up the coast to Boston and by a great circle course across the Atlantic to Ireland. But on my blue route—" Dale began to press blue-headed tacks into the map. "I go to South America, Venezuela, Brazil and perhaps from Bahia I go across the South Atlantic to Africa and down the coast to the Cape of Good Hope—"

Mark glanced up at Cora Dale, but she quickly dropped her eyes. He looked at the man. John Dale was charting a green and yellow route now. But sitting beside him with the blinding sunlight playing on them Mark felt no more human kin to him than if he were a stone on the beach or a piece of driftwood washed up. It was as though Dale had been baked

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hard in his shell and had lost all the life-bearing juices and become as inanimate as the sand and the rocks. Gulls circled in front of the house, screaming as they floated in the air.

"All my life I've wanted to go somewhere and now, by the Lord, I am making my plans. Pago Pago, Johannesburg, Rejkavijk, Bombay—they've only been words and now they really mean something to me. . . ." The man declared and pounded his fist on the table. Several pins fell. "Tell me, Mr. Andrews, what about clothing?"

"Take along some of both, lightweight and heavyweight clothing," Mark advised gravely. "If you plan to go this summer it will be winter below the equator and the steamship lines advise you to take plenty of warm clothing. Also a raincoat. If you wear any sort of spectacles a pair of extra lenses should go with you to guard against breakage while away from home."

The other seemed to drink in all this information. Suddenly he leaned back in his chair, shuddering as though he had caught a chill. Cora signed to Mark. He took his cue and excused himself.

"Come back to see me again, young fellow," Dale said waving his hands weakly. "I'd like to talk it over with you a little more." He suffered himself to be moved to the steamer chair again and tucked in under the serape.

Down on the beach Mark waited for the girl. From far away on the water he could see the long ripples advancing one after the other like ranks of soldiers creeping through a field with heads down, rising slowly to charge with a great volley and huzza. The waves rose high, shaping themselves at the crest like grappling irons, then surged forward to claw at the shore. When they washed back they marbled the sea with spittle.

"We bet on them as they come in," he heard her say behind him. "You can't tell from just looking at them. Sometimes the big ones spend themselves over the rocks out there. Sometimes the little frail ones gather and rise and save themselves until they're near. Then they spill over in a cascade."

"It must be fun."

She shook her head. "It isn't—always. Because *he* never fails to bet on the little ones that have no strength. He sits there and prays they'll last until shore and, of course, most of the time they don't. Then he is exhausted from straining and wishing. . . . I hope you didn't mind the trip. For weeks he's been insisting he wanted to talk to someone. Clear up details, he called it."

"No," he tried to sound frank. "I'm glad I came. I've never really listened to the ocean. It seems to try to tell you things."

She sighed. "John says once the land lay in the sea's arms and they had—delight of each other. But for some reason they parted and since then—Well, he says the sea has been

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pursuing her lover, vainly trying to embrace him, to wash him with wet kisses, to paw at him, trying to get him back in her arms."

On the broad surface of the water there were patches of lighter blue that looked like lesser lakes in the vast acreage. "One could easily fall in love with this," he said. Before them, reflecting the bronze smile of the sun, lay the ocean held in bounds only by the firm line of the horizon. Behind the beach-houses with their narrow green and yellow awnings was the steady stream of cars on the highway, and beyond that the mountains pocked with patches of greenery, hovering over the beaches and growing tall palms on their beetling brows. In the distance the terrain of the range was emphasized by the dapple and fall of shadows. In the dips where one peak ended and another began lone trees were shadowed against the sky.

"But all this year he has wanted to escape," she said. "So he's been planning trips. I think he's had a feeling if he doesn't do it now he won't get a chance—later. We have no money but—" she smiled at Mark—"there's no fee for planning. And the doctor says it doesn't hurt."

"No fee," he repeated solemnly. On a distant promontory sat a huge stone formation that looked like a giant toad.

"Besides, his own trips, those he takes with the colored pins on the map we pieced together, are probably so much better—no visas or anything."

"But on these trips you don't go with him."

She looked at him, clear-eyed. "No. But I think he takes me with him. He's done that for such a long time, I know he wouldn't leave me behind now." She checked herself and extended her hand. "I am awfully grateful to you."

Her hand was warm. "But when he has sailed you may wish to make a trip of your own."

She dropped her eyes. "I don't know."

He waited. She raised her head and looked at him for a moment. He knew she was about to say something, for her lips had parted pleasantly, when the same cry came down to them: "Cora!"

She turned and ran back. On the stair leading up to the verandah she paused and waved her hand.

He waved back. "Bon voyage!" he called but she could not have heard him for the booming of the surf. "Au revoir!" he shouted as the waters washed back. He thought she must have heard him this time for she smiled and fluttered her handkerchief.

He waited till she disappeared on the verandah. Beyond the house he could see a panorama of the city, looking as though a child had painted it by transferring finger-smears of color to the horizon. In the foreground the gulls volplaned and the waters whipped themselves into a soapy lather and left bolls of foam stranded on the beach. —Louis Zara

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MISS JOSEPHINE

IT WAS A GREAT DAY FOR LABOR WHEN A WOMAN TOOK OVER IN THE COAL FIELDS

WHEN Miss Josephine Roche resigned as assistant secretary of the treasury and went out to Colorado to straighten out matters in the coal fields, she left behind a conspicuously empty desk in the treasury building at Washington. But it is easy to understand why Miss Roche should feel that the call of duty to the coal fields should take precedence over all others, since there was the scene of her greatest achievement for justice.

For it was out in those Colorado coal fields some ten years ago that Josephine Roche handed labor's Magna Charta to the miners of that state. And thereby hangs a story of dramatic human interest seldom recorded outside the pages of fiction. When the author of that unique document first turned her attention in her early youth to the study of social problems she little dreamed of the train of events that were to follow. She did not foresee that she was to play the deciding part in an industrial war; that it would be given to her to make peace in a hopeless situation—to accomplish the impossible by bringing capital and labor together in an amicable working agreement. Had the curtain of the future been lifted for a fleeting moment to give her a glimpse of the moving drama to be enacted she would have said the central role was for someone else—it could not be a picture of her.

But that's getting ahead of the story. Miss Roche was born of wealthy parents. She was carefully reared and educated. And it might reasonably have been expected that, with her background and being an attractive young lady to boot, she would turn her attention to society and to the lighter side of life.

But she didn't. She went to Vassar instead where she studied books, and during vacations studied people and social problems with Judge Ben Lindsey in his juvenile court at Denver. At that time Judge Lindsey was engaged in arousing the nation to a consciousness of its duty toward youth. He was preaching the doctrine that organized society should hold itself responsible for the conditions which forced youth into crime. His teachings made a deep impression on the young student which greatly influenced her

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later life. She obtained her degree from Vassar and then spent three years in post graduate work at Columbia, obtaining a master's degree.

In spite of this formidable array of degrees and of higher education, Miss Roche continued to have an intense interest in the problems of the poor, and she conducted investigations of social welfare under the Russel Sage Foundation and other organizations. Until the time of her father's death in 1927 she continued to be active in various phases of public life—to mention just a few, special agent in England and the United States for the relief of Belgium; director of work for the foreign-born under the United States Committee on Public Information; director of the editorial and special studies division of the Children's Bureau, in which capacity she aided in the passage of the child labor amendment.

All of this in the face of parental disapproval. For these various activities were not at all to the liking of Josephine's father, who watched his daughter's ventures into such alien fields with the same distress a hen must feel in seeing her chick turn into a duckling and paddle away into strange pools. He was a very conservative gentleman of the old school who believed that woman's place was the home, and he emphatically disapproved of his daughter's advanced views on economic and social questions. They never quarreled, however, for they were devoted to each other until the day of his death.

But Josephine's theories and views were well known, and when she inherited her father's vast holdings in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, the second largest coal company in Colorado, there was much speculation as to whether the actual possession of wealth would change her views. Her fellow coal operators confidently predicted so. "Just wait," said the Wise Ones, "she'll change her tune now." And they waited in smug satisfaction for Josephine to recant.

They are still waiting but no longer smug. For it soon became evident that while Josephine inherited her father's wealth she did not inherit his ideas. She had very definite ones of her own, acquired through actual contact with the seamy side of life—when she was police-woman in Denver and her detail was to help clean up the dance halls and other amusement places; when she was a horrified spectator at the Triangle shirtwaist factory fire where thirteen helpless girls were trapped in an upper story and perished, either by the flames or by being dashed to death on the pavement below; when machine-gun fire raked the miserable dwellings of the miners who went on strike against starvation wages; and when later she assisted some of the widows to present their cause to the United States Industrial Commission in New York.

So it was with first-hand knowledge of the underdog and his problems that Miss Roche stepped off the train

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one fine day to take charge of her property in Colorado, that state with its long and turbulent history of labor trouble written in blood and punctuated with tragedy.

But she found that she had inherited other things besides her father's coal stock. She had inherited, as part owner, a coal strike; her share of the hatred engendered by the constant feud between miner and owner; and she had inherited also her share of the heavy debt incurred because of constant warfare with the employees. For the policy of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company was to shoot instead of argue. Like the other operators at that time, this company believed in the divine right of force and that money should be spent for bigger and better machine guns instead of higher wages. The miners were ill-housed, underpaid, and in a state of sullen resentment toward the company. And they despaired of ever getting decent living conditions.

This was the situation that confronted Miss Roche and its challenge was irresistible. For she had a firm conviction that there was a better way of settling differences than the accepted one of machine guns and barbed wire fence on one side and an endurance test of hunger on the other.

The new mine owner therefore formulated her plans and proceeded to carry them out. First, was to secure sufficient stock to give her control, for while her holdings were large they did not constitute the necessary fifty-one per cent. That isn't as easy as it sounds for she had to acquire a few shares here, a block there until the required amount was had.

Next, she brought into the company on the board of directors progressive leaders sympathetic with her line of thought, such as Edward P. Costigan who later became United States Senator from Colorado.

The next step was the most difficult, for it involved convincing the miners of the good faith of the company and that it intended dealing fairly with them. The miners were notified that the company stood ready to sign a union contract with them as soon as they could organize.

Labor was wary of this proceeding at first. It was skeptical of any honest intentions on the part of its ancient enemy, capital. It doubted that any good thing could come out of Nazareth and voiced its misgivings through John L. Lewis who frankly expressed his fear that this was simply a trap.

Nevertheless, on August 16, 1928, a contract was entered into between the coal company and the United Mine Workers which marked a turning point in the history of labor in that state. It is the preamble of that contract which is referred to as Labor's Magna Charta, and it recites the purposes thereof:

"To promote and establish industrial justice;

"To substitute reason for violence, confidence for misunderstanding,

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integrity and good faith for dishonest practices, and a union of effort for the chaos of economic warfare;

"To avoid needless and wasteful strikes and lockouts through the investigation and correction of their underlying causes;

"To establish genuine collective bargaining between mine workers and operators through free and independent organization;

"To stabilize employment, production and markets through cooperative endeavor and the aid of science;

"To assure the mine workers and operators continuing benefits, and consumers a dependable supply of coal at reasonable and uniform prices;

"To defend the joint undertaking against every conspiracy or vicious practice which seeks to destroy it; and in all other respects to enlist public confidence and support by safeguarding the public interest."

This contract directly affected more than seven hundred men and their families, but it indirectly had a more far-reaching effect, for in 1933 when the coal operators met to organize under the NRA code they formally adopted this preamble as their guide.

Things were beginning to go smoothly for the company now, too smoothly, in fact, to suit some of the competitors who were resentful of the new order of things and alarmed lest these innovations might be forced upon them. Most bitterly of all, they resented recognition of the union. In addition to the higher wages and shorter hours of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, a health service had been established for the miners; and they were encouraged to raise their own foodstuff as far as possible (forerunner of the subsistence homestead idea) and to engage in truck gardening and agricultural work during the slack season of mining.

This mollycoddling, said the irate competitors, must be stopped. They decided, therefore, upon a price cutting war to close down the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company mines and drive the company out of business for good.

But they reckoned without the miners. To a man they rose in defense of their Miss Josephine, as they called her, and in defense of their newly acquired advantages. Industrial war was nothing new to them. This time, though, it was not fought out with guns but with strategy. They met and unanimously agreed to cut their own wages, to work longer hours and speed up work in every possible way. A slogan, "Buy Josephine Roche's coal" was adopted and urged upon everyone. As a result, the war was short lived and things soon went back to normal.

Having brought peace to the coal fields, Miss Roche now turned her attention to another phase of the business which gave her some con-

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cern. The price of coal was high, the demand was good, yet conditions were not altogether satisfactory. What was the reason? After investigation, Miss Roche was convinced that it was caused more than anything else by the existence of a large "favored customer" class. She made sure of this and then gave the result of her investigation to the public. She outlined her policy and concluded with the emphatic statement, "The Rocky Mountain Fuel Company takes the stand that the public interest is involved and will no longer be a party to selling coal to favored industries at the below cost prices which mean continued demoralization."

With the "favored customer" practice abolished and other reforms accomplished, conditions began to mend substantially. Production increased and operating expenses decreased even though wages were higher than those paid by other companies. In short, Miss Roche's new deal had antedated that of the President by about five years. But Miss Roche was by no means content with her achievements. Too much remained to be done elsewhere.

Now that her industrial house was put in order, Miss Roche's next step was to train executives to take her place and direct the business, leaving her free for other service. At the request of Secretary Morgenthau she accepted the position of assistant secretary of the treasury, the first woman ever to occupy such a position in that austere department, and the first secretary of the treasury whose major concern was public health. This, however, was but one of her duties. Her activities reached far beyond the official work assigned. For her wealth of experience and her success in meeting difficult problems made her advice much in demand and she was called into all sorts of interdepartmental conferences. She helped to plan various projects of governmental activity affecting the health and welfare of humanity. She served on committees, harmonized differences—her services were always available when an emergency arose.

But if you have visioned from all this an iron-jawed suffragette of forbidding mien you will be agreeably disappointed. Miss Roche is small and feminine with a pleasant voice and good taste in dress. She is well groomed but not artificial. When she is in Washington her domestic instincts find an outlet in her housekeeping apartment where she brisks around in the kitchen and experiments at new dishes. She finds further relaxation in the company of old friends and college mates who frequently drop in unannounced at her pleasant apartment for an evening's discussion of the social and economic problems of the day.

President Neilson of Smith's College summed up her activities as an industrial peacemaker when he said, "A woman has succeeded where many men have failed." —ANNABEL LEE

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DEFINITIONS OF A MOUNTAIN

A mountain is a dying man
With vast mists wrapped around his head,
And all the winds are but the moan
Of one who will not join the dead.

A mountain is a field of light
Curved to the sense of yonder-hood
Where grandeur is the common lot
Of godhead floundering through the blood.

A mountain is the brow of good
Moving in ramparts through the rains—
An ingot in the palm of God
Darkened by thunder from the veins.

A mountain is a sea of hills
Down which the sails of daylight leap
Along crossed foils of haggard halls
In the flushed era of man's sleep.

A mountain is a breast of cloud,
A mammoth pillow of surmise,
Where morning in its canyons clad
Smooths out the talons of its eyes.

O through the savage everywhere
And jungle growths of man's caprice,
A mountain is a soul at war,
A mountain is a heart at peace!

—Oscar Williams

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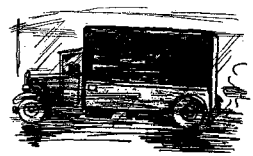
IT GOES LIKE THIS

HE HAD THICK, TRUCK DRIVER'S FINGERS BUT HE LEARNED TO PLAY THAT REMEMBERED SONG



He stood before the white cottage hesitating. After a while he tiptoed up the stairs, stole across the porch and peeked into the wide brightly lighted window in which he'd seen the sign, Teacher of Piano. There was nobody in the parlor. After another few moments' hesitating on the porch he rang the bell. A tall slender red-haired young lady quickly opened the door.

"You the one who gives piano lessons?"

"Yes."

"Why, I'd like to take a couple lessons."

"Certainly. Won't you come in."

Carrying his cap in both hands he stepped inside. She closed the door inspecting him rapidly. You might guess his age as thirty-two, thirty-five or thirty-eight but you wouldn't say forty. He had that ruddy, scrubbed, dressed-up look laboring men have on Saturday nights. His drooping, sad gray eyes were dull by contrast to his shining cheeks. He had on a blue serge suit and a beautiful, neatly knotted tie.

With a quick bursting smile too broad to be anything but just professional courtesy Miss Cieciel said, "Now. Do you play piano already?"

"Why," he put in quickly, "here's the thing. I don't want lessons like you usually give them. I don't want to learn how to play the whole piano. The scale and how to read the notes and all. All I want is I want to learn how to play one certain piece. One certain song. How long would that take, ma'am?" he asked turning the cap in his hands.

Miss Cieciel smiled. "That all depends of course. What's the song?"

"Why I don't know the name of it. Nobody I ever asked knew the name of it. But it goes like this. De daaa da . . . de da de da . . . de da de da . . . de da de duuuum," he hummed watching her face anxiously. "You know it?"

"Chopin's *Waltz in C Sharp Minor*."

He looked disappointed. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Ain't it got a name? Like—well a name."

"That is the name. *Waltz in C Sharp Minor*."

"I see. Well, how long do you

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think it will take me to learn it?"

Instinctively she glanced at his thick stubby work-rough hands and felt now suddenly a flash of pathos. She looked back into his face, regarded his gray eager expectant eyes. "Sit down, Mr. . . ."

"Hoffman. Rudy Hoffman."

They sat down. The waiting look in his face made her mindful again of the question hanging in the air.

"Why, frankly, Mr. Hoffman, I don't think you could learn to play that number unless you learned the piano in the usual way."

He shook his head. "Nooo. Listen, how about learning just the first part? It's that first part I'm crazy about. That part I hummed."

"Well, all right," she laughed. "But I warn you beforehand I can't promise any results."

"Now, ma'am, I can't set a regular time for the lesson. See, I drive an interstate truck and I never know when I'm here. So I'll have to call you when I'm back in town next time if that's all right. Could I have a lesson now?"

"Yes, I can manage one now. So you drive an interstate truck."

"Yes. I run between here and Denver and once in a while I go clear to the coast. Los Angeles." He said it with an air of pride and sweep.

"Really! That's quite a distance," she said with the manner of one being wide-eyed for a child's sake. "You certainly cover a lot of ground."

"Oh yes. And sometimes I take a south run, by way of New Orleans."

"I see. But I imagine that the fascination—the fun of it wears off after you've done it so much. I mean it's like everything else—"

"Oh no!" he said quickly. "Never. It gets in your blood."

She looked at him, saying nothing.

"It's like in the olden days they went on ships and the sea got in their blood. Today we go on trucks and the road gets in your blood. The interstate trucking business is a great thing today, you know."

"I imagine."

"Traveling. All the far-away places. Kansas City, Denver, New Orleans, Los Angeles." He said the names with an artless enthusiasm, an enchantment, waving his big rough hands as he spoke. "It gets me, coming into those places after a long run. Then when I go to the coast—only once in a while, though; our outfit is one of the few that go all the way—then when I go all the way to the coast I swell up inside with a grand feeling, coming into L. A. Coming into L. A.!"

He's a child, Miss Cieciel said to herself.

And then he leaned forward and said: "Don't forget, this country is so big that going across it, or even across a couple states, is like going through several different countries in Europe." Now Miss Cieciel just sat watching him, waiting for him to go on. She no longer had the humoring air.

"Can I take a lesson now?" he asked glancing over toward the piano.

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"Surely," she said rising. "Come on, then."

She began to work with him, a few notes at a time, showing him the keys, placing his thick stubby fingers on them, correcting him endlessly as his hands stumbled and toiled. Often she glanced at the serious face bent in profile over the piano, dead in earnest, intent, filled with a dogged and quiet struggling. His heavy breathing filled the pauses between the laboriously struck chords. But after the first hour he was learning faster than she had expected.

For another hour he labored, his great shoulders bent forward, sweat coming out on his forehead. Once he stopped and asked to take his coat off. He laid it over the back of a chair, came back and resumed. At the end of the second hour he had the passage fairly well memorized.

"I'll play it a lot home, whenever I get a chance," he said gravely, putting on his coat. "I'll see how it goes for a while. If I forget something in it or anything I'll come back. How much is that, ma'am?"

"I charge a dollar a lesson."

He handed her three dollars. "You worked hard on me."

"Oh you needn't."

"Oh yes."

"Thank you. You're very generous." She watched him as he went to get his cap from the arm of the chair on which he'd hung it. "You're sure you don't want to learn the entire piece?"

"No, that'll be all, ma'am," he smiled, the tremulous wrinkles showing at his cheek bones again. "Well, thanks a lot. Good night."

Miss Cieciel stood at the window and watched him pass down the street and disappear in the shadows. With his vanishing she felt the insidious melancholy stealing in, and she stood there for some time after he had passed out of sight, knowing that when she turned she would find the house lonely again. At length she did turn and it was lonely—with an engulfing emptiness.

II

Rolling up the wet road into Chicago, he sat hunched over the wheel, resting on it, tired. Dusk was blotting away a day that had been one interminable drizzle, in which the houses in the little towns had had a lonesome, huddled look. The towns, if you looked, drenched you with melancholy. His eyelids were heavy over his red eyes and he coughed frequently.

The little towns stroked by, half-seen, forlorn, muted in night and weather. The rain drizzled on, thin, imperceptible but pervasive, not so much a rainfall as an interminable and dreary ooze on the night's blackness. He began to whistle the strain, over and over, first briskly and brightly, then more slowly, until finally the sound vanished. His eyes were heavy, his lids drooped lower.

He got into Chicago a little after eleven. He pulled the truck into the garage. It took him ten minutes to get home on the streetcar. When he got

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home he found Nettie Carrigan, the thirty-four-year-old widowed landlady, had gone to bed so he stole with as little noise as possible into the kitchen, where he began to fix himself some hot lemonade. He had no more than set the water kettle on the range when her bedroom door opened and she came in. She stood in the doorway holding a wrap around her big, strong, sturdy-limbed body, her rich, generous smile spread across her buxom face. "Hello, hello, hello," she greeted, blinking against the light. "If it isn't that truck driver man back again."

"Hello, Nettie. I'm sorry I woke you up."

"Say, what's the matter with *you*?" she said coming closer and looking sharply at his face.

"I got a cold."

"I guess *so*. You've got a head like a balloon." Her expression sobered to one of sympathetic concern. She pressed her two hands against his cheeks, letting her wrap fall away to reveal the swelling curves of her body snugly clothed in the belted blue pajamas. "Why, Rudy, you're burning up. And you drove all the way in this way. You monkey!"

"Ah, I'll be okay soon as I get some rest. I'll stick in bed tomorrow."

She brushed back a wisp of hair from his already perspiring forehead. "Did you see that dame in Kansas City?"

His face clouded for an instant. Then, looking down into his glass, he said, "Yeah—I saw her."

"Did you ask her, Rudy?"

"Yes, I did ask her," he replied.

"And she said?"

"She don't like my job. Always gone, on the road, no real home, living that kind of a life."

At noon the next day she combed her hair, freshened up, and went to his room. "Coming down for lunch today, Rudy?" she asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," he said dully after a pause. He glanced at her, then turned his head away again. "I'll be right down."

He said nothing at the table but ate the little food he took on his plate in a depressed silence. "You can sit in the chair by the window for a while," she said when they were finished.

"Okay," he said and walked into the parlor. "Boy I'm weak."

While she was setting the table for dinner he got up and went over to the piano. He'd no more than begun the playing when she stopped working and stood in the doorway listening, or rather watching, as with that dogged and lonely and indefatigable air, he wove and rewove the fragment.

She moved a little into the parlor. "Still that same old song, eh?"

"Yeah," he said and did not turn.

She said, after a few moments, "Since you began playing that snatch that's the first time that piano's been played since Al died."

After dinner, eaten also in silence, he went back to the chair. When the dishes were finished she came into

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the parlor. After hesitating a moment she sat on the ottoman.

"You'll get over it," she said.

He said nothing. The taut silence was edged with his acute discomfort, sensed by her. "You're about the most unadulterated and genuine guy I ever knew, Rudy, and I hate to see you let a dame get you down."

"Nothing's got me down." He shifted in his chair; his face was red with a wounded, naked confusion.

"Cut it out, you can't fool Aunt Nettie." She reached out and touched his hand. He took it, then closed his other hand over hers too and drew her toward him impulsively. She got up and sat on his lap. Their mouths sought each other, then clung in a long crushing kiss.

She settled her face against his and sighed. "You're a peach, Nettie," he said, his voice unsteady and hoarse. And after he had calmed, he said, "I always say you'd make a man one marvelous wife."

"Keep on talking, Rudy," she said fervently, stirring against him. His arm tightened. Her mouth swept across his cheek and found his lips again.

After a while, when they were relaxed, she said, "Me, I think it'd be ideal married to somebody you didn't see every day, you know it? You wouldn't grow tired, you'd keep up interest more."

"Yes; I think there's a lot to that."

She lit a cigarette for him. "Your next run, is it the usual one?"

"I guess so. Peasley was going to call tonight."

"You—going to stop in K. C.?"

"Let's not talk about it."

The phone rang a few minutes later and it was Peasley. "When'll you be in shape to go out, Rudy?" he asked. "I want you to go to L. A."

"Fine! Why, I'll be ready—" he glanced at Nettie—"Thursday I guess."

"Saturday, Peasley," she shouted emphatically into the phone.

Peasley laughed. "Well, don't go out too early, Rudy. Let it go till Saturday if you're not quite up to snuff yet."

"Okay, Peasley."

Saturday she made breakfast for him at five-thirty. "It'll be good to get the feel of the old road again," he said as she loaded his plate with pancakes.

When they said good-bye she held her face up close to his and he kissed her. "So long, Nettie," he said, "I'll see you in a couple weeks."

"Good-bye, Rudy."

That afternoon she went up into the attic and took down and cleaned an old phonograph. Later, she dressed and went downtown to a music store. "I'd like a record of a certain piece," she said to the clerk.

"Certainly. What's the piece, madam?"

"I don't know the name of it. It goes like this. De da da . . . de da da da . . . de da da da . . . de da da daaaa . . ." —PETER DE VRIES

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A NOTE ON PUCCINI

ERRATIC IN HIS OWN PREFERENCES, HE KNEW THE WAY STRAIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE GALLERY

Some children are born with silver spoons in their mouths. Others with tuning forks. Fortune lies heaped for the child with the spoon, and the child with the fork—by energetic digging—often gains a fortune, too.

At least, Giacomo Puccini did.

His father, grandfather and great-grandfather served Italy in the name of the Muses. Not famously, not infamously. They had no bank account to present to their new heir, what with salaries as low as the state executioner's, and the stork making double and triple deliveries. Young Giacomo's only heritage was the accumulated musical experience of his forebears.

Whatever pyre the gods designed for Puccini, his beginning was as exasperating to parental patience as that of most boys. He was sly, intractable and mischievous . . . the town's Tom Sawyer, the worst in his class. He regularly flunked all his subjects at school. He could not be lured to organ lessons unless his father put coins upon the keys. His uncle had to give him a sharp kick in the shins at every false note, otherwise he would not bother to sing what was written. At Sunday Mass, he shocked the congregation by playing hot tunes instead of hymns.

Not until his poor widowed mother procured him a small scholarship from Queen Margherita to cover expenses at the Milan Conservatory, did he give any evidence of serious intentions. In a cheap attic room he and his brother led a Bohemian life, outwitting the landlady by carrying coal into their room in a suitcase, telling fabulous lies of expected lire, and half starving on a protracted diet of bread and herring.

Lying hungry on his bed at night, Puccini would write his mother reassuring letters: "I like Milan. I am not hungry. I don't eat a great deal, but I fill up on substantial soup. My appetite is satisfied. . . ."

★ ★ ★

Few men remain constant in habit and seemingly changeless in character. But Puccini as student and man was one and the same. Introspective, emotional and artistic, he made music not a vocation but, for better or for worse, a way of life. "What a useless thing art is," he would say, "yet people like us cannot exist without it."

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Driving his energy outward from within, he never met the impact of the world head-on. He did not search for actuality; he was not intellectual. As a student he would read only seven or eight pages of a novel before falling asleep, and when he was writing operas he read only potential libretti.

He kept a canny eye on the innovations of his musical contemporaries: Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Debussy and Strauss. But they did not influence him. He ignored the boiling pot of politics, remained mildly monarchistic and a friend of the Royal Family.

He did not enjoy travel and could not master languages. His German was monosyllabic and his French worse. Traveling in Germany, he would order only cutlet and potatoes, because *kottelette und kartoffel* was all he could say. When in America for the production of *Girl of the Golden West*, he spent most of his time in his hotel room—in spite of the fact that he regularly had dizzy spells because of its tenth-floor height.

He was shy as a country bumpkin. His first little composition was handed to his old music master in handfuls of paper-scraps, newspaper margins and letter-backs, because he could not bring himself to submit a neatly copied composition like the other pupils. He was afraid of strangers, and on his way into a restaurant would lose courage to sit among them, and merely fumble with the newspapers outside. His Gable swagger, his perennial black felt hat, inevitable cigarette and clipped moustache, gave him a look of easy assurance, but he said little. When called upon for a toast or an after-dinner speech, he choked with fright and embarrassment.

Only at his lakeside cottage at Torre de Lage, where he lived among the Tuscan peasants, could he shake off the paralyzing aureole of fame and enforced dignity. There he swore, drank, played practical jokes, invited the boys over to play cards, stole out to hunt ducks with his neighbors on moonless nights, chatted with close friends, and gave money without question to the needy.

Because a street singer sang so soulfully, he would not believe the fellow could be guilty of a crime, procured him a pardon from the queen for past offenses and gave him money to live decently at home with his family. The grateful minstrel paid him the tribute of not aspiring to sing his operas.

Puccini was helplessly sensitive to his environment, and fled from town to country like a madman, following every call of mood and every play of the weather upon his hyper-allergic system. Pavements, architecture, dogs, pines, salt air, affected him deeply. Evenings, when he thought the children were asleep (they were more often at the top of the stairs, listening), he would hammer in spasms at the piano, working and reworking a melody until it satisfied him. His neighbors were not always asleep, either, for he would often hear them humming his tunes before an opera

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was completed. This he took as a sure omen of success.

Emotionally, he never grew out of knee-pants. He was the eternal boy. Strangely restless, deeply curious, he loved to be praised. His ego always enjoyed the libidinous supplement of a strong and sacrificing woman. Such a woman was his mother, who retained her faith in Puccini's creative ability through all the hard and unpromising years, who struggled to keep him in school, who sent him tins of olive oil for his beans, and lire for his cigarettes. She died in time to see the turn of fortune, but not its full face. *Le Villi*, his first opera, had had one performance of tumultuous success with eighteen curtain calls, when Puccini rushed to her deathbed.

His wife was a woman of equal devotion and strength. She had been given in a *mariage de convenance*, years before, to a man with whom life was ugly and fruitless. When she met the composer, each recognized immediately that they were spiritually suited. She begged her husband for freedom and was refused. With the courage of a Cosima Wagner, she faced social ostracism and bad repute, and joined young Puccini illicitly. She lived with him eighteen years before the death of her husband made possible a legal union.

Puccini needed his wife and remained with her to the end. But he took too many unexplained week-end trips, and had too many feminine admirers willing to pay him the tribute of surrender, to have an entirely tranquil family life. His little Madame Butterfly may have remained eternally faithful, but his personal version of the butterfly philosophy was to sip and take wing. He knew first-hand the plight of Pinkerton.

Signora Puccini expressed loud verbal objections to his escapades. In a Maggie-Jiggs picture entitled *This is Home Life*, she stamps his neck to the ground in a gesture of triumphant domination, while he winces. When he whined to his daughter Tosca of the gross tyranny and jealousy of his wife, the girl answered him seriously: "If I were in mother's place, I wouldn't scold you. I'd pay you back in the same coin."

★ ★ ★

His countrymen alternately took him to their hearts and spurned him, with a gusto that was full-blooded if not always just. They were true-to-type Italians, stoutly knowing what they liked, and liking what they knew.

They liked *Le Villi* and *Manon* enough to give them together forty-eight curtain calls and put Puccini on the road to smooth finance. But when he threatened to do anything new, no matter how much better, they turned thumbs down. *Madame Butterfly*, with its studied color and exotic atmosphere, was hooted off the stage. *La Bohème*, which became so famous that it originated a La Bohème Club, whose treasurer was authorized to abscond with non-collected dues and do other Nut-Club stunts, was re-

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ceived at first with indifference. *Tosca's* welcome was hardly polite, while a composition like *Trittico*, which has accumulated cobwebs, was hailed with loud applause.

The Italian public, spontaneous, frank and expressive, gave Puccini allegiance as it pleased. And yet when he died in November, 1924, of a cancerous growth at the root of his tongue, his death was mourned as a national disaster. Newspapers carried black edges; tributes and reminiscences were printed by the yard, and Puccini's home became a shrine for Italians and tourists of all nations.

Carping critics have measured Puccini against the stature of Wagner, Beethoven, and Mozart—and found him shockingly minute. But they overlook his intention. "I love small things," he said repeatedly, "and the only music I can or will make is that of small things. A glance, a move of the finger, a sigh, a whisper, is enough for me if it is filled with passion and humanity and touches the heart."

Perhaps his operas do have a Hollywood obviousness and the stories are gory and melodramatic. His mother-of-pearl music is often varnished over a ten-cent-store plot. Yet the lyric stage needs its *East Lynne* as well as its *Mourning Becomes Electra*.

Puccini ran himself ragged looking for librettists. He said his experience with authors was a series of missed appointments and disappointments. Zola, Maeterlinck, Verga and Daudet were all approached but at inopportune moments. "I hunt passionately," Puccini explained, "for waterfowl, libretti, and woman." He was dependent upon good libretti, for opera was all that he wrote. "God touched me with His little finger," Puccini put it, "and said, 'Write for the theatre—take care, *only* for the theatre.'"

The range of Puccini's emotion in his operas is closely circumscribed. He never echoed the voice of God nor the prophets. He felt no call to shout of *Weltschmerz* and the brotherhood of man. He sang of himself, of the warm passions of an Italian man . . . and his music rings true.

Puccini was as much in love with Mimi, Manon, Butterfly, and Liu as with any living woman. They were distilled essences of his longing. Injured in an automobile accident during the composition of *Madame Butterfly*, he took two years to dream out the music for his favorite character, and all during his life, he was in agony if the slightest deviation was made from his conception. Passionately jealous of all his creations, he used all his energy to see that they were performed as he intended. Of course, he could not prevent his music from being used as a background for the clatter of knives and forks in cafés everywhere. That brought him millions. . . .

If, as a creator, Puccini was not of the highest estate, certainly he was and is a boon to full-throated singers and to those in gallery and pit who responded to his song.

—CARLETON SMITH

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DREAM MEN TO ORDER

GIVEN ENOUGH PULP, A HACK WRITER CAN CREATE LOVERS TO MAKE ANY WOMAN LONG FOR A TRADE-IN

THE young man had spent a long time explaining why his marriage had terminated in a welter of accusations and cross-accusations which he could not understand. The dull winter afternoon was fading. The man's face was only a silhouette against the window.

"But what did she do while you were away at work?" my wife asked finally. "How did she spend her time?"

"Reading love story magazines. She had them stacked all over the house."

It was a long time before anybody spoke again. Neither my wife nor I wanted to say anything. It is not a pleasant thing to feel that you have been engaged in a business that has wrecked another man's life—while you went absolutely free, plus profit and applause.

In the course of a good many years of miscellaneous cash-money writing I have sold a number of pulp paper love stories. I considered them hack writing, of course—stupid, but harmless.

And yet . . .

No other form of fiction strikes so personal a note in the lives of its audience. Readers of western or detective fiction may identify themselves with their heroes, but the illusion ceases when the magazine is laid aside. Even the dullest person finds it difficult to act the part of the master detective or the two-gun cowboy while riding on a subway. These types are escape literature—and as such do some good.

But the love story is so written as to create an illusion which seems plausible—even livable—to the girl who reads it. There is built up a dream world of beautiful homes, servants, rare perfume, and the Bay of Naples. And yet the girls who flit through these stories are intentionally made ordinary and dull—so that the reader may identify herself with them.

But when the girl finishes reading the story and is forced to return to the world of actuality, she cannot make a washing machine look like a liveried servant, or a fish bowl resemble the Bay of Naples. She feels vaguely that she has not had a fair break in life. She looks about for a scapegoat to lay the blame on—and

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finds her husband, or boy friend, or lover.

Even if she does realize that it is not his fault that there are no gilded walls and swimming pools, she will still blame him for not being a Sir Galahad in overalls.

The men in the stories she reads do the right thing—their manners are faultless; their kisses burn, but their hands do not stray; they are tall and their shoulders are broad; and they do not wear glasses.

Whereas the heroine in the story has retained all the weaknesses of dull mediocrity, the hero is perfect. I know. I have created such heroes. I have used my skill with words and psychology to build such Frankensteins—far less real, but more plausible and more deadly than that drooling monster.

It is not mere speculation, nor the overly dramatic musings of a mind trained to create drama. For before me was a very real man, his hands winding futilely together, his thin shoulders rounded—pride and happiness gone out of his face.

His wife, his hopes, and his security had been taken from him by a phantom lover, a ghost with all the amorous perfection this real man lacked.

My wife asked softly:

"But what did she say was the trouble, what did you do wrong?"

His voice was thin and tired:

"Everything—I guess. There was always something I wasn't doing to suit her. She kept telling me that I didn't dress right, that I was crude and uninteresting, that I wasn't thrilling enough."

That word "thrilling" was not his—although it came from his lips. It was mine. It was one of the tools with which I have built dream worlds. He could not understand that.

"Is there another man?" I asked.

"No, that wasn't ever a problem. That's about the only thing I'm sure of."

But there *was* another man. He is a man whom every mediocre girl will love, who will make her dissatisfied with any ordinary human being. I created that man with a typewriter and some paper.

The afternoon was almost gone now. There was one more question. My wife asked it before I did:

"Do you love her?"

He did not answer for a long time. When he did, the word came straight at us: "Yes."

There was nothing more to say, only you went on thinking.

The world at the present time is filled with cries against dictators, and wholesale murder in the name of war. I have done my share of howling in that vein.

But there are other ways to kill a man besides with a sword. Hack writing as a business may not always leave your hands too clean—but mine will never again betray a man with the kiss of a phantom lover.

—R. DeWitt Miller

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EARTH'S GREATEST PUZZLE

THE MAGNETIC POLE WAS DISCOVERED A CENTURY AGO, BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE DEVIL IT IS

IT IS located on a projection of land at the top of the North American continent. The place is known as the Boothia Peninsula, and the exact spot is on its western shore near Cape Adelaide. Scientists have traveled from all over the world to study it; Amundsen watched it for two years and knew no more when he left than when he arrived. The Canadian government usually has observers stationed on the Peninsula. . . .

The reason is that this is the north magnetic pole—to which all magnetic needles, all compasses point. Scientists have been trying for over a century to penetrate its mystery.

It was located by Captain J. C. Ross in 1829. He landed on the Boothia Peninsula and using what is called a dip compass—one with the needle free to move up and down—he traveled westward until he came to a place where the needle stood upright at right angles to the earth.

The little that scientists have learned since his time has only served to deepen the original mystery. They have located the south magnetic pole in the ocean south of Sydney, Australia, 1,750 miles from the geographical south pole. Draw an imaginary line between these two magnetic poles and surprisingly it will pass 750 miles from the center of the earth.

Assuming that you should be so fortunate as to be a member of a scientific expedition to the Boothia Peninsula, you would probably travel on what is known as a non-magnetic ship. There are only one or two of them in the world. The ship is built entirely of wood, brass and copper. The timbers are fastened together with bronze spikes. There are no wire ropes.

When you go aboard you must leave even your pocket knife behind. If you wear a belt you must be sure the buckle is brass or silver, not steel. The reasons for these precautions and the peculiar construction of the ship is that it contains many instruments to measure magnetism which would be affected by any object of iron or steel.

If you look at a map of Canada and locate the Boothia Peninsula, you will see that there are two routes for reaching it; a northerly one through Lancaster Sound and a southerly one which your vessel will take. This is

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through Hudson Strait into Fox Channel which lies between Baffin Land and the Melville Peninsula, and then through Fury and Hecla Strait which separates Melville Peninsula from Cockburn Land.

Fury and Hecla Strait is narrow and full of islands, but as you have started at the right time of the year you get through before the ice grips it and sail into the Gulf of Boothia. Directly to the west is the Boothia Peninsula, the expedition's destination.

You get ready to start on your first exploring trip early one morning. The thermometer registers twenty below zero. The sun has started its seven weeks' vacation. However, it is not entirely dark. During part of the day there is a reflection from the sun below the horizon, and the snow intensifies whatever light there is.

There are mountains five and six thousand feet high to the east, but the Boothia Peninsula is nearly level. You start with sledges drawn by dogs belonging to the Eskimo guides you brought with you from the nearest village, Itibleriang on the Melville Peninsula. Your dip compass points almost directly downward as you travel across Boothia toward Cape Adelaide. The Eskimos go on ahead. At last they stop. You look at your compass. The needle is standing on its head. You glance around in surprise.

You are standing directly over the magnetic pole, but there is nothing except the behavior of the compass to indicate it. The country is like all the rest you have traveled over. You glance at your compass again. The needle is moving! That means the pole is moving under your feet. In a few minutes you realize it is jumping around as if it were alive. Sometimes it suddenly jumps considerable distances, as much as seven miles in a day.

It is somewhere down there under the surface; but as to what it is, no one can make a reasonable guess. Efforts have been made to dig for it, but sufficient depth has never been attained to give any additional information. A scientist who has visited the spot suggests that the earth acts as if it were a living animal breathing. Sometimes it gets sick and then we have what are known as magnetic storms, putting telegraph lines out of commission all over the earth.

The magnetic elements for any particular place are continually changing in the most singular way. For example, the declination changes from century to century; from sunspot period to sunspot period; according to the moon; from day to day; from morning to afternoon. If you run a line by compass in the morning and again in the afternoon, within a mile you may find a variation of twenty feet.

The greatest mystery in the world will doubtless sometime be solved. But so far no one has been able even to evolve a theory which might account for the observed facts.

—Morrison Colladay

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DURKIN, MAN OF MYSTERY

BRAVE THOUGH HE MAY BE, CAN A WHITE MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE SURVIVE IN THE TROPICS?

LONG and desperately tiring had been the eighteen months I spent in Honduras, in the early 1900's, starting my banana plantation, but at last the first crop was ready to be harvested. Every day it became more evident that without an intelligent and experienced white man to help me manage the plantation and oversee the *mozos*, I could expect nothing but failure. I was thinking about this one evening, when I was suddenly aroused by the sight of a rider just turning into the road which led up to the house. In a minute he was dismounting before me. A tall man, about thirty, angular, athletic, hard-jawed, brown with tropic sun.

"Major Reed?" he asked. "I heard that you need a manager. I've come for the job."

Force and assurance seemed so naturally a part of him that there was no trace of presumption in his aggressive words. I liked him at once.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Durkin. I'm just out of Nicaragua. Been working in bananas a couple of years."

Even in these few minutes, I was impressed by him. This man was ready for action, no doubt of it; and he looked efficient.

"All right," I said, "I'll try you out at 175 pesos a month and I'll raise that later on if you show me you can deliver the goods."

"I'll start tomorrow."

He was turning back to his horse when another thought occurred to me.

"Why did you get out of Nicaragua?"

He wheeled abruptly and his eyes were hard, although his voice faltered a little.

"Well . . . oh, damn it! I had trouble with some of the natives. I cleaned out a nest of them. Can't go back there."

"Kill more than one man?" I asked.

He looked away, and his face wore a mask of pain. It was a long minute before he answered.

"Yes, that's the trouble. If there'd been only one, it would have blown over. A bunch of them got sore at me and doubled up to put my light out. But I got them first."

I had had my own experiences with natives, and did not question him

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further. It was his own private affair.

"All right," I said. "See you in the morning."

Durkin was a godsend to me. There was no hesitation about him. He took hold at once. The men obeyed him. He worked them hard, but he knew the game and they respected that.

One Monday morning, however, Durkin didn't show up. At first I was startled. Could he have had an accident, a fight? But I dismissed that. Durkin could take care of himself. Maybe he'd just decided to quit. Then on Wednesday, just as I was riding out in the morning, there was Durkin, dirty and bedraggled, in my path.

"Well, where in hell have you been? What's the matter?" His head went down a little lower. I could smell stale rum.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I got a couple of drinks and then a couple more, and before I knew it I was out."

"All right," I said, "get back on the job and see that it doesn't happen again. Will you promise me it won't?"

"Yes, I promise."

But it did. Not once but four or five times. I was in the devil of a fix. One night I rode down to his bungalow, determined to make him face the issue. It was dark when I got there. We sat down on the tiny porch and I started in.

"Now, look here, Durkin, we've got to have an understanding. What about this rum and all your broken promises? What are you going to do about it?"

He seemed nervous and distracted.

"Well," he answered, slowly, "I get so damned lonesome. There's no one to talk to."

I knew this was true, but Durkin wasn't being frank.

It had started to pour, and I wanted to get home to bed. I spoke sharply as I got up.

"All right, Durkin, if that's all, then you know the answer. If you go out on another spree, you can stay on it. Don't come back here."

"Wait, Reed," he said. The pallor of his face, and his nervously moving hands startled me. I could see that he was under a terrific strain.

"Why don't you stay here tonight?" he said. He wasn't asking, he was pleading. He looked now like a frightened kid.

"All right," I answered, "but I'm going to turn in right away."

He sighed with relief. He said goodnight and went to his bed in the other room. In a few minutes we were both asleep.

It was probably about two hours later when I was roused by blood-curdling screams—Durkin's voice. I grabbed my gun and burst into his room. Was he being murdered? A pale sliver of moonlight showed that Durkin was alone in the room. He was kneeling on the bed, evidently still asleep, thrashing his arms about.

"Durkin!" I yelled. "What's wrong? Wake up!"

His clothes were cold with perspiration and his eyes were blank with horror as he slowly focused them on me.

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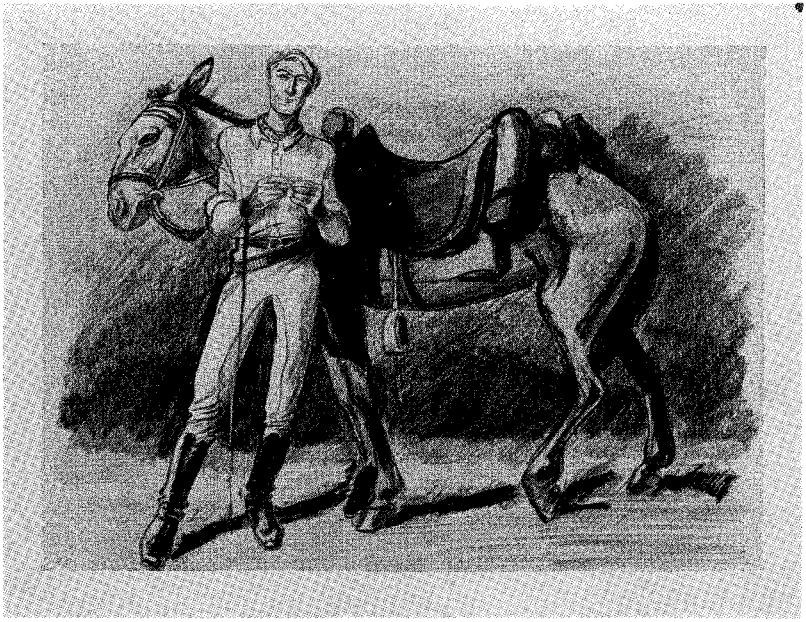

"Reed . . ." he said, vaguely.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Those damned natives I killed—or thought I did. But they come back. It's been this way for months. They torture me with nightmares. They come after me with machetes, and their eyes glare with fire. I shoot at them, but the bullets go right through."

"Is that why you drink?" I asked.

"Yes. That mostly, but I get lonesome, too."

"What about a girl?" I asked. "Why don't you get married? Seen anybody in this country you'd like?"

He looked a little shy, but his face brightened at once.

"Why . . . yes. There was a girl up in Santa Barbara. Carmelita. She was pretty sweet. A young widow with a little boy. Swell kid."

"Let's go get her," I said.

"Do you mean it?"

"Sure thing. We'll start the first thing in the morning."

Durkin showed up at my hotel at dawn the next morning. His eyes were dancing.

"I did it!" he announced. "She said yes. Let's find the padre."

I didn't keep them waiting long. They were married that morning, and we started home at once. Carmelita was very dark and pretty. The boy Feliz was about nine years old, a handsome, strong little chap, evi-

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dently much impressed by Durkin, whom he nicknamed "Pancho."

For a whole year, everything was bright. The plantation saw its most prosperous days. Durkin stayed entirely sober. He spent every free minute hunting for strange animals to tame for the boy's amusement, and rare flowers to please Carmelita. Then one day he stopped singing.

It didn't take me long to find out why. For a month or so, every time I got within earshot of his bungalow I could hear Carmelita's exasperating, high-pitched voice, heaping abuse on him. I never got close enough to find out what it was all about, but apparently she nagged and complained incessantly. So I wasn't surprised when Durkin didn't show up one morning. I rode down to the bungalow. Feliz was alone.

"Mom's gone," he said. "She rode away and said she wasn't coming back. And Pancho's gone to town."

"And what about you?" I asked. "Are you going to stay here?"

He looked at me almost indignantly. "Why, sure. I wouldn't leave Pancho."

Durkin came back eventually, much the worse for wear, but I understood too much now to upbraid him.

I thought he could be allowed to drown his troubles once after his wife had left him, and I counted on his affection for Feliz to keep him straight after that.

It couldn't last, however. It happened that Durkin and the boy rode down one afternoon to the next plantation, owned by a man named Renau, to see a baby antbear which Renau had caught and tamed. They stayed for dinner. Just as they sat down, a ragged native boy appeared in the doorway.

"Poncharme wants to see you," he said to Durkin. Poncharme was a barefooted peon who had been fired by Durkin two weeks before. Durkin looked at the boy in sudden amazement.

"He wants to see me? Well, I don't want to see him. Tell him to go to hell. What does he mean by sending me such a message?"

The boy went away without a word, and the meal continued. Fifteen minutes later a dozen men armed with machetes burst through the door. Durkin went white and reached for his gun, but they overpowered him.

It was hours later before a native led me to Durkin, bound hand and foot, lying in the street, his nightmares come true—peons, a whole mob of them, flourishing machetes, spitting in his face, cursing, threatening him. He was delirious, raving as he had raved the night I was with him.

Durkin was conscious and sane again when I finally secured his release.

"This is the finish," he said, "I'm going to get out now and take the kid with me. If I don't, I'll only slip back into the nightmares and rum again.

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I know it and so do you. And the kid's too swell to grow up in this hell hole."

I knew there was no use arguing this time. Durkin was right.

He went to pack his few belongings. A few hours later he and Feliz turned up at Buena Vista to say good-bye. He had an envelope in his hand.

"It's my will," he said, handing it to me. "Open it if they get me before I have a chance to get out of here. You'll hear if they do. Everything's there—the names and addresses of my relatives. And what to do about Feliz. Now . ."

We shook hands, and I mussed the kid's hair. At the foot of the hill, just before the bend in the road, Durkin raised his arm in a good-bye salute.

★ ★ ★

Packed away in one of my trunks there is a finger-marked and yellowing envelope which contains the last will and testament of Frank Durkin. It is sealed with wax.

I shall never open it, although I have often been curious about the true identity and background of this man whose experiences in the three years I knew him were so strange. But, just as he entered my life abruptly and adventurously, so he left it, and I am content to know only what those three years chose to reveal.

—Major Howard S. Reed

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HERO DESPITE HIMSELF

ALL THE GLORY RICHMOND HOBSON EVER HAD WAS DEFINITELY THRUST UPON HIM

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON is enshrined among the nation's heroes now, and probably nothing can displace him from his niche—not even the truth.

But the truth should be told.

If Hobson had followed his instructions about sinking the collier *Merrimac* in the bottleneck entrance channel to Santiago de Cuba, where it was less than 200 feet wide, no sea battle would have been necessary later, for the Spanish fleet would have been helpless. Many lives would have been saved.

Sinking the *Merrimac* was not Iobson's idea in the first place, contrary to the impression created by Spanish-American War historians. After Admiral Cervera's seven ships of the Spanish Navy's Cuban squadron—four armored cruisers and three torpedo-boats—slipped into Santiago, a young lieutenant, Victor Blue, voluntarily approached the American admiral, Sampson, through superiors, with a plan to don civilian clothes, sneak ashore and make his way to a point where he could sketch the harbor and the anchorage of each one of Cervera's ships. Sampson, after conferring with Captain Chadwick, gave his consent.

Blue, compelled to crawl on hands and knees most of the way on shore, made two sketches of the harbor and the location of each ship. One sketch he delivered to the commander of the Cuban forces, and one to Admiral Sampson. In discussing the chart with his commanding officer, Blue pointed to the neck of the harbor and suggested that the collier *Merrimac*, sunk in the right spot in the entrance channel, would bottle up the Spanish fleet.

This plan instantly appealed to Admiral Sampson. He sent for Richmond P. Hobson, who as an Assistant Naval Constructor presumably had the knowledge that made him equipped for the task. When the plan was outlined to him Hobson interposed objections. One was that cannon in Spanish shore fortifications would blow the *Merrimac* out of water. Sampson pointed out that the Spanish cannon didn't have enough range to reach the *Merrimac* at the bottleneck point. Hobson demurred that he and his men were sure of capture and would be

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shot as spies. Sampson told Hobson that men wearing their own uniforms were not spies. He told him to wear the coat and cap of his uniform and that if he were captured he would be exchanged within a month.

Far from being the cool hero of June 3 subsequently pictured to the public by newspaper correspondents (who got their stories of the *Merrimac's* sinking second- and third-hand), Hobson was nervous and lacking in self-possession as he steered the *Merrimac* into Santiago. Overanxious, he gave the signal for the plugs to be pulled in the *Merrimac's* hull too soon. The collier went down in the wrong spot, in a broad part of the channel. The passage was left clear for Cervera's force to attempt an escape on July 3. That Sampson's squadron wiped out the Spanish ships and took the Spanish admiral prisoner then was not due in any way to Hobson's exploit. The bloodshed would have been averted if Hobson had carried out his mission. It was not good policy for the Navy Department to set aright a public that had taken Hobson to its heart as a great hero.

But its action in allowing Hobson to bask in glory deprived Victor Blue of his just honors. Hobson's uniform coat and cap saved him, when he was captured, for the girls in New York who fought to kiss him. Blue, had he been captured, most certainly would have been shot as a spy, for he was in civilian clothes. But if Blue ever received any honors for his great service, there was no public mention of it.

The real story of the *Merrimac* was told to this writer, then the correspondent for a newspaper, "off the record," by Admiral Sampson a few days after the event. —A. R. KELLER

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 33-34

1. Marie Antoinette. 2. Frances Perkins. 3. Lucrezia Borgia. 4. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 5. Sarah Bernhardt. 6. Charlotte Corday. 7. Jenny Lind. 8. Pocahontas. 9. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 10. Catherine de Medici. 11. Jane Addams. 12. Madame Jeanne Roland. 13. Lady Godiva. 14. Marie Curie. 15. Eve. 16. Virginia Dare. 17. Wallis Warfield. 18. Helen Wills. 19. Madame Chiang Kai-shek. 20. Gertrude Ederle. 21. Clara H. Barton. 22. Queen Anne. 23. Nellie Tayloe Ross. 24. Edith Cavell. 25. Nancy Astor. 26. Carrie Nation. 27. Annie Laurie. 28. Priscilla Mullens. 29. Queen Elizabeth. 30. Maria Montessori. 31. Louisa May Alcott. 32. Joan of Arc. 33. Xantippe. 34. Helen Keller. 35. Marie Tussaud. 36. Annie Besant. 37. Hattie Caraway. 38. Mary Baker Eddy. 39. George Sand. 40. Grace Darling. 41. Lucy Stone. 42. Du Barry. 43. Betsy Ross. 44. Cleopatra. 45. Charlotte Brontë. 46. Maria Jeritza. 47. Marie Louise. 48. Florence Nightingale. 49. Amelia Earhart. 50. Selma Lagerlöf.

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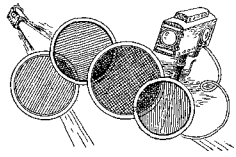
WHITE IS BLACK

AN INVENTION THAT MAY WELL REVOLUTIONIZE STAGE LIGHTING TECHNIQUE—AND THEN SOME



THESE days, William J. Whiting lies in a hospital bed. Through his blood there runs an unnecessary ingredient. It is something that may keep him where he is the rest of his days. It is something that crept out of a test tube.

In the annals of science, the basic plot of the story is familiar. Whiting was a chemist in government employ. He also did some work in optics and lenses. Six years ago he conceived an idea that was to test all his knowledge of chemistry and optics. Recently, the test was passed; the idea became a solid substance. Though it resolves itself into scraps of transparent paper, it is an extraordinary thing. It may upset the whole technique of stage lighting. It may have its effects on modern warfare. But the six years he spent in inventing it gave William J. Whiting blood poisoning.

You have held a piece of colored gelatine up to your eyes and seen the world change color. Under yellow light, for example, everything acquires the yellowish hue. Sun glasses have that effect. But Whiting Filterlite—that is its commercial name—has a power far beyond the simple likes of these. It looks like colored cellophane. It comes in four main colors, out of which many more combinations can be made. Hold a piece of the "A" filter up to your eyes and everything that was yellow or orange to the naked eye becomes *red*. Everything blue or lavender turns blue-green.

Yellow-green turns into pale pink or grey. That is a brief glimpse of the powers of Filterlite. Under it, the world not only changes color—it exchanges color.

Whiting had to experiment with thousands of dyes before he perfected the four filters he wanted. It was one of these dyes that found its way into his blood stream. Whiting calls the four filters, adequately enough, A, B, C, and D. Their possibilities are wondrous to behold.

Some months ago New York's Radio City Music Hall was persuaded to place these Whiting gelatines over the stage lights and to play them on the Rockettes while those dervishes went through the regular assortment

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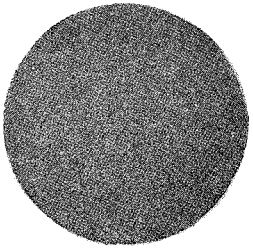
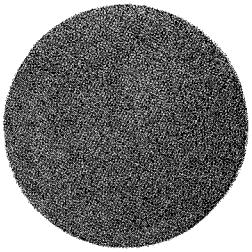


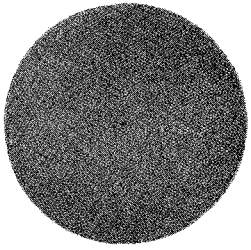
"*A*" *filter. Transmits blue and green. Under it:*

Yellow and orange appear red.
Blue and lavender appear blue-green.
Violet and maroon appear red.
Yellow-green appears pink or grey.



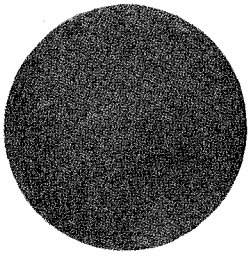
"*B*" *filter. Transmits blue and yellow. Under it:*

Magenta appears deep blue.
Violet and purple appear deep blue.
Orange appears yellow.



"*C*" *filter. Transmits purple, deep yellow, and deep red. Under it:*

Blue appears purple.
All colors appear brighter and warmer.



"*D*" *filter. Transmits orange, blue and green. Under it:*

Deep reds appear black.
Yellow-greens appear bright green.
Some yellows appear orange.

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Vera Zorina poses here and on the facing page for a double purpose. She shows, first, why New York theatre audiences took one look at her and went hopelessly delirious. She proves, in the second place, the powers of the thing called Whiting Filterlite. In the picture above she poses under regular lights. In the pictures on the right, Whiting filters have been placed in front of those lights. In all three pictures, Zorina wears the same costume—especially created by Bonwit Teller for this demonstration—the same make-up, and stands against the same background. For an explanation of these changes, read the text. Actually, the color changes caused by the filters are far more subtle than the modern color film can catch. But the camera does manage to convey the fundamentals.

of twists and turns. The audience saw the costumes on the girls turn into red, into yellow, into black, purple and orange. Their flesh tones, however, seemed to keep their real colors all the time. Every time a new filter was placed on the stage lights, the costumes were completely transformed but the skin tones stayed the same. It is this trick that was used in changing the colors and costumes of Vera Zorina in the photographs that accompany these pages.

It is an indication of what Whiting's Filterlite will do to stage lighting. But Whiting was a chemist in the

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War Department when he started his experiments. He did not design his filters for the exclusive use of footlights and dancing girls. He had his eye on a more practical application.

The "A" filter is a blue-green screen. It changes all yellow and orange objects into a bright red. Now, there are times when airplanes rise to heights so tremendous that it is impossible to tell the enemy from the ally, even with telescopes. Whiting has made the process of distinction easy. Paint some yellow spots on one plane, train a telescope equipped with "A" gelatine on all the planes above, and the one painted yellow turns into such a brilliant red that it can be picked out at any distance.

Since the advent of Filterlite, laboratories have been able to buy a small card which does away with the laborious process of staining. This card holds the Whiting filters. The bacteria—or any other objects under the microscope—are observed through each filter, and they show their true colors as readily as they did when they were stained.

These are samples of the potential strength of Filterlite. Whether it will win wars, fight disease, or react on the present system of lighting a stage the way electric light reacted on the candle, remains to be seen. Whether its destinies make any difference to the inventor in his hospital bed is not known. His product is on the market now, and Whiting is reaping the benefits of partnership and royalties. But Whiting mustn't get excited over his success. Excitement might prove fatal.

—SIDNEY CARROLL

Zorina under "A" filter

Zorina under "B" filter

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DRAWING BY HELEN KIRBY

A shampoo and a little plucking
Gives style for which the judge is looking;
These entries with their grace and speed
Have been declared the Best of Breed.

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FRANK BLACK

WHO FORSOOK BEAKERS AND RETORTS FOR GRACE NOTES AND BATON

AFTER getting his degree in chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, Frank Black was offered two jobs—as chemical engineer and as pianist in a hotel. He chose the latter, and except for a brief period as government chemist during the war, has not been near a Bunsen burner since. If science lost, music gained. Black, General Musical Director of NBC, is a top-notch symphonic conductor, arranger and solo pianist. An avid collector of composers' manuscripts, he displays catholic taste, has first editions of Palestrina and Wagner, Gershwin and Kern. His agents scout the world for unusual items. As an instance, after considerable dickering with the Soviet Government, Black first conducted Gliere's *Red Poppy* Ballet in America. His hobby is breeding Jersey cows on his Pennsylvania farm.

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JOHN R. GREGG

APOLOGISTS for Victorian pedagogy could do worse than begin with the fact that a shorthand system today written by 50,000,000 persons in thirteen languages was indirectly brought into being by the cantankerousness of a Glasgow schoolmaster when he banged together the heads of two pupils. The crack burst the eardrum of one of the recalcitrants, 10-year-old John Robert Gregg. Deafened and unable to keep up with the brilliant scholastic record of his brothers and sisters, the boy sought family prestige by inventing a new shorthand—and won recognition for it with a pamphlet published on a borrowed $50. This year is Gregg's seventieth birthday and the golden anniversary of his system, which *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says is used by more stenographers than any other shorthand. Gregg, now living in New York, recently had to pay $100 for a copy of that original pamphlet.

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HELEN LIEDLOFF

WHO FOUND A NEW WAY TO TURN THE HEADS OF WINDOW-SHOPPERS

THE popularity of window shopping is turning the store fronts of the nation into exhibition galleries. Window dressing is an art and true artists are lending their talents to this medium. Helen Liedloff, a Greenwich Village sculptress, is one. She started on a new phase of her career one day when she observed that busts in hairdressers' windows were aptly named. They were cheap, outrageously modeled heads, and the wigs on top of them seemed to fit like—wigs. She has changed all that by modeling heads of feminine film stars. They are life-like in color—and she makes sure that the hair looks as if it actually grew on the heads it adorns. Before the advent of the Liedloff heads, few women stopped to examine calcimined dummies in hairdressers' shops. These days even men pause to gaze at natural-looking sculptures of Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford or Carole Lombard showing the new coiffures.

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ALMA REED

WHO CONSTITUTES A ONE-WOMAN COMMITTEE ON MEXICAN ART

ALMA REED is the only female art dealer in New York—and the only female publisher of art books. (Other women have a hand in selling books and art, of course, but Miss Reed is unique in having established her own business.) Her particular forte is Mexicana. An archeologist, critic and all-around specialist on things Mexican, her showrooms are, appropriately, in the décor of that country. She is the American agent for a group of Mexican painters, including the great Orozco. In her time she has been a journalist and a columnist. These days when she isn't occupied with paintings, pottery and books, or her factory where she makes boxes for works of art and other necessary adjuncts to her business, she finds time for a hobby—whole-hearted participation in anti-Fascist activities.

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REMO BUFANO

WHO, THANKS TO A DUMMY, LOOKS FORWARD TO A RECORD YEAR

CHARLIE MC CARTHY has boomed the marionette trade. Cashing in is Remo Bufano, one of America's leading puppet makers who gets from $100 to $1,000 for each figure. Born in Naples 40 years ago, Bufano made his first puppet at seven, gave shows for 3c admission, using strong-arm methods on neighborhood kids to insure an audience. His most imposing production was *Oedipus Rex*, Stravinsky's opera produced by the Metropolitan entirely with puppets and 90 voices. Pointing to *Snow White*, Bufano says the future of puppets is in films, claims he can overcome difficulties which made Russia's puppet picture, *The New Gulliver*, cost $2,000,000. He wants to produce *Hamlet*. When he mourns his puppet size (he is five feet tall) kept him from becoming an actor, his wife, who is his assistant, consoles him.

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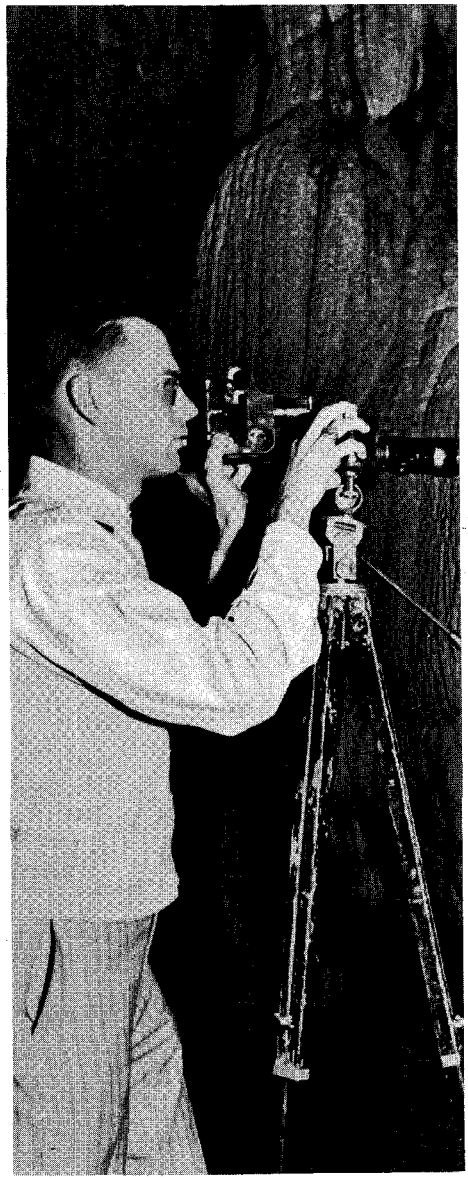

CHARLES E. MOHR

WHO CASTS LIGHT ON THE DARK UNFATHOMED CAVES OF THE EARTH

It's an age of specialization. Charles E. Mohr is a cave photographer, stalking strange subterranean creatures, recording anything relating to cave life and the effects of murky underground climate on such life. Armed with maps and scientific reports on cave regions, Mohr has taken pictures in hundreds of caverns. The undeveloped places naturally are his favorites. Mohr resolved on his odd pursuit when, at college, he accidentally discovered a Least brown bat. Since, he has found many of these supposedly uncommon animals. Beautiful blind white crayfish, brilliantly colored salamanders, tiny cave beetles, crickets and rats are his photographic meat. He has brought to light rare species of animals and fossils of scientific importance. A biology teacher in Reading, Pennsylvania, Mohr now is studying museum work at Buffalo Museum of Science on a Rockefeller Foundation grant.

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WILLIAM P. LEAR

WHO, AS AN INVENTOR, MAKES A GOOD SALESMAN --AND ALSO VICE VERSA

INVENTORS are notoriously poor salesmen. Not so William P. Lear. From his office on the tip of Manhattan Island he does a good job of selling, at $500 (and up), his radio compasses—safety devices that take the perils out of night flying. His customers range from the American and British air forces, and such professionals as Clyde Pangborn and Roscoe Turner, to renowned amateurs like Roger Kahn and Wallace Beery. The compass operates as simply as the radio receiving set in your home, shows a pilot with a visual indicator whether he is on his course. No special "beam" is necessary; the flyer can use regular broadcasting-station signals as his guide. Only 36 now, Lear once liquidated a flourishing $250,000 radio business in Chicago because he felt that he was getting "into a rut." Born in Hannibal, Missouri, he began making radios when he was 11—and at 13 bid adieu to schoolrooms.

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ALFRED W. PAINE

WHOSE BOOKSHOP SELLS ONLY VOLUMES WITH SALT-WATER FLAVOR

MORE or less as a whim, because he always has loved the water, Alfred W. Paine opened his salt-water bookshop in 1930. He has a stock of 5,000 volumes, all of them relating to the sea. The most valuable is *Vespucius*, printed in 1507 and worth $3,000. Franklin D. Roosevelt is a long-time customer; he bought six books costing $20 last year, but was a better client when he was Governor. Vincent Astor also buys on occasion, presumably to stock his library on the *Nourmahal*. Most of Paine's customers are yachtsmen with just a normal interest in the sea. Once owner of two yachts, the book dealer still voyages frequently. In 1929 he returned from England, in a sailboat. The crossing took three months and was a good deal less turbulent than life on land would have been during those months of the market crash.

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THE LAST STYLIST

NOW FAINTLY NOSTALGIC, THE CAMERA ART OF ARNOLD GENTHE RECALLS A DEPARTED GRACE

"You are a queer duck, Dr. Genthe —a Don Juan, a Hermit Monk, a Chinese Sage, a University Professor —all rolled into one." This is what a friend once told the Herr Doktor, and corrupted his life.

Genthe is statuesque as Goethe, rococo as Liszt. He belongs to a day when men read Hegel and had chamber music with their coffee.

He stands some six-foot two in his riding boots. His full, grey hair sets off features firm and definitive as a Roman bronze.

Self-Portrait: Arnold Genthe

His manner has an archaic courtliness. All time is ahead—and the world lies in this scroll, to be unrolled at your pleasure.

His studio is disordered, heterodox, *fin de siècle*. It could be backstage at the Metropolitan or in the middle of Silo's auction rooms. Here is an old Buddha, a kakemono, here a moth-eaten chair and some rusty razor blades.

The sides of the room are covered with books, the books with pictures, the pictures with dust.

There are tables with books, tables heaped high with pictures, tables weighted down with old negatives; tripods, stands, screens, lights.

The place hasn't been swept since the Armistice. It is not the sort of place that calls for sweeping. You would no more sweep the Acropolis.

The shades are drawn; there is a pleasant, melancholy gloom. Straining your eyes, you see a Sung landscape.

In the corners of the room you can hear ghosts wrestling. They are an

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odd assortment, and a polyglot one.

Dr. Genthe will ask you to connect the light. There is no switch. You connect loose wires on the floor.

You wend your way slowly into the room, stepping over books, roof tiles, pictures.

Suddenly you come to a clearing. Here is perspective. You find pleasant, nude ladies. Some are gaily dancing. Some reflecting light with their thighs. Some enjoying pagan repose.

This is the sanctum, center of the labyrinth. Here pictures are made.

★ ★ ★

Genthe represents a style, a grace, a gesture which has long since sped away from this positive business world. To see him, today, it is important to equate time and space.

His youth was the time of the Manfred tradition. Life was Byronic. Supermen stalked Europe.

Scholars suddenly uncovered the ancient world. Men studied philology and muttered to themselves in Greek.

Young boys were consecrating themselves to Beauty. Some sought it through the Seventh Degree of Concentration.

In America, the Gibson Girl was becoming a Grecian goddess and the ninth incarnation of Kuan-Yin, patroness of Mercy. The Gideon Society was preparing to hand out the *Bhagavad Gita*.

On a less spiritual plane, architects were designing houses with Turkish "dens" and Little Egypt was introducing, for better or for worse, an art called the hoochie-coochie.

It was a world set on a Doric column in the middle of a plush-lined room filled with incense.

It tempted God to let loose the San Francisco earthquake and the Chicago fire.

Genthe had to emerge from all this to begin "the constant quest for beauty, which perhaps has been the chief aim of my life."

★ ★ ★

Genthe was born in Berlin, in 1869. His father was professor of Greek and Latin in one of the oldest Gymnasien —the Graues Kloster.

He takes pride in the scholarship of the proto-Genthes. Many were philologists, Hegelians, architects, naval heroes, writers of meditations. Invariably they were favorites of one nobleman or another.

One was a baron in his own right; favorite of himself.

Genthe grew up, enrolled at Jena. He reveled in the associations with things long past, musty memories of derring-do. He majored in classical philology, argued in Latin, published a thesis on Lucan.

He compiled a dictionary of German slang. Bismarck liked it; sent thanks for his complimentary copy on letter-head bearing "his beautifully embossed coat of arms." The young one had a future.

After four semesters at Jena, Genthe signed up at Berlin. Then at the Sorbonne.

In 1895, he started for California

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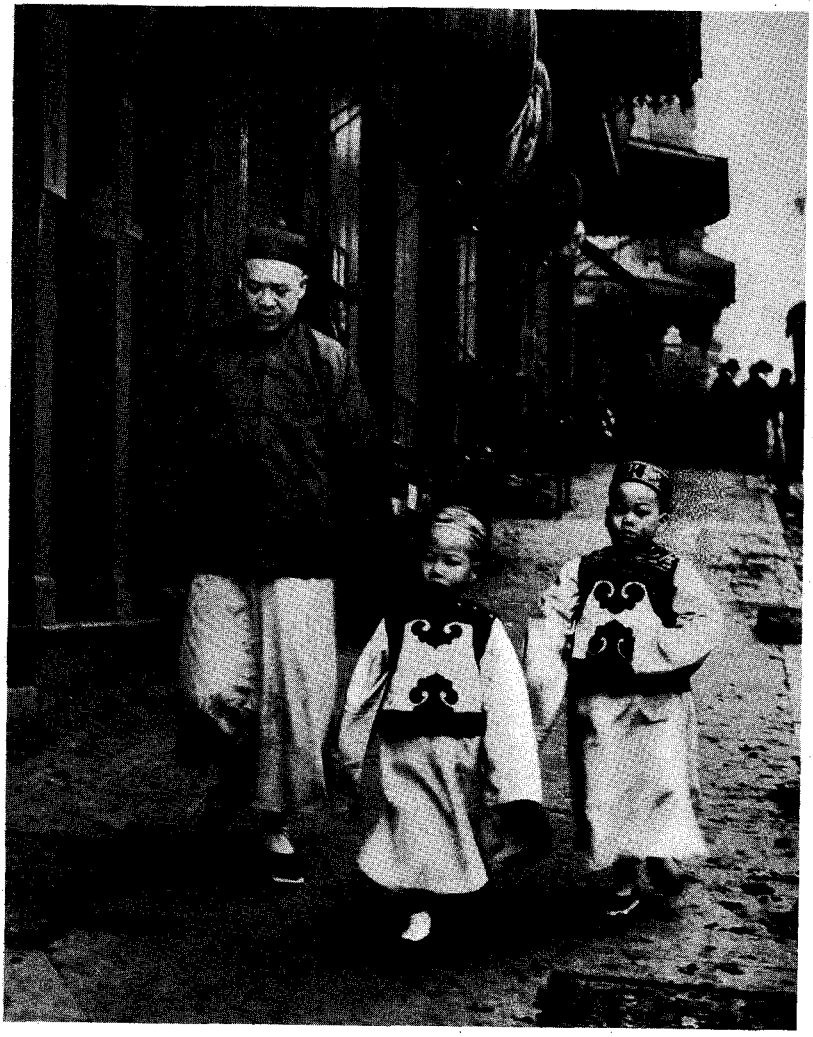

OLD CHINATOWN: SAN FRANCISCO

Genthe's first work was a photographic record of "the Canton of the West." Faced with oriental superstitions, his pictures had to be taken unobserved. The resulting technique—today called "candid"—produced such striking qualities that Genthe extended it to other fields.

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ELEONORA DUSE

Genthe, in reverent tones, calls this a portrait of "the most beautiful woman who ever sat for me." Taken when Duse was 64 it pictures "the bravery and wisdom with which she had fulfilled her destiny" . . . and which had "molded her face into an unsurpassed sculptural beauty."

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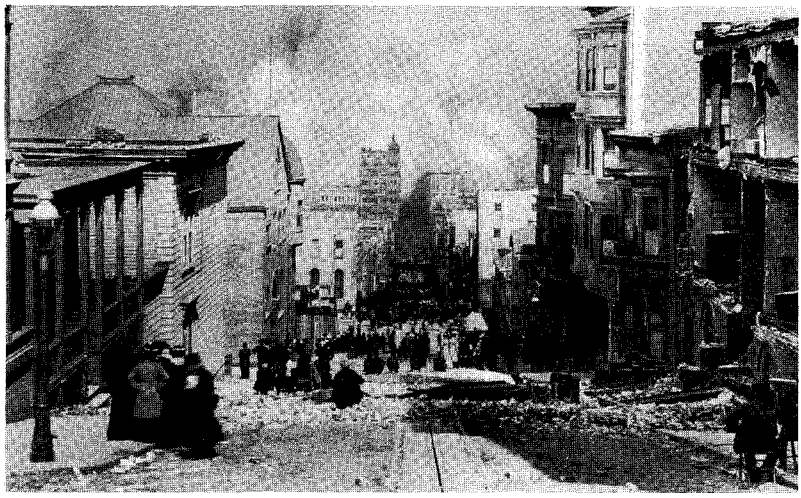

SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

Genthe took this historic photograph on April 18, 1906 with an Eastman Brownie camera. The fire had wiped out his studio and everything in it. Not to be denied, Genthe dashed into a store, borrowed the first camera he could lay hands on, and clicked off a great picture.

as tutor to the son of one Baron Heinrich von Schroeder.

* * *

Genthe liked these parts. He liked the freedom and stretch of America. He liked the free-legged American girls. He liked the open cosmopolitanism.

Then there was the exotic East—Chinatown, the new Canton.

Fragrance and soft music were in those winding alleys. All Karma calling.

At first he tried to sketch the fleeting sights. He would hide behind a joss stick. Or in a cloud of incense. But the hand, in that evanescent world, was no companion to the eye.

But then there was the camera.

True, it was a cantrap. Strange, complex. But to a master of philology, no problem.

He bought an inconspicuous little box. It could have been an incense burner.

Day after day, he slunk through the shadows. Into every crack he crept and hid. He was Arsene Lupin in quest of a clue.

The camera was hidden. Exposures were secret. Technique was "candid."

The first work was sad, blurred, way under. As a certain Japanese friend would have said: "I feel velly solly for you; it is nossing."

Gradually he worked out constants.

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Time, which heals all things, cured under-exposure. Chinatown went down on record.

Then a traumatic incident; the pretty girls.

"One day," said Genthe, "there came a goddess swinging a tennis racket. Her hair was a cloud of flame. Her skin was like a rose petal. With head erect she moved her perfectly molded figure with a free and easy grace. As she walked along, not one man so much as glanced at her."

"What kind of men are these?" he asked himself. "Stone?"

Then he realized that this was California, where every girl is a "goddess" . . . and every home a shrine.

"Everywhere one went," said he, "one saw these fine-featured, valiant young women, with their extraordinary coloring and their radiant spirit.

"Theirs was surely a beauty to be recorded. But when one saw photographs of them the radiance and spirit were missing."

Then Dr. Freud dragged in Daguerre by the scruff of the neck. Perhaps this is not the right figure.

Genthe started thinking—wishful thinking.

"There must be some way," he rationalized to himself, "of taking their pictures so that they would be more than a mere surface record . . ."

He considered the matter a little more. Then he decided to take a flyer with his Chinese technique. "Catch them unawares." That was it. Hide the moment of the thrust.

Genthe was cavalier, but Genthe was shy. "I had a certain timidity," he admitted, "about experimenting with any of the lovely young creatures I knew . . . So I decided to practice on men."

He began shooting Count Artsimovitch, the Russian Consul General; Baron Alexander von Schroeder; Fred Hall, the Turkish Consul.

With the shooting came new techniques and a general theory: "I was determined to show people a new kind of photography: there would be *no stilted poses; as a matter of fact,* no poses at all. . . .

"I would try to take my sitters at a moment when they would not realize that the camera was ready. . . .

"I would show them prints in which a uniform sharpness would be avoided, and emphasis laid on portraying a person's character instead of making a commonplace record of clothes and a photographic mask."

Time passed.

Sitters came and stood and sat and went.

Genthe took his work out for appraisal. He went to a famous art dealer.

"Very interesting, indeed," said the dealer. "But what are they? Mezzotints?"

The problem was ended. He had arrived.

Soon San Francisco was saying: "What do you want? Carbons? Platinums? Or that new Genthe style?"

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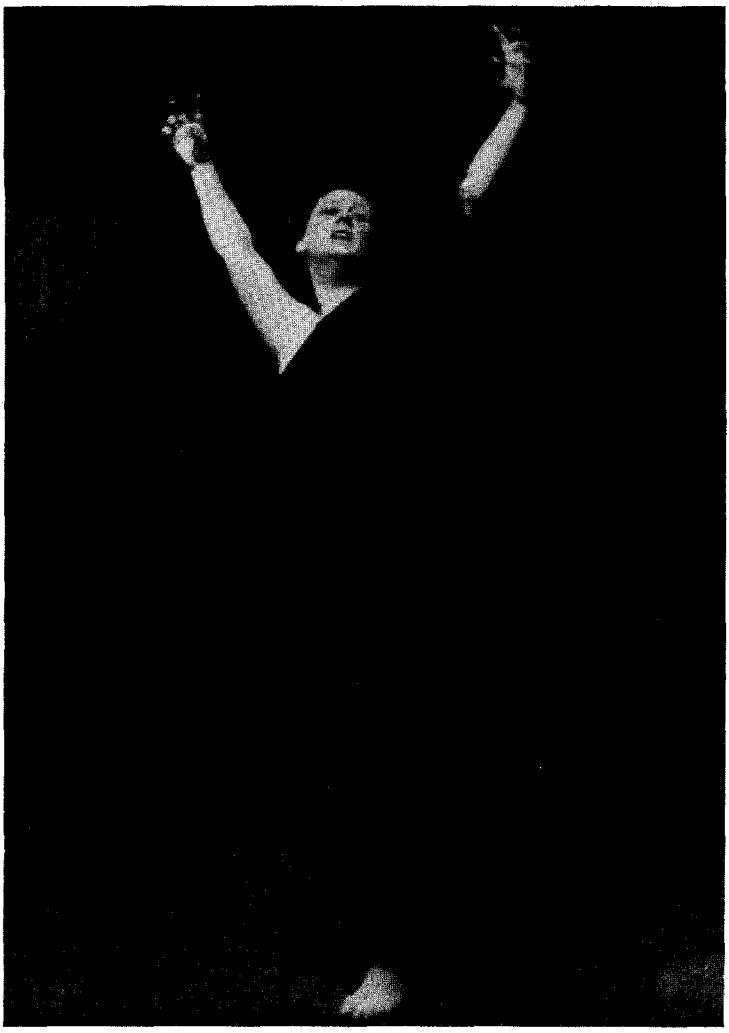

ISADORA DUNCAN

Isadora Duncan had always fought shy of photographs. One day she turned up unannounced in Genthe's studio with the statement, "I will let you take my passport picture." Finding it painless, she said, "Let's try some more." This, and others of a famous group, were the result.

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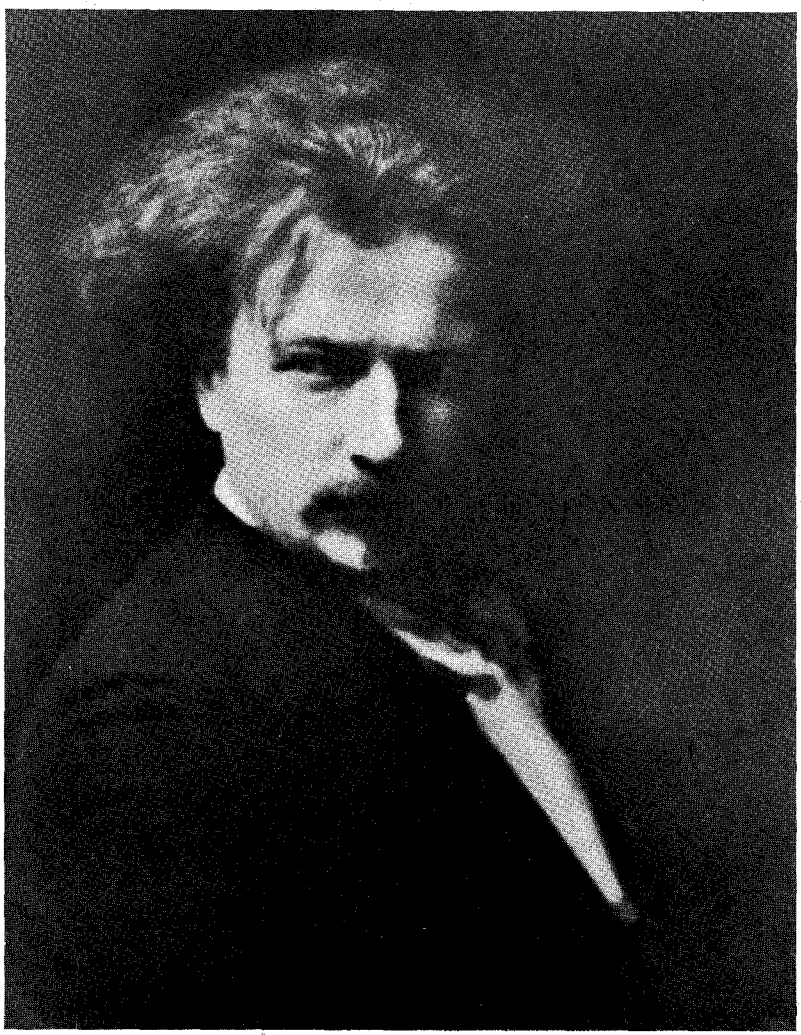

IGNACE PADEREWSKI

This is one of Genthe's earliest pictures to win international acclaim. It was made in ten minutes—all Paderewski could spare. Most of the time was consumed in a discussion of oriental art. The shot was a candid one, made without the pianist's knowledge during the talk.

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Celebrities collected like ants: People came from all corners of the earth to have themselves made into something higher, deeper, finer, bigger.

The earthquake came along and did away with studio and such goods, worldly and unworldly, as Genthe had gathered.

Then there was New York. More dancers and divas, Duncans and Duses; maestros and men.

It was now possible to indulge the finely-drawn tastes that temperament and training had nourished. Genthe haunted the auctions, the far away places. He gathered jades that would credit the Field Museum.

He covered land and water, rubbed noses with the Ainu, shot orthodox priests in Bulgarian lairs.

He took part in the restoration of Rhodes; made it possible to uncover the figure of Hippocrates at Cos.

He evolved plans for enriching the western museums with materials he collected in the Aegean. He put at his fingers' ends priceless sculptures of "unquestioned" authenticity and workmanship. He proposes such material, from the small "barn-like" museums of the Archipelago as supplements to the Metropolitan—a large part of which collection he holds in high disregard.

He kept his interest in the multiple facets of civilization in balance with his creative work. He matured in those eternal things that made Stieglitz say: "Above everything else, Genthe is a man of deep and broad culture."

Today, at 69 or 70, in a small place sweeping the top of a small building on East 49th Street, Genthe carries on his cloister. With an indomitable presence, he preserves the elegance of spirit and fullness of tastes which become the tradition of a noble Roman, arbiter elegantiarum.

★ ★ ★

Genthe has a rare sense of *noblesse*. Several incidents will make this clear:

In San Francisco, he had a Japanese servant named Hamada.

One day, during the diplomatic visit of a Japanese training squadron, Hamada went up to Genthe and said, with some embarrassment: "Master, I have favor to ask. Tomorrow, Japanese captain come at eleven o'clock. Must not know I am servant."

"What do you want me to do?" Genthe asked.

"I like captain to think I own studio."

Genthe quickly took the hint and offered to act as butler. Promptly at eleven the next morning, the captain arrived in full dress uniform. Genthe opened the door and ceremoniously ushered him into the studio. And there Hamada entertained him with all the treasures of the household.

There was the story of the Rhine wine. All San Francisco was tumbling. New quakes, new fires were laying waste the city. Genthe was out paying visits, taking pictures.

Returning to his studio, he found a trooper at the door. The block was to be dynamited. No one was to enter.

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Inside were valuable cameras, lenses, an irreplaceable collection of books written by Genthes' ancestors, manuscripts. No one was to enter.

But above everything else, one thing stood out in Genthe's mind. There was a bottle of Johannisberger Schloss, 1893, in his cellar. Long stored away for a state occasion, it was waiting. And no state moment could be more significant.

The state trooper had to be invited. "A drink? Oh yes. By all means."

But Johannisberger Schloss would have been a thankless gift to a trooper. Whisky for the man.

With thunderous explosions on all sides, an acrid pall of smoke overhead, Genthe and the trooper calmly set down the drink.

The trooper poured himself jigger after jigger of whisky.

It is Genthe's proud boast that, neither the danger, worry, nor provocation of the moment could induce him to gulp that sacred wine.

Slowly he rolled each sip over his tongue, savoring the fine-drawn flavor. He passed the glass back and forth under his nostrils, and drew in the bouquet.

Ten minutes later the place was blown up.

★ ★ ★

Genthe can judge the dramatic value of a type of beauty as surely as the patina of a K'ang Hsi vase.

Garbo might have slipped through, but for this polished eye.

One day, Martha Hedman, the Swedish actress, brought the director, Mauritz Stiller to Genthe's studio. Stiller brought with him a certain Miss Greta Garbo.

Miss Garbo looked at Genthe's pictures. She was taken. She said, "I would like to have you make some pictures of me . . . sometime."

"Why sometime," snapped Genthe, always on the *qui vive* with a pretty face.

"Why not now," he repeated, lest there be some misunderstanding. "You're here and I'm here and I must make some real photographs of you to have a visible proof that you are real."

It seems Miss Garbo protested, pointed to her hair, her dress. But now Dr. Genthe was hot on the scent. "Never mind that," he said. "I am more interested in your eyes and in what is behind that extraordinary forehead."

Without more ado, he went to work.

Genthe took the pictures to Frank Crowninshield, then editor of *Vanity Fair*. Crowninshield was not very interested. "The pictures are very good," he said. "But who is the girl? I never heard of her."

There was much argument. Finally Crowninshield agreed to use one. Genthe would only release it if it were given a whole page. Reluctantly, after considerable hesitation, Crowninshield agreed.

In the meanwhile, Miss Garbo was not having easy sailing. She had a plethora of tests. She was carefully

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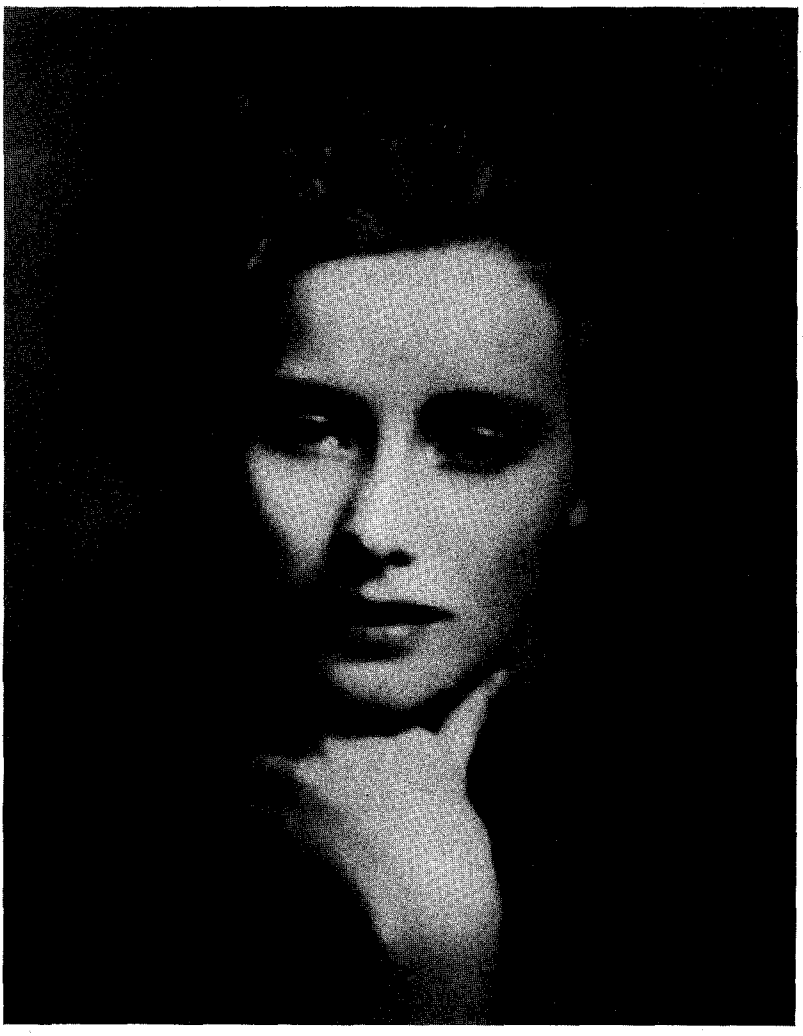

GRETA GARBO

This is one of the pictures which saved Garbo for America. Taken before she became a Benda mask, it caught the quality which the early screen tests missed and thereby projected her into stardom. Genthe said: "One can forgive Hollywood its crassness—but not its blindness."

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appraised by every microscopic device known to the film industry. "No good," was the answer. "A type. Good, maybe, for one or two pictures. Then all washed up."

Weeks passed. Then, one day, sad and wistful, she called at Genthe's place. "I've come to say goodbye. They don't seem to want me. They say I'm a type. I'm going back to Berlin."

Genthe buckled on his samurai sword. Bright honor was being plucked. He wanted to know if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had seen the pictures he made.

"No," said Miss Garbo, "I wanted to keep those for myself. They have so many of me already."

Said Genthe, with Germanic firmness: "Go right back to your hotel—send those pictures over to the M.G.M. offices."

The pictures arrived during a directors' meeting.

"Great heavens!" said one. "Is that the blonde Swede who has been hanging around here these last weeks? If she can look like that we better sign her up. Don't let her get away. Give her what she wants."

Forthwith she was signed up . . . at $350 a week.

★ ★ ★

The romantic quality of Genthe's pictures have a happy faculty for making life easier for his sitters. Take the case of Mrs. Galt:

Wilson was having hard going. People didn't like a president with a sex life. It hardly seemed proper.

One day, Genthe was shooting a certain pupil from the Finch School. The girl brought a friend. The friend was Mrs. Galt.

The sitting over, the girl suggested Mrs. Galt pose. Like Garbo, Mrs. Galt didn't have the right dress. Genthe produced a kimono. Mrs. Galt sat. That was that.

Some time later a long distance call came from the White House. "After five o'clock, today, representatives of the newspapers will come to you for copies of your picture of Mrs. Galt . . . and you are authorized to let them have it."

This picture did its work.

The widow of Admiral Dewey, who was a leader of opinion in Washington, opened her paper in the morning and saw the soft, diplomatic portrait.

"So he's going to marry again," she said. "Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt. I don't know who she is. I've never heard of her, but I can tell from this photograph that she must be a woman of extraordinary charm."

Wilson said: "It is very fortunate, indeed, that we had such a photograph to give to the press."

★ ★ ★

Genthe takes great pride in selective vision—the field of the artist's eye.

He argues that the chief social contribution of the camera is that it teaches people to look at things . . . see two beauties where there was only one before. He illustrates this not-overwhelming observation with the

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incident of Rockefeller—the old man.

It seems that Genthe was invited to Pocantico Hills to shoot the Rockefeller gardens.

He prowled about, softened his focus, selected his views.

When old Rockefeller saw the prints, he was upset. "They are not clear," he said. "I feel when I look at them as if I needed to wipe my glasses.

"Further, I don't see why you took only a part of the fountain and a part of the tea house."

So Genthe explained about art.

But Rockefeller was not convinced. He would consult his art adviser, Mr. Sargent.

Mr. Sargent said the prints were art.

And that was that. From then on visitors to Pocantico Hills were conducted to Genthe's focal points, inducted into beauty. Art had made good with Mr. Rockefeller, and Arnold Genthe had been its prophet.

★ ★ ★

It is not easy to condense Genthe's life into the cramped space of an article. It has been a colorful life, replete with pleasure.

And Genthe's work is inseparably intertwined with this life. It is a personal thing, mirroring his enthusiasms, his quirks, his physical and psychic needs.

It gives you the people he liked, the living he liked.

It reflects his humanism and the roundness of his personal aesthetics. At no time does it worm deeply below the surface, exposing things in ugly essence. He has no desire to delineate the evil that exists or to put his toe on a party line.

There was no striving to bring art to the masses, or masses to art; no bitterness that what he did do did not take.

He is unblushingly romantic and escapist. His world is the world of the epicure, plastered with the pleasant symbols of a dream. If life pressed too hard, he would step aside with a courtly bow.

He asked life to be exquisite and reasonable. Life donned a *No* mask and answered "Yes."

He peddled no nostrum.

He leaned on no flame.

As he dies, he will blow three times on a little jade horse and ride out with the Emperor Shun.

—Robert W. Marks

THE COFFEE HABIT

As an example of how awkward it is to make a slight change of habit or method, try taking a cup of coffee and a doughnut, with the coffee in the left hand and the doughnut in the right hand. If you think such a revolutionary change will not upset you, just try it! —Fred C. Kelly

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IT'S A STRAD

DISCOVERING ONE BURIED IN THE ATTIC IS LIKE FINDING A PEARL IN AN OYSTER—AND NO WONDER

MAN and his machines have in 200 years performed wonders. Yet they have been unable to produce violins as fine as those that once hung drying in the sun outside a little shop in 17th century Italy.

When the proprietor of that shop died in 1737, Johann Sebastian Bach was still to write some of his great music. Beethoven and Mozart weren't to be born for a score of years. Brahms wasn't to live for a full century. But the music of all these masters—and that of today's composers, too, is declared to be at its best when interpreted on the instruments made by the tall, spare Italian, Antonio Stradivari of Cremona.

For most of us there is magic in that name. It calls up romantic tales of "lost" Strads found to the tune of thousands of dollars— of the "recipe" for the secret Strad varnish turning up in mysterious old manuscripts—of aged music masters who starved rather than part with Strads of fabulous value.

All this is alien to the man himself. Old Antonio was no magician. He was instead a solid craftsman who loved his trade and his family—he raised ten children. They were as dear to him as his fiddles, and it was to provide them with a good living that many of the now cherished Strads were carved and glued in the violin-maker's shop.

Stradivari didn't work for art's sake. He ran a business, made fiddles on commission, received for them what they were worth, his price in most cases being a little higher than his competitors'.

For seventy-two years Antonio Stradivari made violins under his own label. (That excludes the years of apprenticeship he spent in the shop of another famous maker, Nicolai Amati.) He didn't produce instruments at the same rate always, but one violoncello or two violins a month wasn't unusual. During his most productive period, he turned out an average of twenty-five violins and ten cellos a year. About 1725 (when he was eighty-one) he seems to have slowed up some—producing only a dozen instruments each year. The year he died (when he was ninety-three) he completed three of them.

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A few more than 500 of these Strads have weathered the knocks of two centuries. Of that number, twenty-five were back in Cremona this past summer. There they were used in a concert commemorating the bicentennial of old Antonio's death. Among them was the last violin he made, and the first. The early one was loaned by its present owner, Mr. R. Peterson of San Francisco, and the late one, known as "Lord Norton's" violin, by Samuel Fels of Philadelphia.

Side by side this pair of Strads emphasized the progress their maker made during his long lifetime. From the model noted for its solid build and resemblance to the violins of his teacher, Amati, Stradivari moved to fiddles of longer, more graceful lines and curves. His finishes, too, were more beautiful, and every detail of each instrument exquisitely done.

The Stradivari varnish has been the center of a long-standing technical controversy. Some authorities contend the recipe for the varnish was Stradivari's secret, and his alone. Others insist that the silken finish the master spread over his violins was used by all Cremona luthiers of the time, and that the art of making it has since been lost. Pages have been written defending these respective positions.

The disputants agree, however, that Stradivari had an expert hand with varnish, and that he called on the sun to play an important part in mellowing that finish. Every Strad ripened on the flat roof of his workshop, and Stradivari himself in two letters insisted:

"A violin cannot be brought to perfection without the strong heat of the sun."

Over the years, Stradivari made money. The price of his violins rose steadily with their maker's reputation. While an Amati violin usually brought more than one by Stradivari, the latter ranked higher than other makers of the time. Strads could be purchased at his shop for from $50 to $75. These were high prices in the money of that time. Violoncellos cost more—from $125 to $175. There were wide variations, of course, depending on the materials. Sometimes a wealthy buyer wanted gem-inlaid fingerboards, and other costly extras.

At the time, though, Strads commanded the prices quoted, only in Italy. Outside the country Cremona violins weren't well known. And Cervetto, the violoncellist, who tried to dispose of a consignment of Strad instruments in England, finally returned them to Stradivari because he could find no one who would pay even five pounds for a cello.

Strad collecting became a serious business around 1815, when the excitement and destruction that accompanied Napoleon's conquests were over. People began to inspect carefully the label inside the fiddle that had remained untouched in the attic for years. Connoisseurs from London and Paris swarmed through the Cremona country, peering into dresser drawers

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and under chests for "lost" Strads. Giacomo Stradivari's mother, a descendant of Antonio, sold a violin for 500 lire to a Frenchman who just thought he might be getting a Strad.

But few of Antonio's instruments were had for a song after the first rush of discoveries was over. There was soon a premium on those that were known. The London dealers, W. E. Hill and his sons, who have devoted their lives to an account of the life and work of Antonio Stradivari, believe that most of the estimated 600 lost Strads were destroyed more than a century ago. They blame political upheavals and pillages mostly. Cremona, they point out, was sacked in 1705, and many of the instruments must have perished then, in Stradivari's lifetime. Austria, France, and Spain, where most of the Strads were later distributed, suffered from continual warfare for many years.

At any rate, the Hills discourage Strad hunting today. "We do not suppose," they say, "most of these hypothetical instruments to be lying *perdus* in the hands of the ignorant, for during an experience extending over half a century we have met with scarely any such cases."

That conclusion isn't stopping them nor most of us from keeping an eye out for any stray Strads. The Chief of the Music Division at the Library of Congress says he gets letters almost every day—at least three a week—from violin owners who want to verify their conviction that they own or have located genuine Strads. In almost every case, the inquirer's hopes have been falsely raised by a label—duplicate of Stradivari's own—pasted, let's say traditionally, inside a violin's back. This label means at most that an instrument is a copy of a Stradivari model. Usually the date the model was made also appears on the label, further misleading the trusting observer. My own violin, a middle-aged German instrument, bears a label reading:

"Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis Faciebat Anno 1721."

It is signed with the fabled Maltese Cross and the initials A S within a circle. I have definitely been assured that it is no Strad! On the other hand, Strads do turn up now and then.

So prized are the 500 known Strad violins, violas, and cellos that most of them are in collections, locked up and soundless. About one-third of them are in America, most of the others in Europe. A few are in the hands of professional violinists, the most famous of whom are nearly all equipped with the treasured instruments—Fritz Kreisler, Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman, Jacques Thibaud, Nathan Milstein, Mischa Mischakoff, Max Rosen, Toscha Seidel, Louis Krasner, Ruth Breton.

Not all the instruments in collections are mute, however. Two years ago Mrs. Gertrude Clarke Whittall gave the Library of Congress a quintet of Strads, including some of the most famous. Anyone who visits the Library in Washington may see and possibly

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hear them. Mrs. Whittall provided the Library with a fund in excess of $100,000 with which to present programs in which the Strads will be played.

A series of these programs is arranged each year. Leading chamber music artists in the country were brought to Washington to play the Strads, and several of the programs were broadcast over nation-wide networks.

The "Betts" violin (1704) is included in the Library's collection. Said to be the most beautiful and nearly perfect violin Stradivari made, it is also important because it is the first "modern" violin, which dated from the time when the master at last broke away from the influence of Amati.

Treasured as they are, there is little fear that Strads are being destroyed today—that is, in the conventional way.

For more than 100 years, known Strads have rarely disappeared or been lost. One was burned in a London theatre fire in 1808. Another was stolen in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1870 and has never been recovered. What really worries dealers and connoisseurs is the mistreatment and vandalism that goes on, some of it well-meaning.

Repair men in an effort to restore crippled Strads have performed such major operations on many of them that, when restored, they could hardly be called originals. A violin which Stradivari made for Cosimo de Medici (1690) was sent to a European violinmaker for repairs. It had suffered a slight attack of worms. Intent on saving the pearl cupids on the fingerboard and tailpiece, the repair man whacked the neck off, laid the gems in a new fingerboard and tailpiece of his own make, and called the job a restoration.

Many a Strad has had its sides lowered or its face lifted by men who thought they could improve on Stradivari. Strads are sensitive instruments; an unskillful touch may throw them out of balance, and their beauty, both in looks and in tone, is gone forever.

There is still another menace to surviving Strads, even the most cherished. While fine instruments improve with use, they can be ruined by overuse, and the Hill brothers are worrying about the treatment being given many Strads. They say to play one steadily is to bring it to a premature death.

That violin in your closet probably isn't a Strad. But don't be too disappointed.

With the thrill of making, right in your own home, one of the greatest finds in the world would come grave responsibilities. There are thick handbooks on the care and handling of Strads.

And they say that Heifetz leaps out of bed each morning to make sure his Strad has passed through the night unmolested. —Jay Walz

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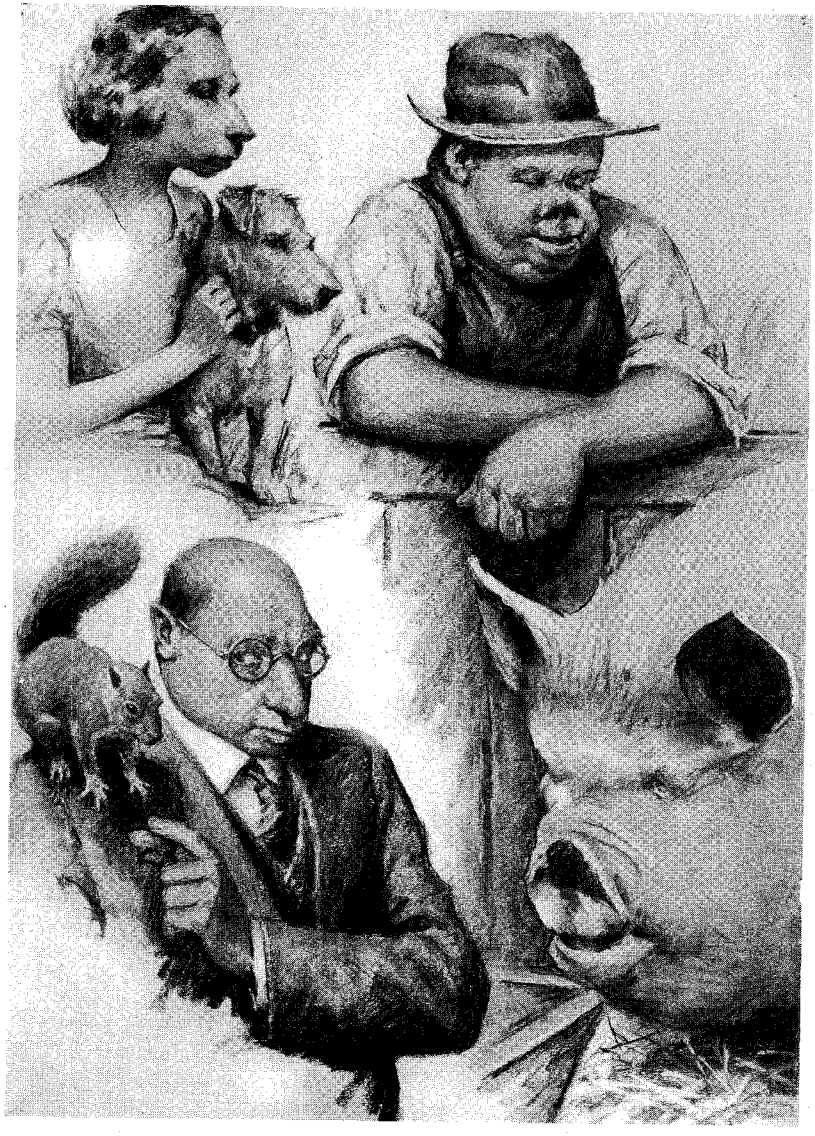
THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION:



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LOOK-ALIKES BY W. C. NIMS

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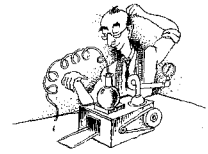
LAUGHED TO OBLIVION

HE SPOUTED IDEAS LIKE A GEYSER, BUT NOBODY EVER GOT AROUND TO TAKING HIM SERIOUSLY



HUMANITY prides itself on the children of genius it has produced. It might bow its head, too, about those it has crushed. We have murdered many a man who has shown himself a bit ahead of our time, or we have ignored him completely, or laughed him out of court. The last weapon, ridicule, is also a deadly one.

There lived in the 18th century a "poor wretch" (that was what many people then called him) who was so ridiculed that his name is today unknown; and since his death there has been but one reference made to him in any periodical. We find it in *The Lady's Magazine* of 1794, which, quoting from *A Life of Franklin*, has this passage:

"The tone produced by rubbing the brim of a drinking glass with a wet finger had been generally known. A Mr. Puckeridge, an Irishman, by placing on a table a number of glasses of different sizes, and tuning them by partly filling them with water endeavored to form an instrument capable of playing tunes. He was prevented by an untimely death from bringing his invention to perfection. After his death some improvements were made on his plan. The sweetness of the tone induced Dr. Franklin to make a variety of experiments, and he at length formed that excellent instrument, which he called the Armonica."

Benjamin Franklin, who is wrongly remembered in America as the inventor, made but a minor improvement on the original, and Franklin himself in a little-known letter, written in 1762, credits "one Mr. Puckeridge, a gentleman from Ireland," as the inventor. His own improvement was to substitute globes of various sizes for glasses.

This is all posterity knows of this "Puckeridge," and it has his name, even as it has the "poor wretch" himself, wrong. His name was Richard Pockrich, and he was perhaps the most remarkable figure of his age, in a sense a veritable Celtic Leonardo da Vinci, whose brain teemed with projects and inventions for the betterment of humanity. He lived in Dublin, a metropolis at that time famous for its wags. Pockrich fell afoul of them, and his projects were ridiculed to scorn. He was lampooned as an eccen-

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tric, imbecile, idiot, a charlatan, crackpot, and madman.

Some of the inventions which he originated, however, are today realities, while others are now proved to have had a definite objective value in the light of modern research and discovery.

Pockrich was born in 1690 of an old and prominent family at Derrylusk, Monaghan, Ireland. Virtually nothing is known of his boyhood and early youth, and here we see the aura of strangeness and mystery that hangs around exceptional figures of the past. It is known that when twenty-five years old he settled in Dublin to open up a brewery and distillery. He then met his first misfortune when he ran across the path of one Brockhill Newburgh, who was to lampoon him to the end of his days. Newburgh was then the leading wit and wag of Dublin, with a coterie of jokesters of his own, and he spotted Pockrich as good copy. He started to write a heroic poem of twenty-four books about him to be called *The Pockriad*, telling of the life and adventures of the inventor of new plans "for the improvement of everybody and everything." Newburgh began with the brewery and distillery, lampooning the beer plant all over the city, though being a lover of good whiskey himself he did not mention that beverage.

After much publicity along this line, the brewery flopped, so Pockrich turned to another project. He spent a large sum of money for two thousand geese and brought them to the Wicklow mountains where on several thousand barren acres he began a poultry farm to supply "the markets of Ireland, Britain, Scotland, France, and Germany." Newburgh was again on hand:

His numerous flocks the Bard next sees,
Not flocks of sheep but flocks of geese;
As geese by cackling saved a state,
So grazing geese may mend thy fate.

The poultry farm was lampooned out of existence. But in his astounding ingenuity Pockrich immediately turned to another of his thousand-and-one schemes and inventions. This was the "musical glasses," which, though by no means his highest claim to remembrance, remained the only one of his many projects that his contemporaries did not laugh out of court. The writers of his day appreciated "the concord of sweet sounds" produced by Pockrich from ordinary drinking glasses, and if we of the present swing-music era can smile at the praise then bestowed on the ingenious contrivance, it might be mentioned that some of the greatest minds of the time were intrigued by it. In short, the glasses became the rage in Europe, but Pockrich did not get any money from his idea.

We find various contemporary references to the invention. Goldsmith referred to them, and in one of his admirable letters to Mason, Gray, the poet, says: "Here is M. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like

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nightingales, and we have concerts every other night." Horace Walpole also mentions them in a letter: "The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German; he is to have a benefit at which he will play a set of drinking glasses, which he modulates with water." Mozart, Beethoven, and other eminent musicians of the time also wrote music for the improved form devised by Franklin, which became popular in America.

But Pockrich was emphatically not a man of one idea, and now his fertile mind formulated another project which again was in advance of its time. He drew up plans for the erection of an astronomical observatory with school attached on a high mountain. But the wags, erewhile silent because of the popularity of the glasses, turned on him again and made him a laughing stock through the city. Newburgh took the lead with these opening lines:

From humbler sounds that soothe
our ears,
You seek the music of the spheres;
When far from ken of human sight
You seek some mountain's aery
height;
Wrapt in the clouds you there survey
A boundless tract of land and sea—
Or with a leveled tube from far
Descry a bog in every star,
Or else to human cares descending
You read those fates you still are
mending.

This sort of stuff took the wind out of Pockrich's sails again. He then conceived the idea of building a "flying-ship" and asserted that with some backing he could produce one for every individual. He had a side plan for furnishing specially-made wings for anyone who could not afford to buy a ship. "The day will come," he said, "when men will fly as easily as walk." Newburgh put it, "When it will be as common for men to call for their wings as now for their boots." And Tom Moore joined the chorus of wags with:

When pleasure began to grow dull
in the East,
They could order their wings and
be off to the West.

Pockrich was now flat broke. He had squandered on his projects the entire sum of 85,000 pounds, the private fortune left him by his father, and he was often obliged, while dazzling his friends with box-car numbers of finance to be made from his ideas, to borrow a three-penny piece.

The wags now played their dirtiest trick on him. In 1745 they introduced him to a widow and gave him to understand that she was worth much money. Pockrich, seeing a chance for capital to carry out his further projects, made suit and married her. She was found to be heavily in debt. She on the other hand had been told that Pockrich was worth a lot of money, and when she found he was broke, she ran away with Theophilus Cibber, the theatrical celebrity of the day. The wags had a great time. Newburgh wrote a series of couplets beginning:

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From flights sublime in liquid air,
Descending, you address the Fair.

Pockrich now retired to the silences for a while. He was not yet done, for he came forth with his most astounding project.

He had been studying medicine for some months, and he popped up with a plan for the "transfusion of blood from one human body to another." This was the most daring idea yet, and the unheard-of notion excited so much comment from doctors and medical officials that they were for having him sent to an insane asylum. Pockrich, however, insisted that he could "save human lives by it, and could by connecting a sick person with a healthy one by a pipe or tube, so revive the former as to make him healthy and well again." Newburgh was on the job:

Pockrich shall live to see old Death
Resign his pestilential breath.

His mind still teemed with other projects but he was in direst poverty and had no means of carrying them out. He decided to enter politics, but he made no progress here.

Though he saw none of his major schemes come to fruition, Pockrich held that his every project and prediction was feasible and capable of being fulfilled. His end was tragic. To carry out a few other schemes, in 1759 he left Dublin, where his name was mud, to play concerts on his musical glasses in England and on the Continent, from the proceeds of which he could get financial backing. One night while lodging at Hamlin's Coffee House, near the Royal Exchange, a fire broke out there and he was trapped and burned to death. The fire was said, however, to have originated from his own room and to have originated from some chemicals wherewith he was concocting some new experiment. He died in harness.

Such was the madcap of his rather unprogressive age. He was a failure far in advance of his time, another child of genius who had his troubles and his dreams, his vibrations from the still undiscovered sources of light. Anyway, the "poor wretch" tried and tried, only to be laughed into oblivion.

—T. F. HEALY

It was with considerable gratification that CORONET originally announced, in response to requests from its readers, the establishment of a service whereby contact prints of CORONET photographs would be made available at the cost price of $1 each . . . and it is now with regret that CORONET notifies its readers that this service must be discontinued because of the question of copyrights which it involves. Effective immediately, no further orders for prints of CORONET photographs can be accepted.

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A GUIDE TO HOCKEY

BEING STRICTLY A LAYMAN'S INTERPRETATION OF THE SO-CALLED FINE POINTS OF THE GAME

HOCKEY is a winter game which is played on skates on various rinks indoors and out. When witty people at hockey games are asked if they think the team with the lead will be able to hold it, they invariably reply: "Yep. The game's on ice." We shouldn't let that bother us too much. Hockey *is* a good game.

It is played chiefly by Canadians, and those who have seen the professionals perform readily understand why the U. S. A. will pick no scraps with Canada even if there were any reason to. The object of this pastime is to whip a funny disk called the puck into the other team's goal. Various plays, known as "scoring plays" contribute to this. I will give a few.

The poke check is a maneuver where the butt end of the hockey stick is poked into the opposing defense man's left eye. It frequently scores a trip to the hospital. Another crafty play is the board check. In this one the defense man gets his opponent between himself and the board fence surrounding the rink, and then charges in, the object being to cause aforesaid opponent to bounce over the fence into the first row of the bleachers. It is a very crafty play.

The hook check also is highly recommended. In this one the player sweeps his hockey stick along the ice, and then hooks it into his opponent's skate. He now pulls swiftly and forcefully, and the results are sometimes perfectly amazing. Almost all unsuspecting opponents fall for this one.

These maneuvers sometimes operate on the boomerang principle. On the poke check, the initiator of the play might get poked back, and on the board check he might overshoot his opponent and bounce over the fence himself.

Hockey is frequently played in big enclosures which are also used for prize-fighting. That is why fight fans are usually devoted hockey enthusiasts.

This game is also played by amateurs, chiefly former college athletes who have been out a few years. After these informal games on various rural ponds they are usually out for a few more. I should like to be playing hockey right now, but will be unable to. I have decided to take a trip to Florida.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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CORONET
for
NOVEMBER
1938

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